

Road of the kingdom

1



王国へ続く道

湯水 快 × 日陰影次

Illustration

Road to Kingdom

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- Volume 14 -

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[Light Novels Translations]

Chapter 193

The Giant that Moved

-Aegir POV-

The army returned to Rafen and the usual proceedings for celebrating a military victory took place.

Alcohol and bread were distributed to the citizens and soldiers as they drank and sang songs happily.

Even so...

There are still women who sink to the floor in depressed spirits and young children who stare blankly.

The families of the deceased obviously don't feel like rejoicing.

"Over 1000 men were sacrificed, a little too much for my liking."

Leopolt took a sip of his drink like he wasn't affected by anything.

The main garrison is located close to the city so many families are here right now. For the time being, money and food can be supplied to the bereaved families if they're just women and children, but that won't exactly cure them of their sadness.

"As long as soldiers exist, it is an inevitable result. Aegir-sama shouldn't worry about it too much."

Celia is worried about different things too.

"I guess so."

I understand what she's saying, but seeing women cry just doesn't feel good. Moreover, there originally was no need for me to send my own army to fight in this particular incident.

It would have been better to use Goldonia's Royal Army.

“We ended up with results though. Currently, you are the only feudal lord with connections to the city states.”

That is certainly the case with Aless and Atoroa, furthermore we now have a relationship with the other Poleis that gives us chances to converse and negotiate with them.

I’m sure cultural exchange and trade with them will commence soon.

Getting channels to those outside my territory who I’m not yet involved with is valuable.

They might be small city states, but they’re still relatively wealthy and many of them import goods like iron or grain, so getting more trading partners is not a bad thing.

“So it’s all... for money.”

“Almost all wars occur for some financial benefit. Whether it is in gold or land doesn’t make much difference.”

There’s no use fussing about it now.

We can only pray for the deceased and move forward.

“That reminds me, Mack and Christoph also got injured.”

It seems like forever since those names were brought up.

It’s only natural after a fierce battle like that, I just hope it’s nothing serious.

“Mack is currently recovering from a large shoulder wound after his fight with the Aless soldier resulted in a draw.”

Umu, he’s tough after all.

“Christoph got knocked away and fell down a cliff right when he clashed with the Aless soldier.”

I see... so he died, what a shame.

“No, fortunately for him, he was weak and got sent flying into the water. The others who fell off the cliff were not as lucky and died after hitting the rocks... however he didn’t get hurt, and got caught by a branch after flowing downstream. He was sent back anyways despite being pretty much unharmed.”

“This guy has quite the devil’s luck.”

Now that I think about it, he’s participated in numerous battles and he has no scar to show for it.

Even though I always come out covered in wounds.

“He still does not have an accomplishment to this date. It’s actually impressive how he gets sent to the frontlines every time, yet has failed to cut anyone down.”

“Yeah, he’s a good friend from way back when, so I’ll give him some preferential treatment. Let Mack eat something nice too... and get a nice girl from the brothel to see him, I’m sure many will like big men like him. I’ll send an assortment of grapes to Christoph.”

Well, post-war activities are done for the most part, I’ll just throw Maximilian into a prison until further notice.

“Aegir-sama! More importantly, pay more attention to us!”

As I gaze at the city of Rafen following the victory celebrations, something huge bumped against the back of my head.

They’re Nonna’s knockers of course.

The other girls are walking through the door too.

Let’s stop with such depressing thoughts for now.

“Anastasia and Bartolome are growing up nicely too. Here Papa, hold them.”

The twins are already resting on my neck, touching my face curiously.

They’re still really small and it feels like they’ll break if I touch them.

I rub their cheek gently, unsure of what to do, and they respond by sucking on my finger.

They’re doing what Celia did yesterday, although she sucked on my dick right after.

“They’re beautiful kids just like you. Are you breastfeeding them properly?”

So apparently, Nonna is feeding the two kids directly from her breasts.

I thought for sure she would use a wet nurse like nobles do, but she told me she didn't feel like leaving it to another person after seeing the other women feed their kids with their own breast milk.

"Well... not just properly..."

Nonna blushes and looks down, while Mel and Miti giggle.

I wonder what happened.

Then Carla smiled like a prankster and spoke.

"This girl's appearance isn't for show and she's quite the milk tank. She filled the stomachs of her two kids with one breast... and then got me and Ekaterina to drink from the other one since it was swollen..."

"Waaah" – Nonna interrupts and tries to stop Carla from continuing.

How enviable, but it belongs to me starting from today.

"Uuuu... that's because my breasts get too big when they're swollen... if they aren't drained, they won't fit in my clothes."

Nonna hides her chest shyly.

She never had many clothes which fit her humongous tits, so adding to her already large boobs makes the chest area which should have been made looser feel like it's about to burst open.

"Incredible... I can play with them today, right?"

"You're going to suck on them?"

I'll suck on them, fondle them, jiggle them around, and squeeze in between them.

"M-making love is still not too good for my body... so play with my breasts as much as you want."

"I plan to do so, it's been a while since you crushed me with them."

Of course I'll do it with Carla, Mel and the others as well.

I have to heal my battle-scarred heart with an orgy of all my beloved women after all.

“Um... um...”

I also hug Alice who couldn't bring herself to come to the front... then reach into her crotch and pull out the dildo shoved up her ass.

Your ass is already loose enough, don't play with it anymore.

Stuff will start leaking out of it.

Before I knew it, Leopolt and Nina are gone.

He always disappears whenever I start talking with the girls.

Don't tell me he's a virgin.

Those two are recently together a lot more than before though.

Forget about that guy's gloomy behavior.

Right now, my head is filled with thoughts of wanting to play around with the girls in the bath and drinking milk from those big tits.

The war is over, so I thought a peaceful daily life would continue for a while.

The Next Day

“This is another... big news.”

The impetus came with the break of dawn as a civilian messenger came running in... I say civilian but the sender is from the Olga Federation... it's from Clara, Claudia's attendant.

The information from this girl is the only means I have to learn about the valuable inside news of the Empire.

Normally, we would exchange a letter once every month, but this one isn't part of that schedule.

“Did that pig woman screw something up again?”

Celia, she's still my woman, act a little nicer.

“I thought so too at first... apparently it's something different. Take a look.”

I didn't only show Celia, but I let Adolph, Leopolt, Myla and everyone who held

important positions see as well.

The letter left White City at the time of the madam's birth, so it probably started already since the information is late.

"The Garland Empire... will be performing a large-scale invasion into the Olga Federation from the Western Plains...!?"

"This is-..."

"On the other side of the continent... but its effects will spill over."

Clara is ultimately just an attendant, so her information mostly comes from rumors or from the overheard conversations of those surrounding Marquess Malordol, not anything too accurate.

"But an order for an emergency summons to the Marquess's lands was given. This is going to be quite the huge war."

Leopolt and Adolph nod meekly.

We just finished fighting and now we have another big problem.

I hope the sparks from their conflict don't fly towards us.

"And someone go slap Tristan awake. If we leave him alone, he'll sleep until midday!"

-Third Person POV-

Some Time Ago, Garland Empire: Imperial Capital

"His Holiness is absolute! Behold the supreme ruler of the continent which dominates the world, the Great Emperor of Garland! Prostrate before him!"

The chief vassal shouts as loud as he could.

In the heart of the capital stands a castle which stretches to the heavens and is surrounded by a moat. On the terrace of that castle, a man of large build wrapped in a luxurious and gorgeous mantle shows himself.

Only a single person in all of the Empire is allowed to wear the clothes – of a red pattern which matches the color of the national flag – on that man's body.

In an instant, a resounding chorus of metallic shuffling can be heard. It was the sound of armor hitting the ground as all the soldiers throughout the city genuflected.

“Right now, I am filled with a great joy.”

Those words weren’t spoken with a violent tone, but the loud and low-pitched voice was able to reach all corners of the quiet city.

“Gathered here are my army, my sword, whom I trust to accomplish my desires this time.”

The Emperor spreads his hands out and closes his eyes.

“You soldiers occupying the city are also a part of my sword. Be proud people of Garland, your Emperor is truly the greatest ruler of this continent.”

His words are not lies.

The Garland Empire is an enormous city with a population of one million citizens, exceeding the size of the White Capital in the Olga Federation.

That city is now packed with armed soldiers.

There is no doubt at least several hundreds of thousands of soldiers accumulated in the city.

Still, that number makes up a portion of the total, and the only ones who can hear the Emperor’s words are those who call themselves the National Army – those in the Imperial army who have been made vassals of the Emperor from many years past. The other members who make up the rest of the Imperial army include the recently dominated provincial army and the rebels who were forced into becoming slave soldiers.

“Now is the time to show those northern cowards our strength. Trample through the land, bury the rivers with soldiers, and become the cornerstone for our victory! Advance forward, my loyal subjects! Bring back victory to this hand of mine!”

“Ooh” – An emphatic shout from all the soldiers reverberated throughout the city as the Emperor raised his arm and returned back inside the castle.

Waiting for him there are individuals who are bowing down similar to the soldiers outside.

“It is past due for my army to subjugate the entire continent.”

Only two individuals amongst those kneeling down raise their heads.

The Emperor first places his hand on the shoulder of the well-built middle-aged man.

“Chief Commander Zaphnes, you will push through the western plains, and advance until the North Teries River!”

“I will, converting this very life of mine without fail!”

The man called Zaphnes smiles fearlessly and nods greatly.

With a large body and flowing beard, the man exudes the air of a brave general.

He is in fact the Supreme Commander of the Land Invasion Forces, the Chief Commander who leads an unprecedented 2.5 million troops.

Next, the Emperor places his hand on the shoulder of the woman on the other side.

“Chief Commander Sekrit, you will lead my grand fleet up north on the Great Sea and into the North Teries River. You will rout the Federation’s pathetic navy and ferry the troops over to White City!”

“As Your Majesty commands.”

The woman is in her thirties, with a slender build, tanned skin, and an expression unique to her.

That unmoved look and her monotonous voice makes it seem like her soul died, and although she is pretty, she doesn’t give off any feminine charm.

She is the Admiral of the Empire’s grand fleet who is in charge of a thousand military transport vessels, several hundreds of large battleships, and tens of thousands of crew members.

“If you can realize my ambition, I will grant you any reward you desire – Mountains of gold enough to bury your homes, a neverending expanse of land stretching further than a horse could ever take you, peerless beauties both male and female to wait on your every need – all of it.”

The King’s expression tenses as soon as he finishes saying those words.

“However, I won’t tolerate failure. I don’t have to explain to you what happened to the last Chief Commander.”

The previous invasion resulted in a stalemate, but since no territory changed hands, it can be considered the defense's – the Federation's – victory.

As a result, the Empire's Supreme Commander at the time, as well as his family and friends, all screamed continuously for three days and three nights as they got eaten alive by poisonous insects.

““It is engraved into our souls.”“

“Then go! I will deliver the supplies, military slaves and anything else you may need. You will bring me back the world!”

Not just the two he spoke to, but all those waiting behind the Emperor also shouted battle cries.

The individuals kneeling like any rank-and-file soldier are also generals who each lead armies of tens of thousands.

The King turned around and went back to his quarters, while the other generals returned to their own squads.

“We are a collective body whose fate has already been decided, a painful death awaits us if we fail.”

Sekrit doesn't respond to what Zaphnes said.

“I can't cross to White City if your fleet doesn't arrive. Be careful not to screw up.”

“Your concerns are not necessary. Focus only on doing what you have to do.”

Sekrit doesn't even turn her face to Zaphnes, only shifting her violet eyes in his general direction while giving a quick reply before leaving shortly after.

“She's unbelievably beautiful, but no one can be attracted to that tone of hers.”

Zaphnes sighs once before leaving after her.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 159,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Assets: 0 gold (Medals of Honor, Payment to Bereaved Families -40,000) (Party -300)

Family: Nonna (wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Melissa (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Miti (betrothed), Maria (betrothed), Catherine (betrothed), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (ass), Alma (crying)
Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (smiling), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby, Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)

Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)

Claire & Laurie (official merchant), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)

Mother – Marceline; Daughters – Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie (taken into custody)

Other Country:

Celestina (Queen of Malt), Monica (lady-in-waiting), Claudia (madam), Clara

Sexual Partners: 206, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 194

Nonna's Rampage

-Aegir POV-

A discussion, bombastically labelled as a strategy meeting, is currently being held in the office.

The participants of said meeting are myself, Leopolt, Adolph, Tristan, Myla and Celia.

"First off, there is currently no immediate threat to us from the Empire's invasion on Federation territory. The primary battlefield is on the other side of the continent, plus it is hard to believe any troops would be sent all the way to the Central Plains as a diversion because of the long distance. As a precaution though, I will contact the spies who infiltrated the southern nations."

"As expected, they won't route this way to get to the Federation... it's too foolish, right?"

It would take half a year for soldiers to march from the western region of the Empire to the Central Plains, and going from there, then passing through the remote regions to get to the western battlefield... would take years for the army to march, and the soldiers would be dead tired at that point.

Moreover, they won't be able to cross the remote regions when it becomes an icy hell during the winter season.

Even if they make that much of an effort to distract the Olga Federation, they will simply get intercepted by the Federation's ships.

Laboriously playing around with their own troops only serves to decrease their own strength unnecessarily.

We can assume there won't be a direct military threat to us.

"However, it might affect us indirectly."

Myla spoke up.

"What do you mean?"

“Goldonia is definitely allies with the Olga Federation. From the perspective of the Garland Empire, they probably think there is a possibility for us to move south from the Central Plains and threaten their eastern region on request from the Federation after their entire army has moved out.”

“There are unknown nations to our south, so we might experience hardships if we do that though.”

“It is ultimately just a possibility. And in order to crush that tiny chance, they might ask the southern nations to put military pressure on Goldonia. Just like how Goldonia has a relationship with the Federation, the Empire has a relationship with the southern nations through channels like trade.”

“Fumu... in other words, the possibility that the southern nations will get involved is high.”

I glance over at Tristan.

Since he has a blank expression on his face, I turn to look at Leopolt instead.

“The information network in the southern nations is still incomplete, but there have been no reports of any signs they will take the aforementioned actions. The relationship between the Vandolea People’s Federation and the Divine Nation of Altair is particularly inferior, where they have continuous standoffs or small-scale skirmishes at any opportunity they get. I don’t believe either nation has the strength to spare to conduct an invasion to the north.”

“What about Libatis?”

It was a democracy... if I recall, it’s that country with the strange system of government.

“After seeing the effects of the enlargement of Goldonia by way of the invasion on Malt, they are being cautious. Although they have declared that they will not take part in the battle unless their national borders are infringed upon. The citizens play an important role in making decisions for the nation’s policies and as long as they continue maintaining their stance of keeping their people away from involvement in wars, there won’t be any danger of them taking military action.”

“I see, in that case we don’t have to worry about them for the time being. We’ll deal with them when we start smelling signs of an outbreak of war from them.”

Myla was able to come to terms with that reasoning so she obediently backed off. In summary, there are currently no military-related issues for us to worry about.

“The economic effects are more serious than the military effects.”

When it finally gets to his turn, Adolph takes out various documents. He also passes them to me though he sighs when he sees me hand them to Celia.

“In large wars like this, will things like iron increase in price again?”

“That will probably happen as well. Our nation also imports high-grade manufactured goods from the Federation. Depending on the state of the war, consumer goods will probably be converted into military supplies.”

I see, the Federation will stop exporting goods when they get into a situation where supplies can’t afford to be given away.

In that case, the value of larger items such as ships and high class carriages, and smaller items such as ornaments will go up.

“Furthermore, items like medicine and food-related goods will also increase in value. There is no such thing as having too much medicine on the battlefield so the nearby nations will be buying up as much as they can. In addition, regarding the food supplies...”

Adolph breathed a sigh as if coming to an understanding with something.

“I was wondering why the price of wheat was going up recently. I see, so the Federation’s merchants gathered them up.”

“As expected, the information doesn’t travel through Clara’s side that quickly. If the price went up already, then has it reached the max price?”

Celia has lately begun to understand things like economics and market price. She asked Claire next time to teach her futures... something or other.

“No, the merchants of the Federation aren’t coming directly to Goldonia to buy the

wheat. Based on the order of events, they will first buy and accumulate wheat within the Federation. As a result of that, the amount exported to our nation will decrease and then the price will increase. Right now, we are at this stage.”

“Fumu fumu” – Celia nods as she listens keenly.

Leopolt is looking away in another direction, pretending like it doesn’t concern him, but he’s definitely listening as well.

On the other hand, Myla appears to be listening but doesn’t seem to understand much of what is being said about economics.

As for me, I let out a fart in Tristan’s direction, the sound and smell causing him to wake up with a disgusted look on his face.

“And when we get to the stage where the information has been spread to the common merchants of our nation, the price will increase even higher as soon as everyone starts buying up the wheat. It is now almost time for the autumn harvest, and the entire continent should be aware of the talks of war, in which the feudal lord would keep to themselves the highly-valued wheat instead of selling it... meaning the price will probably go up even more.”

“...then wouldn’t the problem with the people’s food deteriorate even further?”

Myla and Celia look worried.

“That’s exactly what will happen. It will result in a contrastive effect between court nobles and feudal lord nobles, and farming villages and cities.”

Celia’s face stiffens when she found out about the horrible situation, but she seems to have realized something.

“Huh? Then in that case-...”

Adolph nods as well.

“Right, the people in our territory would be more grateful to us instead. We never really bought many of the luxury articles imported from the Federation in the first place.”

You’re forgetting about my wife.

Nonna loves using stuff from the Federation.

When I was away during wars and even now, the number of fluffy sofas are multiplying.

However, Adolph continues without my thought reaching him.

“I had one of the trainees patrol around and this is what the situation on wheat currently looks like.”

Celia takes a look at the part in the document that was pointed out.

A summary of all the fields in the villages are lined up and numbers are included next to all of them.

Beside the numbers... it looks like a ‘+’ sign is there.

“Almost all of the farmland, including the ones in the south which haven’t had complete maintenance done, will each have an increase in harvest amount. Of course part of the reason is because of the improvement in flood control and soil enrichment, but the weather and temperature has been optimal, and further the farmers-...”

“Explain the reason to Celia later, what are you trying to say?”

If I don’t interrupt Adolph, he will just ramble on forever.

“All our territories will be receiving a close-to-ideal abundant amount of harvest. We can expect a harvest incomparable to the one last year.”

“Then... what about the sudden increase to the price of wheat?”

“Restricting the scope to only our territory, we can be considered lucky. In addition, we have a preferential trade agreement with the breadbasket nation, Malt Kingdom. Goldonia might be experiencing tough times economically, but we are unexpectedly in good shape.”

Everyone’s faces relaxes.

No, Leopolt’s stayed the same.

Tristan can’t seem to calm down, probably because he drank too much tea and needs to use the washroom. I’m not gonna let him go.

“Then we should contact Celestina too.”

“...there isn't a need to say anything unnecessary, is there?”

Oh, come on Celia, you didn't have to say something so mean.

It will pain my heart if we trick such an innocent kid just so we can buy at a lower price.

“Even if it is Malt, I wonder if there is such a pressing need for them to sell us wheat.”

Leopolt states coldly.

“If in fact the price of wheat will shoot up, then the vast farmland in Malt will transform into fields of gold. There are too many threats around that nation for us to protect on our own.”

That's how it is, let's dispatch a messenger right away.

“In any case, the market price of wheat will increase. Even though our funds are low considering the lifestyles of the citizens, we can't get them to sell it to us that simply. The information has already been circulated around to the great merchants and they're probably running over to make purchases right now.”

Everyone disperses after those final words.

Leopolt and Myla will be reorganizing the injured army, and Adolph... he has a mountain of work and doesn't seem to know where to start.

Right when I put my arm around Celia and was about to get her to give me a blowjob or something, a voice calls out suddenly from behind me.

“Master, could I ask for your time?”

“Woah!”

That scared me. I turn around and see Sebastian there.

Was he there the whole time we had the meeting?... he had such a weak presence, I didn't even realize.

“The secret to being a butler lies in being present while making it seem like there's nothing there.”

Well, I think it's impossible for this guy to leak the contents of the meeting to anyone else.

"So, what's the matter?"

It's rare for Sebastian to pull me aside to talk.

This elder keeps his presence like that of the air until he has something to say.

"Yes, it's actually regarding the Madam."

"Aah..."

Celia's shoulders slump disappointingly.

Wondering if she did something else again, I unconsciously feel slightly unmotivated to find out.

"Did Nonna... do something?"

The butler first bows deeply.

"Please forgive me if I say anything offensive towards the Madam. Recently, many of the servants are feeling a higher sense of animosity towards Nonna-sama. A portion of them who openly talked behind her back were dealt with... but I was unable to address all of them because of my lack of ability, so I'm afraid someone might do or say something carelessly."

I knew some time ago that several of the servants disliked Nonna, but now it's gotten to the point where Sebastian has to speak to me.

"Myself and Carla-sama especially has managed to mediate things to a certain extent, although there is no telling what impetus would start more trouble. This is ultimately for the Hardlett house's sake, which is why I felt the need to let Master know."

Normally, a butler tattling about the Madam's behavior is an extremely rude act. However, Sebastian is purely concerned about whether Nonna or the house would get shamed.

"I will accept any punishment for my disrespectful conduct."

I'm not going to do anything to Sebastian.
Besides...

"We know the fault is with Nonna-san for sure."

Celia shakes her head in resignation too.

"So even Carla couldn't handle it."

"Unfortunately."

I thought Carla could deal with the discontent towards Nonna, but in the servants' eyes, Nonna has a higher standing than Carla.
They might not trust her enough to tell her about everything.

"Then I have no choice but to talk to her. This is a perfect opportunity, plus her body has probably recovered after giving birth by now, so I can punish her a little. Casie, are you there?"

(Yep, here~)

Casie the ghost flies over towards me after I call for her. I have a little job for her.
Nonna is my beloved wife, so despite what Sebastian said, I still have to confirm it myself before I can reproach her.
If she starts any trouble, let me know. I'll make a decision after seeing what happened at the scene of the crime.

(Got it. Although I'm sure... you'll discover it yourself pretty easily today.)

"I'm sure... it was bad when she was pregnant, but after giving birth, there's no stopping her..."

Don't say anymore, she's my lovely wife.
She has plenty of good points too.

"Aegir-sama... it's the same with that pig too, but you really love selfish girls, don't you."

I wonder who she's referring to.

After sending out the reconnaissance ghost, I was about to go off and drink some alcohol, but Casie returns to me.

(There's a problem~ It's on the terrace.)

"It hasn't even been 30 minutes."

I follow after Casie and Celia.

When we approach the terracem we can hear Nonna's angry shouting.

"You! Look how wet this confection is! What is the meaning of this!?"

"M-my apologies Madam, but this is normal for this type of confection..."

"Don't lie to me! I ate this before, I'm sure you just left this out in the open for a while before bringing it to me!"

"Of course not, Madam... I would do no such thing..."

Nonna is accusing the young maid.

The maid said she would exchange it and headed off to the dining room on the verge of tears.

Just to double check, I also went to the dining room to take a bite of the same kind of confection that Nonna ate.

"Oh, so the freshly prepared one is also slightly moist."

"This is a mille roll¹, isn't it? This kind of sweets is soft and moist to begin with."

In other words, this was misunderstanding on Nonna's part.

When we returned to the terrace, Nonna was scolding the maid again.

"It's still wet! Are you trying to harass me? Do you think poorly of me or something!?"

"U, uuueeeh... waaaah..."

The maid genuinely broke out in tears.

Left with no choice, I approached her head-on.

“Aegir-sama! So the conference is over. Ara, what is she crying about?”

Nonna swiftly changes her facial expression.

I take some of the pastry in her hand and toss it in my mouth.

“The moistness of this confection is delicious, don’t you think?”

“Y-yes. I think it’s quite delicious too. Go on, you may leave now.”

Unfortunately, she’s guilty as charged.

As I pondered what I should do with her, Casie once again flew in with a report.

(She’s quarreling with Melissa-san~)

This time, it’s Melissa?... good grief, what’s wrong this time?

I run over and sneakily take a peek in the room to see Nonna and Melissa arguing.

“Like I said before, this money is for the children and will be sent over to the capital. Aegir-san already consented to this too.”

“I have something I want to buy now which won’t be available at another time! It’s fine to let me use it just this once, is it not!?”

“It’s not okay, you have plenty of accessories already.”

“Those kids should have received their living expenses already too!”

“That’s only enough for the minimum amount required for their survival, and they should be allowed to eat something nice once in a while...”

It looks like Nonna discovered the gold which was supposed to be sent to the kids in the capital.

As everyone should know, my bank account is empty right now and I’ve notified the merchants not to let Nonna borrow money, so she doesn’t have anything to spend.

These two, who don’t actually have a bad relationship, continue to argue with Melissa deflecting Nonna’s selfish requests at first and then things gradually start to escalate

when they go tit for tat.

“So those orphans are more important than me!?”

“Nonna, you have enjoyed plenty of luxuries! What are you thinking, trying to take away those kids’ allowances!?”

And then finally, Nonna said it.

“What was that!? You’re just a former prostitute!”

The air in the room froze in an instant.

Melissa stood still with a shocked expression on her face, then hung her head weakly. Nonna’s face was briefly one of regret, but she quickly turned away to ignore her.

“That’s enough.”

Before I could stop and think about what to do, my body moved on its own and stepped into the room.

“Ah... Aegir-san...”

Melissa forces herself to smile, but her eyes are red and she looks like she could cry at anytime.

“Uu, I-... well, that is... nothing much really.”

Nonna tries to put on a better expression to look good for me, but she seems to be fumbling and has trouble doing so.

At the very least, she can’t make an unconcerned face after saying something like that to Melissa.

Some rage still remains in my heart though.

“Melissa, get out.”

Celia tugs the hand of Melissa, who looks as if she wanted to say something, and leaves the room.

“What did you say to Melissa?”

“You were listening!? I didn’t really mean it, it just came out in the heat of the moment and...”

I place my hand on Nonna’s shoulder... and then use my other hand to slap her cheek. A crisp crack echoes and her beautiful blue eyes widen in shock.

I held back quite a bit when I slapped her with an open palm, hitting her like I would brush a feather and making sure I didn’t leave any marks on her face or break her teeth, so it shouldn’t hurt too much.

“Ah... aaah... aah... aaaah...”

Nonna lets out a pathetic-sounding voice and touches the area on her cheek where I hit her.

Her eyes are instantly filled with tears.

“Uu... eeh..... waaaaaaaaaah!!!”

Then she wails uncontrollably – so loud that it resounded throughout the entire mansion – and storms out of the room as fast as she can run.

She better be careful since she’s clumsy or else... see, she tripped.

Even so, Nonna continues to run and scream.

“Are you not going to chase after her?”

Celia and Melissa come back into the room.

“Melissa, she didn’t mean what she said. She just got too cocky and spit that out in the heat of the moment. Try not to let it get to you.”

I hug Melissa close and stroke her hair gently.

“Yeah, I’m fine, it was just a little shocking. It’s the truth anyways...”

So it did bother her.

I have to get Nonna to apologize.

“Should we get the guards to search for her?”

"There's no need. The only ones Nonna can go crying to are myself and one other."

I walk slowly without panicking towards Carla's room.

I enter without even knocking and lo and behold, she's there.

Carla's sitting on the sofa while Nonna's lying on top, burying her face into Carla's chest.

Depending on point of view, it would look exactly like Nonna's riding her².

Nonna didn't even turn to look at me when I came in, only making sobbing sounds occasionally.

coming from her.

Carla was stroking her scrupulously groomed hair with a puzzled look on her face.

"She burst in here crying like crazy. What on earth happened?"

"A bunch of things happened and I scolded her."

After explaining the circumstances to her, Nonna stopped sobbing and clung tightly to Carla.

It was almost like she was a naughty child awaiting her punishment.

"Haa... I thought this would happen sooner or later. This idiot."

She flicks Nonna's forehead with a finger.

Nonna's shoulders twitches in response.

"I'll take this opportunity to say it then. You know that the servants and most of the people here in the mansion dislike you, right?"

"Gusu... it's not like that at all... they love me... like that attendant named Sally..."

"You're the legal wife, so naturally they can't go up against you, plus that attendant is treated better than the others so of course she'll be in higher spirits. There's almost nobody here who likes you for who you are."

"Ueeeh... fueeeeeh!"

Aah, you said something so harsh and made her cry again.

"It's fine. This is for her own good... and she's probably self-aware. Are there any servants who look happy when you call for them? Using your good hearing, did you pick up any words of praise from anyone? The only ones who would protect you are... it sounds ridiculous when I say it now, but it's only me and Melissa."

"Hic... gusu... ueeeeh..."

Carla continues while embracing the crying Nonna.

"Servants aside... you need to apologize properly to Melissa. In the first place, she's just like you in that both of you were saved by Aegir. You can't bring up a topic like that carelessly."

"Yes... I will apologize to Melissa... but what should I do, I said something so horrible..."

"I'll be with you. Put your heart into it and say sorry."

Carla sighs, as if saying I'm too soft on her.

I'm sure Melissa would forgive Nonna if she genuinely apologizes though.

Maybe I'll prepare her to get slapped at least once.

I also have one more thing I want to ask.

"Hey Nonna, why do you spend unnecessarily and act so selfishly?"

"Whaht!?"

"So he asked directly... well, as expected I guess."

If she felt like she had to buy expensive goods, then I wouldn't mind giving her money to do so.

But I don't think Nonna just simply likes the luxury.

When I was given nobility status, she was soon able to look like and live as a noble, but right now it seems she's simply looking to spend money.

I can't understand her extremely selfish attitude either.

She wasn't a woman who would be so unreasonable with other people in the past.

If her true nature came out because of the luxurious lifestyle, it might explain things, although it seems more like she's forcing herself to do it.

“That is-... um...”

“I’m not criticizing you. If you want to live a wealthy lifestyle, I can find a way to raise money for it. However if you have a different objective... then we can settle the issue without having to use gold, right? Why not try explaining yourself now?”

“Uuuu~”

After a while of groaning, Nonna starts talking timidly.

“I was lonely.”

“Lonely?”

Nonna leaves Carla and dives into my chest.

“Aegir-sama leaves so often... and today, despite being in the house, you were in a meeting all this time and didn’t pay attention to me... and I felt alone!!”

I can feel the oppressiveness of her breasts against my body, but this isn’t a good atmosphere for my dick to get hard.

“If I used the money... and gathered extravagant items, you would remember I’m here every time you saw them! If I went too far, I would also get scolded. If I acted selfishly, Aegir-sama would notice me!”

That’s what it was... she wanted me to pay attention to her.

I planned to treat Nonna with love and affection, although that wasn’t enough for a spoiled woman like her.

So she wanted to cheer me on or something, what a cutie.

“But it’s a fact that spending so much money became a habit, right?”

“M-maybe.”

So it did.

“What a helpless woman you are.”

I hug Nonna tightly and kiss her neck repeatedly.

“Don’t do such meaningless things again from now on. If you feel lonely, just tell me you want attention.”

“You mean that? You’ll spend time with me even when you’re busy?”

“Yeah, I could at least give you a hug or kiss during meetings. That’s why you don’t have to act so selfish anymore.”

Nonna lifts her head from my chest and smiles.

This look suits her way more, her natural beauty shines more than usual and she’s so beautiful that it makes my body shiver instinctively.

“From now on, I’ll consult with Aegir-sama before spending any money.”

“Please do, and also you can’t be so harsh on the servants either. Act kind around them.”

“Of course. In return, you will need to hold me in your arms and kiss me in the morning and night whenever you’re in the mansion.”

“Sure, although I can’t guarantee I would stop there.”

We exchange a passionate kiss and embrace.

“So in the end, it was a super lenient trial. Well, a Nonna who doesn’t spend wastefully actually sounds crazy to me, but whatever.”

This caused Carla quite some trouble too.

I’ll have to return the favor to her in the future.

That’s the first stage cleared I guess, but everything isn’t resolved just yet.

I have to undo the tyranny committed by Nonna thus far and dissolve the ill sentiment accumulated amongst all the servants.

As a husband, having others hate on your beloved wife isn’t the best feeling in the world.

I place my arm around Nonna’s waist and pick her up so I can carry her sideways.

She was briefly surprised by my actions, but quickly wraps her arms around my neck happily.

“Ah... are we going to do it now?”

“Yeah, right now. It’s better if it’s as soon as possible, right?”

If I punish Nonna in front of the servants, then their anger will probably subside.
If I’m going to do it, now is the time.

“This will be my first time after giving birth... please be gentle.”

“Hm, maybe I can’t.”

I couldn’t punish her while she was pregnant after all.

“Are we heading straight to the bedroom?”

“No, the reception hall.”

We can’t gather all the servants in Nonna’s bedroom.

“T-that’s going to be embarrassing.”

“Bear with it. This is something necessary.”

It certainly is embarrassing to be punished in front of the servants.
That’s how you can tell them how sorry you are though.

“Aahn, Aegir-sama you pervert.”

I’ll order the servants to be gathered.
It’s punishment time.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 159,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Assets: 0 gold

Family: Nonna (reforming wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Melissa (sad), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Miti (betrothed), Maria (betrothed), Catherine (betrothed), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (ass), Alma (crying)
Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (delighted), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby
Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)
Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)
Claire & Laurie (doing secret maneuvers), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)
Mother – Marceline; Daughters – Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie (taken into custody)

Other Country: Celestina (Queen of Malt), Monica (lady-in-waiting), Claudia (madam), Clara

Sexual Partners: 206, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 195

Punishment and Reform

-Aegir POV-

I order Sebastian and Rita to gather all the servants in the reception hall. Because this kind of thing never happened in the past, everyone starts talking to the ones next to them with dubious looks.

"I wonder what this is about."

"Maybe it's about our pay? Rumor has it, the war expenditures emptied the bank."

"Eeeh! I'll be in trouble then, I don't have any savings."

"More importantly, I'm curious why the Madam is here. Is she going to say some ridiculous things again?"

"It'll be fine. This time, Master will be here too."

"But Master, he's always soft on the Madam..."

The murmuring servants and the confused Nonna, I wonder what they are expecting. Whatever, let's just get things started.

"Sorry for this sudden request to gather. To let everyone know in advance, this meeting isn't about decreasing your pay."

All of the servants seem to sigh in relief.

"We're here to talk about my wife, about Nonna."

"Eh? What is it?"

The relaxed atmosphere tenses up again.

All of their faces become anxious or somewhat unhappy.

So it's true that the servants dislike her.

"I also saw it happening here and there, so I know about how terribly Nonna acted towards you. Isn't that right?"

“N-no, it’s nothing like that.”

One of the attendants immediately panic and deny the claim.
I guess they aren’t brave enough to say yes while Nonna’s watching.

“This is for your sake too. Bear with it.”

“Fueh! What on earth are you going to do!? I won’t whine anymore so... eh, eh!?”

Nonna is blindfolded and then her upper body is pushed over a desk.
It looks like she’s about to be decapitated, but obviously I won’t do that.
I continue by flipping up her dress, taking off her panties and exposing her ass.

“Cover her up so they can’t see this part.”

There are male servants here too.

Rita and a few other maids wrap a sheet over Nonna to hide her genitals and ass.
From the servants’ perspective, they could only see the upper body of the blindfolded and bewildered Nonna.

“I guarantee that nothing will happen to you later because of what you say here. Those who have been treated unreasonably by Nonna, speak up. I will personally punish her for you.”

“Eeh!? W-we aren’t going to be making love here?”

Did she misunderstand something?

She should be able to tell that she’s pretty hated from the atmosphere in this room.
She needs to be punished in front of everyone and earn their trust again.

“U-um!”

One of the maids raises her hand.

“The Madam spilled a drink on the carpet and blamed it on me... there was no way I could pay the compensation fee, if Sebastian-sama didn’t take my place, I would have been sent to the brothel by now...”

“Is that true, Nonna?”

“T-that was just how the course of events flowed at the time... I didn’t think Aegir-sama would get angry.”

That means it’s actually true.

I pull my arm back and slap Nonna’s exposed ass.

Unlike the slap on her cheek, I don’t hold anything back.

The sharp sound of her flesh being hit resounds throughout the entire room.

“Owwwwww! My assssss!”

“Sorry. I apologize as well.”

The maid looks slightly satisfied after seeing Nonna shout in pain.

“Next!”

“W-when I was preparing the Madam’s clothes, she accused me of purposely bringing her a smaller size and slapped me. In fact, it was the Madam’s chest that got too big for her clothes.”

“Is that true?”

“Uuu... I don’t really realize my own breast size sometimes.”

“So you hit her without checking first?”

Nonna looks dejected, which means that’s also true.

I swing my arm back once again and whip it against her ass.

The sound of the impact was louder than before.

“Kyaaaaa!! I’m going to die!”

Rest assured, nobody has died from getting spanked.

Clear imprints of my hand can be seen on both butt cheeks.

Maybe I hit her too hard.

Despite Nonna being blindfolded this whole time, I can tell she’s on the verge of crying.

The servants must think this is the best chance for them to vent their anger.

That’s because the head of the household is doing the punishment, so Nonna has no

choice but to accept it.

One hand raises after another... rather, pretty much everyone here in the room raised their hands.

How much damage did Nonna actually do?

“The Madam told me to sprinkle gravel around the courtyard because it was getting muddy, but after I did so, she slipped and hurt herself, which led to her throwing something at me.”

“The Madam ordered me to move some furniture and yelled at me because of some floating dust.”

“The Madam stumbled in the corridor, said it was my fault and then slapped me!”

For each confession they made, I slapped Nonna’s ass.

Nonna was initially making excuses, but as the pain gradually got worse, she started accepting the punishment obediently.

At this point, the blindfold came loose and slipped off Nonna’s face but she’s covering her eyes and wailing non-stop so she can’t see who said what anyways.

Her ass is also swollen and red.

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaahhh! I’m sorry! I apologize for my actions... so please forgive me!”

“Don’t apologize to me. Apologize to them.”

“I’m sorryyyyy... I won’t be cruel to you anymore... fueeeeeeeehh!”

As Nonna cried like a child, the expressions on the servants’ faces changed from anger to pity.

We should be done soon.

“Lisha, go on. You were treated the worst.”

“B-but the Madam is crying...”

“You’re so irritating!”

One of the kitchen maids forcibly raised her co-worker’s hand.

Nonna’s shoulder twitched in response.

“Tell me.”

“This girl’s weak-hearted so I’ll say it for her. When she brought the Madam her meal, she said that the soup was too hot, and then flipped the plate over! The Madam still lectured her even after the soup spilled on her...”

The strong-willed maid rolls up the sleeve of her co-worker’s uniform.

Obvious signs of being burned are left on the girl’s arm.

She must have been trying her hardest to endure the pain of the hot soup on her clothes while Nonna yelled at her.

“Nonna, is that true?”

“I’m sorry...”

Since it left a mark on the girl, she needs punishment even harsher than before.

“This will hurt even more than the other ones. Bear with it.”

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry...”

I bring my arm back and slap her even harder than I have previously.

“Gyaaaaaaah! My ass is going to spliiiiitttt!!”

It’s already splitting, so you don’t have to worry.

The following second and third slaps were powerful enough to cause her entire body to vibrate.

“It hurrttsssss, owwww, uwaaaaahhhn!”

After the fourth strike, Nonna collapses limply over the desk.

The sound of water trickling can be heard and a puddle starts forming on the floor. She finally ended up peeing herself.

“My pee... came out... I did it... in front of so many people...”

Perhaps she drank a lot of tea, because the puddle is pretty big.

Nonna slowly opens her eyes and looks at the maid she burned.

Her face was stained with tears and mucous from crying so much.

“I’m really sorry. Please find it in yourself... to forgive me.”

“Y-yes, I do. Madam, I should be asking, if um... are you doing okay?”

Feeling relieved after her apology was accepted, Nonna lays completely exhausted on the desk.

Anymore than this would be too much, even for her ass.

“You, follow me after this is over. If it isn’t a wound from a long time ago, the mark will disappear after putting some ointment on it.”

I need to erase the scar in addition to giving her an apology.
So, I guess that’s it.

“If there are no others, we will end the punishment here. Sorry for all the trouble.”

I bow once to everyone.

The servants all respond in a panic and lower their heads even lower.

“In light of me and... Nonna’s swollen ass, please put all that’s happened behind you, and respect her as the legal wife starting tomorrow. Of course, if she does anything ridiculous again, tell me directly.”

Nonna is unable to walk by herself, so she’s borrowing Rita’s shoulder.

“All the men, turn away. The only man allowed to see Nonna’s naked holes is me.”

Everyone smiles and the gardeners and cooks turn around.

The girls start whispering to each other when they saw Nonna’s red ass.

“Uwaah... it’s actually red.”

“The Master used his brute strength to hit her ass... she probably won’t be able to sit for a while.”

“The Madam also cried so much, I guess there’s no reason to stay mad.”

“To see Master get that mad at the Madam, he must have been really upset.”

It looks like the servants aren’t angry anymore.

If possible, I want Nonna to become someone they can respect from now on.

“Carry Nonna to her room and let her rest. I’ll go visit her later.”

Next I have to heal that maid’s burn.

I’ll use the best possible medicine so that no trace remains.

“Alright, I’ve finished putting the ointment on the burn. It isn’t all that bad, so it should heal quickly.”

The maid’s scar isn’t as terrible as the one Mel suffered way back.

I used some good medicine too, so the mark should disappear after two days.

“I’m really sorry about my wife. Let me apologize again.”

I gently stroke the girl’s hair.

“She’s also reflecting on her actions. So please, don’t avoid her and make contact with her as if nothing happened.”

She hasn’t been responding to any of my comments so far.
Is she alright?

“Haah... haa, that was incredible.”

Oh, she finally said something.

The naked maid turns face up on the bed and is breathing heavily.

Her legs are spread open loosely and my seed is spilling out from her vagina.

At first, I was purely trying to treat her burn, but the cute girl got aroused after feeling grateful and I took her virginity in the heat of the moment.

“The burn doesn’t bother me anymore. More importantly, I feel sorry for the Madam that I got Master to embrace me.”

Don’t worry about that.

The time I stop embracing girls is when my life ends.

“Fufu~, so this juice-covered tool will enter the Madam? That may be the best revenge for me.”

The girl blushes and kisses my dick.

I’ve added another woman to my list.

I better speed up the construction of the new mansion or I’ll run out of space to keep them.

“Uuu... it feels like my ass is on fire.”

Nonna is lying on her stomach in her room.

Her nightwear is rolled down, exposing her ass, probably because it hurts just from her clothes brushing against her skin.

“Sorry about that.”

“Don’t be, I reap what I sow. I understand Aegir-sama is doing it with me in mind.”

As Nonna tries to raise her head, she winces in pain.

You can just stay like that.

“Did you heal the maid’s burn?”

“Yeah, it’ll heal nicely. You don’t have to worry about it anymore.”

I gently stroke her from her head to her back.

Nonna closes her eyes to enjoy the relaxing sensation.

“Everything that you did to them until now will be water under the bridge, you should turn over a new leaf starting tomorrow.”

“I understand... so, you’re not going to embrace me?”

As Nonna waits impatiently, she looks up at me with tears welling up in her eyes. Even though I hit her ass so much, what’s with her reaction?

“That was that-...”

I slip my finger into the fidgeting Nonna’s vagina and feel a flood of juices. Reasons aside, I wouldn’t be a man if I didn’t stick it in now.

“Your ass probably hurts like hell, so get on top.”

I’ll try not to let her ass touch anything and fuck her in the cowgirl position. Right when I was about to insert my dick inside, there was a knock on the door.

“Sorry, it’s Melissa.”

Oh yeah, I have to get Nonna to apologize to Melissa first.

I lower Nonna’s body back down.

Right now, we are the only ones in the room so Nonna can apologize without worrying about the gazes of others.

“I sincerely apologize... for all the horrible things I said.”

“Eeh! Please, raise your head.”

Nonna swiftly put her hands on the bed and politely bows her head, which actually makes Melissa get a little flustered instead.

“It might have been something which was said in the heat of the moment, but I was acting too arrogant and said something rude. I was acting conceited, even though the both of us were saved from hellish environments by Aegir-sama. I beg you to please forgive me.”

“S-sure. I was just shocked and it actually didn’t bother me that much. I’ll feel troubled if you act so courteous.”

Melissa forgave her just like that, but I don’t want there to be any grudges held by either party.

“Melissa, if you have something you want to say, please say everything you want here. It will help us to understand better.”

After I end my sentence, Melissa hesitates slightly and then starts to explain her side of the story.

"I probably mentioned it to Nonna briefly but... I didn't want to become a prostitute myself either."

Nonna lifts her head and listens quietly.

"I was actually born from a certain merchant family. There were various circumstances and they went bankrupt... so they sold me."

"Ah... how sad..."

Nonna's face stiffens.

Probably because her situation is similar.

"Nobody came to help me for a long time... after I was sold. I was thoroughly raped by many men."

She smiles bitterly while Nonna's eyes become wet with tears.

If she didn't meet me at that time, she would have continued down that path.

"Naturally, I wasn't always such an obedient girl and I resisted. But then... they got rough with my insides. And then I couldn't have kids anymore."

I pretend to look at the scenery outside the window.

Maybe this conversation should be between the two of them.

"I don't care that you called me a prostitute, but I treat the kids from the orphanage in the capital just like my own children. That's why I got a little upset."

Nonna is left speechless.

Tears drip down her face continuously.

She was never blessed with many children herself and she did experience the feeling of losing a child once, so she can relate somewhat to Melissa's feelings.

"I-... I didn't know... I- I'm sorry..."

When Nonna falls over in tears, Melissa gently hugs her.

"It's okay, as long as you understand now. Don't take the money meant for the children

from now on, okay?”

Melissa starts to cry, probably because seeing somebody else cry influenced her. Nonna’s been crying the entire day today.

“I will reform... so please get along with me in the future too.”

Melissa wipes her tears and smiles back at Nonna.

She’s really a kind woman to be able to hug and smile with the person who said something which should have offended her.

She’s glowing almost like a goddess.

“Alright, then give her a slap on the ass to ensure there will be no future troubles. With that, this incident will be resolved.”

“M-my ass again!?”

“Alright. I’ll do it once then.”

I hold down Nonna as she tries to shield her bottom, and then turn her butt towards Melissa.

You don’t have to worry since I’m sure Melissa will be kind and won’t hit you so hard. It’ll just be a light tap on your swollen ass.

“Alright, then I won’t do it half-heartedly...”

Hm? Melissa is awfully fired up.

With Nonna’s ass like it is now, just a soft touch would do...

“Eeeeeeeei!”

With a running start, Melissa’s hand met Nonna’s swollen ass for a clean, well-struck slap.

“Gyaaaaaaaah!!”

Nonna bounces up like a spear stabbed her up the ass and then passes out.

“Eh? Huh? Why? I just slapped her ass...”

Melissa seems puzzled while Nonna spasms irregularly... fumu, I guess I'll sleep with Melissa for now.

Then, I start hearing some voices from the corridor.
They're from the maids who carried Nonna in here.

"That punishment earlier was incredible, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, she was slapped so much that she wet herself."

"And also... did you see?"

"Yeah, that last hit didn't only make the Madam pee, she also squirted, right?"

"Squirting from feeling pain... so the Madam is also quite a pervert..."

I don't hear anything.

I'll pretend I didn't see Nonna fainting from the pain and wetting herself with liquid other than urine.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 159,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Nonna (the beautiful Nonna)

Assets: 0 gold

Sexual Partners: 207, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 196

Training

-Aegir POV-

“Commence the test firing.”

On Leopolt’s command, fire bursts out of 10 cannons and the targeted rocks blow up with a loud boom.

The production of cannons is an ongoing process and these 10 just arrived from Lintbloom after being completed during the war.

Leopolt, Myla and myself are conducting a trial run of the cannons to determine whether they can be used in battle.

Tristan didn’t come, so I’ll reduce some of his pay.

“Number 4 is damaged! Number 7 and 9 are experiencing a significant drop in accuracy.”

“So about a third of them can’t be used...”

Myla and I slump our shoulders while Leopolt’s eyebrows lower slightly.

The cannons which broke after the first shot are out of the question, and those which can’t shoot far enough are a risk to hit friendlies so they can’t be used in battle.

The only way to use them is to leave them on the walls of the city, pointing outwards as a bluff.

“It’s a big improvement though. Initially, we would have considered it a huge success if only half of them can be used.”

Leopolt says it’s an improvement, but Myla and I are both not satisfied.

“In this case, wouldn’t it be better to prepare more catapults and ballistae?”

There is some logic to this point.

Cannons require a specific set of requirements to be met before they can be used in a

field battle.

“Even so, they are our trump cards for fighting siege battles, something we used to be less proficient at. Ballistae or catapults can’t demolish castle walls after all. We should continue to better the quality of our cannons.”

“I understand. But this is the limit of what the craftsmen in our territory can make. This is the outcome after using good quality steel too.”

Presently, we’re using the best steel and commissioning the best craftsmen to make the cannons, so we can’t reasonably expect them to perform above what they’re already doing.

“Are the cannons we saw the Federation use against Magrado so much more different than ours?”

The Federation fired their cannons from ships and they seemed to be able to shoot a distance several times greater than ours, plus they could accurately hit the city they aimed for.

“The structure should be fundamentally the same though, is there something we are overlooking?”

With that said, Leopolt and I aren’t familiar with the technical aspect, so we don’t know too much about what’s wrong.

I don’t think we can come up with any good suggestions even if we rack our brains right now.

“If we’re going to have them produced in Lintbloom anyways, why not get those hairy... hairy... tiny-”

“The Dwarf tribe.”

Right, the hairy dwarves.

“Let’s try asking those guys for help. They should be reliable when it comes to tinkering with metal.”

Contrary to their crude appearance, they’re skilled with their hands.

When I look at my spear again, I can see how sturdy they made it as well as how much attention they paid to the tiniest details in the intricate designs.
It makes me feel a little grossed out when I picture Balbano working away at crafting it.

“They allow us to mine iron, but they don’t seem to want to help us.”

“We can probably do something about that. Gather some strong booze and greasy food and we’ll take it to them.”

Dwarves have a matchless love for alcohol, so I’m sure we can negotiate a deal if we let them drink something nice.

As for food, they can only get rats and mushrooms in the cave so they should be overjoyed when they receive any kind of food from the outside world.

“And Leopolt, don’t go.”

I don’t think the dwarves would get along with him at all.

If he went to meet them, I’m sure they would get into a conflict.

“Haah... then I’ll just choose some random people.”

“Also bring some women so they can pour the alcohol for them.”

Muu – Myla makes an unhappy face.

Being the formal girl that she is, she probably dislikes this kind of ploy, but this method has been the most effective way since ancient times when asking a man for a favor.

Even if the request seems unreasonable, it would sound better coming from a woman’s lips, at least to me.

“Then, let’s select a few beauties for them.”

“No, beauties are not good. Choose ones that are short, chubby... and hairy if possible.”

Their definition of beauty is different from ours after all.

Even now, the hairy sensation I felt when I slept with their ‘beauty’ still comes back in my dreams.

“Is everything else besides the construction of cannons going smoothly?”

“Yes, pretty much. However, it would take a certain expense and some time for us to recover from the loss of over 10% of our forces. I guess we should refrain from entering any major wars for now.”

“Their training is becoming harsher too, although honestly they are inferior to the soldiers of Aless.”

“Comparing to those guys... each of the hundred men we fought were hand-picked from a group of elites but were all individually as strong as Irijina.”

It’s impossible from the beginning to try and create another group like that, so we should only do as much as we can.

“I heard from Gildress that while they only equipped themselves with swords and shields in our fight, they could really use any kind of weapon from spears to bows.”

“How many years would it take to develop soldiers of that caliber?”

I’m sure they could only do something like that because they lived their lives as a warrior at a very young age.

Similar with the bow cavalry’s skill, it isn’t something we can replicate with hasty training.

“An army ultimately operates as a collective body, each individual soldier doesn’t need to be a master at their craft. The outcome of the fight we had with them was inevitable based on the fact we were forced by politics to fight in a cramped location with such a large force.”

Leopolt doesn’t seem to falter on his own theory.

Well, he is the best military mind here after all.

“We don’t have to reinvent the way we do things. Tell them to do some personal training if they want, it’ll make it harder for them to die too.”

“Understood. That way, payments to the surviving families won’t be stupidly big either.”

Myla glares at Leopolt as if saying ‘that’s not the main focus’.

“I believe this battle will also affect how we bring together the soldiers and reserve army.”

“The currently low salaries aren’t appropriate if a tenth of the soldiers will die, I’m guessing?”

The soldiers’ wages aren’t especially high, being slightly better than that of physical labor.

Even considering the necessities of life, which are provided to them free of charge, it may not be attractive enough for them with how prosperous Rafen is now.

“They might need... something which creates a good impression of themselves like fame or honor.”

“Leave that to me. Besides, we aren’t going to be organizing a large-scale expedition any time soon.”

I have something to say regarding Myla’s peacekeeping forces too.

“I heard you’ve been going a little overboard.”

“...with what?”

“Seizing every single street prostitute. Stopping any kind of in-house gambling between companions. Knocking down both parties of a drunken brawl and throwing them in jail. I’ve heard about stories like that.”

Myla’s security unit is slowly becoming a group who is feared by the entire city.

“All of those activities got what they deserved according to the law! Prostitution outside the brothels is illegal, a gambling ring consisting of more than five people requires prior approval, and it is unforgivable for drunk individuals to disturb the peace of the city.”

Myla sticks out her chest with pride, insisting that she didn’t do anything wrong.

“You’re certainly right... but you won’t make anybody happy by being unnecessarily strict.”

“This isn’t a problem about being happy or not! This is about order!”

“Isn’t it better to be a little strict? The closer the guards are to the inhabitants, the more likely they will act based on their emotions, leading to bribery and corruption. We shouldn’t have to worry about that if we have the security unit.”

Leopolt chimes in.

The security unit is a military organization led by Myla, in other words an army deployed within the city.

Their chain of command is different from that of the guards, so even if someone tried to win the guards over, the security unit can be mobilized without being affected.

They are technically under my direct command too and should have a higher standing than the guards.

It’s a sound argument. While the city will be kept in order if I let Myla and Leopolt handle this, the city would have a really strict and stuffy atmosphere.

“But you know, the citizens are telling me that they feel suffocated.”

“The citizens... so who do you mean?”

Myla’s face encroaches closer to mine.

“There should be no effect on the average citizen. If they dislike what I’m doing, then it must be from drunkards or delinquents, or perhaps...”

I avert my eyes and attempt to whistle, but no sound comes out.

It is just as Myla guessed, the street prostitutes came to me in tears complaining how it’s harder to do business.

“Feudal lord-sama, do something about that woman~”

“I would be happy if I was captured by the feudal lord-sama and teased, but I don’t like that woman~”

That’s what they said to me as several girls licked my entire body, so I couldn’t get myself out of helping them.

“A-anyways, you could put off arresting those who aren’t harming anyone. More importantly, what about the kidnappers and bandit-like organizations within the city?”

Rafen's population has grown quite a bit and these kinds of criminal factions will naturally start forming.

"The bud has been cut. Two of those kinds of groups have been crushed after we came back."

That's good.

The security unit is extremely effective on the aforementioned criminal organizations. Myla can't be bribed and the soldiers are heavily armed so it's difficult for anyone to oppose them.

Cavalry have also been gathered so the criminals can be chased down and routed even if they escape outside the city.

"Prioritize those cases then. As for the trivial incidents... like street prostitutes in particular, just let them off easy."

"Everytime a street prostitute gets captured, they'll be slapped on the ass before getting released. Both parties of a brawl will be required to work one week of hard labor for free. Is that fine with you... geez, not even being bribed but done in by a woman's body."

As is the fate of a man.

"By the way, I don't see Celia and Irijina. I thought they were supposed to be in the maneuvering grounds."

Celia especially would normally have dropped anything she was doing and come running as soon as she saw me.

"Oh, those two are training."

At the end of where Myla was pointing, Celia and Irijina are crossing swords.

They are so engrossed with their training that they didn't even notice I came over. Both of them are using weapons which favor Celia – a one-handed sword – which are specifically designed for training purposes with a dulled edge and wrapped in cloth, but would still hurt if it hit the body.

"Yah! Taaaah!"

“Hahaha, Celia-dono’s attacks are light!! It won’t hurt even if the hits landed!!”

Irijina is casually blocking Celia’s strikes with a confident expression.

Celia fiercely darts around and attacks from all over the place, however Irijina is also skilled with weapons besides a spear so she isn’t easily defeated.

“I’ll be attacking next. Take that!”

Instead of dodging Irijina’s attack, Celia decides to block it.

“Aah, not good.”

Celia’s body is lifted into the air after she took the attack.

Irijina’s strength surpasses even some men, so despite Celia having matured and added some muscle to her body, she couldn’t block the attack completely.

Irijina chases after Celia, who rolled to the ground.

In battle, nobody would give the opponent time to recover and get into a stance again. It looks like they’re simulating actual combat.

“Kuh!”

Celia deftly rolls on the ground to dodge the weapon swung down at her. It looks as if the victor is decided?

“It’ll hurt if it hits you! Just surrender!”

“No way! I haven’t lost yet!”

Celia is pretty strong-willed and hates losing.

Right at the moment when Irijina stepped in to finish her off, Celia spins backwards to let the sword slam into the ground, then leaps upwards.

Irijina tries to pull her sword back but couldn’t do so in time.

“Yaaaah!”

Celia’s sword hits Irijina’s dominant arm.

In an actual battle, her arm would have been chopped off and she would be unable to fight.

“Oooh! Celia won.”

“It was closer to martial arts than swordplay but she did well.”

Myla is clapping her hands too.

Finally realizing our presence, Celia runs over happily.

“I finally scored a hit on Irijina-san!... it was a sword fight though.”

Irijina’s specialty lies in her skill with the spear, although her swordsmanship is also above average.

If Celia is able to win against Irijina, then it sets her above all the other soldiers.

When I pat her head to praise her efforts, she puffs out her chest with pride.

“To think I would be bested by Celia-dono. I was careless!”

She doesn’t seem to have taken it too badly.

“Would you like to go up against me next?”

Myla makes a suggestion to spar with Celia when she saw how I was petting her.

Despite her outward appearance, Myla seems to feel deeply jealous, probably imagining herself in Celia’s position.

“Very well! I’ll use my momentum to defeat Myla-san too!”

It’s not a good thing that Celia’s getting conceited, is it?

The two of them face each other with their swords held out in front of them in a ready position.

They are equipped with the one-handed sword from before and a small shield.

Celia is obviously trying to show off her good side to me and is more enthusiastic than usual.

“Begin!”

In time with the signal, Celia and Myla dash at each other.

They run in a distinct posture with their bodies lowered and slightly angled forward,

making it harder to be counterattacked.

“Sh-! Taaaah! Yaah!”

As Celia swings her sword up from below, Myla blocks the attack with her sword and shield and also steps backwards.

“Don’t push forward!!”

Irijina shouts loudly, though it’s looking bad.

Myla is one-sidedly being attacked, yet her defenses remain impenetrable.

From Celia’s point of view, she must be waiting for the moment Myla feels numb.

“She made a move!!”

Celia changed her attack pattern, banging her shield against Myla’s before rolling in towards her stomach.

As she tumbles forward and dives to stab Myla’s thigh-

“Fungyaa!”

Myla’s sword made a clean hit on Celia’s head.

Because the sword was wrapped in several layers of cloth, she didn’t get injured, but she’s still holding her head in pain.

“I thought so.”

“Umu, that move just now was too rough!”

Irijina, for better or worse, fights daringly.

The energy behind her attacks is immense and she is able to overwhelm opponents, although she leaves herself vulnerable to an assortment of countermeasures.

On the other hand, Myla is faithful to the fundamentals, and while her fighting style isn’t flashy, she doesn’t have many openings to take advantage of either.

She isn’t someone you can defeat by testing her patience.

“Aiming for the legs of an opponent who is larger than you is a nice idea, but there was no need to somersault forward. If you wait patiently for an opening before targeting their legs, you would be able to disrupt their balance. Besides... you are not a small

girl anymore. If you roll forward in the same way you did when you were a kid, you will get punished.”

As Myla gives advice to the frustrated Celia, she crawls under my arm. When I stroke her hair, I can hear a bitter sounding voice leak out.

“Uuu... she took Aegir-sama’s arm... aiming for this right from the start...”
“It is a privilege granted only to winners.”

Watching these girls fight makes me want to move my body too.

“I want to do some training too. Would someone like to face off against me?”

All the soldiers in the area collectively look away.
Why... we’re sparring with cloth-wrapped swords so nobody would die.

“...if you win, I’ll give out a reward. How about that?”

Even so, nobody accepts the challenge.

“There are no soldiers who believe they can win against Lord Hardlett. I don’t think offering a reward would make a difference.”

Fine, then you should be my partner, Leopolt.

“If I get injured, would it delay my military service?”

“Unuu...”

Celia somehow manages to pull Myla off my arm and then exclaims.

“Then I’ll be your opponent!”

“...I appreciate the thought.”

If I were to fight with Celia, I would have to treat her like a fragile object.
It doesn’t really make me feel better.

“Then how about this!”

Irijina pulls Myla's hand and lines up with Celia.
1 vs. 3... that might be a little interesting.
I should probably wrap the sword in more cloth.

Just like in the previous sparring matches, I face the three girls with a small shield and a one-handed sword.

My opponents are Irijina, who is one step in front of the others, Myla, who is to her left, and Celia, who is brandishing her sword in between the other two.
Let's see how they'll attack, this isn't a life or death battle so I can enjoy myself.

"Let's go!" "En garde!" "Here I come!"

The three girls make their move simultaneously.

Irijina comes at me from the front, while Myla circles around to my side.

This is a one-hit battle where the fight would conclude once a blow lands on any of our bodies, meaning I would be at a disadvantage if I get flanked.

"Sorrraaah!"

I meet Irijina's strike with my sword.

She might be strong for a woman, but naturally I would be stronger than her, so I was able to knock her off-balance and make her fall back.

"There!"

At the same time, Myla aims for my side with her attack, though that isn't enough to drop me.

I twist my body to evade her sword and target her back with my sword in retaliation.

"Kuh!"

Myla instantly blocks with her shield and stumbles after being deflected by my attack, supporting her body with her hand as she falls to the ground.

Next should be Celia... now where is she?

"Here I am!"

Celia slips past the wobbling Irijina and charges at me.

I see, so she was hiding behind Irijina's huge body.

"Yaaaah!"

Celia runs at me with tremendous quickness, which I respond to by tossing my shield away and bringing my sword... back, and using my empty hand to catch Celia before throwing her.

"Uwaaaaaaaah!!"

Since Celia dashed at full speed, she flew in the air just like a bird.

Crap, I forgot how fast she can go.

The ground is covered with grass so she should be fine...

She was able to reactively prepare herself to land and lays still after rolling a fair distance on the ground. Her eyes are spinning and she can't stand up though. It... doesn't seem like she injured herself.

Myla takes advantage of the opening and jumps at me with a downward swing of her sword, which I meet with my own sword.

I'm in kind of a tough spot, but the difference in strength between Myla and myself is evident.

Her sword gets sent flying in the air, leaving the girl defenseless. I give the vulnerable girl a light tap on the head.

"I- it's my loss."

After Myla surrenders, I give her a kiss and then face off against Irijina.

"It's already down to just me!? As expected of Hardlett-dono!"

Irijina abandons her shield and wields her sword with both hands.

She was never skilled at using a shield in battle in the first place.

I already got rid of my shield and so I can hold my sword with two hands as well.

"When Hardlett-dono holds it in his hands, it looks like a knife!"

"Like you're one to talk."

The two of us charge at each other at the same time, and Irijina takes a swing at me,

making sure to keep herself balanced unlike the first time.

Her attack assumes I would be blocking, which is why its course is restricted and easy to predict.

I choose to avoid the attack by a hair's breadth instead of using my sword to block.

As soon as her sword hit the ground, Irijina recognized her defeat.

I flick her sword out of her hand and then pull her to the ground.

The sound of our passionate kissing signals the end of the match.

"Strong as expected, Hardlett-dono!"

"With such brute strength and quick movements, there's nothing you could do."

Irijina and Myla are clinging to me from both sides while they compliment me.

Having women sing my praises is a wonderful feeling, keep going you two.

Leopolt disappeared before I knew it.

"Uu... both of them got a kiss at the end... while I'm the only one who got flung away."

"Sorry about that. Your attack was the hardest to deal with."

"I don't know whether to be happy or sad about that!"

Celia let out a pouting 'buu' sound but then suddenly shoots a sharp glance in another direction.

Someone was peeking on us from the shadows.

Soldiers training in the area wouldn't need to hide so it can't be any of them.

"I'll go capture them ri-... aahn"

Just as Celia was about to run out, I grab her and hug her close to my chest.

I kiss her while I'm at it.

"Don't worry. Look carefully."

The person may have wanted to stay completely hidden, but those jiggling and heavy-looking boobs are sticking out of her cover.

The carriage that we have at home has stopped behind her and the escorting Gido is looking over here with both his hands spread apart.

“Madam, your breasts are sticking out!”

“Why is she hiding in the first place?”

“Sh-! She separated from the others to come and get spoiled. Let’s wait a little longer.”

“...what are you doing, Nonna-san?”

I told her to come whenever she wanted to be spoiled and she probably couldn’t wait any longer so she came to look for me, what a cutie.

I call out and tell her to come out already, prompting her to walk towards me with a “I’m coming right now” look.

There are two attending girls by her sides, whose faces aren’t wearing masks like before.

Looks like the punishment was effective.

“Ahem, good work Aegir-sama. I thought all of you may also be tired and brought some tea snacks with-...”

I cut her sentence short and spread my arms.

“You came to get me to pay attention to you, right? You don’t need to put up this show in front of the others.”

“.....”

Nonna embarrassingly looks around at everyone before looking down and jumping into my chest.

Her weighty breasts press against me.

“Aegir-sama was the one who said it! That’s why I’ll take full advantage!”

Nonna huffs and puffs in my chest.

“I’ll pay you as much attention as you want. Our match just so happened to finish, so shall we have tea in the carriage?... so I guess I’ll take my leave for now. The rest of you keep up the good work in your training.”

I pick Nonna up and carry her to the carriage, while the attending maids hurry after us.

“...In the end-”

“...everything-”

“-was taken awayyy!!”

I'll be affectionate with all of you tonight, so don't get upset.

I toss Nonna into the carriage and I get in after her.

This one isn't meant for long distance excursions.

Four people at most could fit into the carriage, along with several cushions and simple treats.

“We're not actually going to drink tea though.”

“I didn't think so.”

Clothes start coming off as soon as the door was shut behind us.

I was about to help Nonna take her dress off, but getting it wrinkled would be bad.

That's why I turn her around and strip off only her panties.

“You're fine with me doing it from behind with your clothes on, right?”

Nonna nods silently, knowing what I want and fumbling to reveal her giant breasts.

I energetically embrace her from behind, fondling her breasts and sucking on the nape of her neck.

“Aaah! You're so intense all of a sudden!”

“Aah... Nonna, you're beautiful. Your breasts are incredible!”

I squeeze her breasts as if milking them and a stream of breast milk squirts out.

The inside of the carriage quickly became covered with the smell of the white liquid.

“Nonna, my cute Nonna. I'll make more love to you!”

This is our first time having sex after she gave birth.

Unable to hold myself back any longer, I lower my pants and rub my dick against her.

Nonna's ass is still red from before.

“Does it still hurt?”

“I’m fine now. You may spank me more if you like.”

“I’m not that savage.”

“That’s a sha-... well, nevermind then.”

All of a sudden, I realize my body smelled of sweat.
I was moving so much earlier, so that couldn’t be helped though.

“I stink of sweat, maybe I should take a bath.”
“No, it’s fine like this. I don’t particularly hate the smell.”

She previously yelled at Irijina, telling her to take a bath when she wanted to eat right after training because of the horrible stench of her sweat though.
Well, Celia and the other maids also made a fuss at that time too.

“Then I’ll have to prepare.”

I spread Nonna’s buttcheeks apart and place my mouth in the middle.

“Aau! This is embarrassing... licking my genitals like this...”

Despite what she said, her body instantly reacts to the stimulation and starts to leak love juices.
Her hole must be pretty loose now that she’s given birth, so I’ll gladly enjoy it.

I lick her vagina until her entire body felt hot and eventually it was time for me to penetrate her.

“I’ll be intruding for the first time in a long time.”

“Yes, welcome back.”

I snicker at our ridiculous exchange of greetings before grabbing her hips and thrusting my own hips forward.
I get to feel Nonna’s insides again after a whole year.

“Ooooh... nice, it’s wrapping around me more softly than before!”

“Aaaaaaahh, it really is thick! It’s reaching all the way to the back!”

From there, I didn’t need to use any effective words of love or caresses. We only repeatedly called each other’s names lovingly and continued building up pleasure from bumping hips.

“I love you, Aegir-sama! Squeeze my breasts!”

“I love you too, Nonna! Raise your ass more!”

The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh gradually got louder and Nonna shook like crazy.

Nonna squealed and grabbed a cushion, trying her hardest to endure the pleasure.

During the daytime of the summer season, the dripping sweat helped to make our bodies sticky.

As I continue licking her neck and back, Nonna felt more turned on, throwing her head back and shrieking in pleasure every time I thrust deeper.

As we approach our peak, the two attendants outside knocked on the door.

“Geez! What is it!?”

As we all told her, Nonna has been visibly kinder to the servants but when she gets interrupted when she’s having sex, her words would naturally be colder.

“Master! Madam! You’re shaking the carriage too much. This is the training area! The soldiers are all looking this way.”

“T-... that’s-...”

Nonna looks at me.

Obviously the feeling of embarrassment would overwhelm whatever she’s feeling now.

However, I don’t care about any of that.

“Put your hand on the wall!”

I grab Nonna's hips and pull her up.

"Please wait! If you do that, it'll shake even more!"

"I'll make it shake lots, so raise your voice too!"

I open the small window on the side of the carriage while saying that.

It seems like Nonna makes eye contact with Gido, who is standing guard outside, and the two attending maids.

She leaked a little squeal.

"Here I go!"

Without delay, I furiously shake my hips.

"Aaaah! Amazzinnnnng! D- don't look! I can't bear this!"

"M-madam..." "She's making that kind of face."

Nonna must be making an outrageous face from the pleasure's she feeling right now. I grab her shoulder and turn her to face me and she definitely looks like she's one step away from fainting.

After a sloppy kiss, I resume thrusting again.

"Master, the carriage is going to break!"

"How intense... I heard about the rumors but the way he has sex is incredible."

Having sex while being watched isn't bad either.

I can tell my seed climbing up from balls.

"Nonna... cumming... here's a taste of my semen after one year, it's gonna be thick today."

"Tease me too! And then finish by... slapping my ass."

Her ass is still a little red, but if that's what she wants, then I'll do it.

"I'm cumming, Nonna! You should cum too... uoooooooooh!!"

“Haaau! Aaauuuuuuuu!!”

After my final thrust, I also give her ass a nice spank.
Nonna let out a long moan.

The surprised attendants watched as Nonna orgasmed and a huge load of seed flowed into Nonna’s recently pregnant womb.

“It feels like a baby is back in my belly. It’s flabby.”

Nonna becomes weak and collapses, and then the window gets closed.
The attending maids were left speechless.

It’s been so long since I fucked Nonna, but it really felt amazing like always.
When I play with her exceedingly large tits, her beautiful face gets warped by the pleasure and has this extremely lewd look to it.

“Aegir-sama, I love you. I’m so happy... this is way better than being surrounded by gorgeous gems...”

Nonna finally loses consciousness after saying that, with my dick remaining inside her.

“It’s okay now. You can come in.”

“Pardon m-... wakyyaah!”

“T-this isn’t okay at all!”

The attendant I summoned screamed after entering the carriage.
Maybe it’s because Nonna is still sitting on my dick.

“Because it’s been so long, my dick just won’t get smaller.”

When I try to pull it out when it’s still big, the unconscious Nonna doesn’t seem to want to let go.

“There’s breast milk all over the place now. Can you wipe it up? Also, take off her dress, this isn’t the time to worry about not getting it wrinkled.”

“Y-yessir.” “Understood.”

The attendants promptly got to work, although their eyes remained on my cock. Half of it was inside Nonna while the other half was exposed.

“Why are you staring at it, is it that big?”

I jokingly act conceited.

“It is incredibly so. You sir have a fiendishly large thing and it’s rugged like the roots of a tree.”

She calmly responded to my joke.

It makes me a little embarrassed.

I should try inviting her if she’s interested though.

“Would you like to have a taste next time?”

After staring blankly for a while, the two attendants smile.

“I’m curious as to how it would feel to be embraced by the master after hearing of your sexual prowess, but... it’s okay. After becoming a man such as yourself, master might be fine with cheating, but us servants who are around you all the time would feel bad for the madam when you embrace us.”

Wow, so they respect Nonna quite a bit.

Then continue doing your best and make sure not to betray her.

“Guh... a little bit went up. Hey you two, could you bring your faces closer?”

“W-what?” “You want us to lick it?”

“No, just stay there.”

When I think about Nonna and feel relieved, the next batch of semen climbed up from my balls.

As the two girls bring their faces closer to the place I’m connected with Nonna, I instantly ejaculate.

“Uoooooooooh!!”

“Eeeh! You’re cumming!?””T-this is what it sounds like... so this is an ejaculation? Exactly how much is coming out...”

As I thought, more comes out when women are watching.
Nonna moans in her sleep and milk sprays out from her nipples.
Alright, let’s head back to the mansion.

“Please stop, Master!””I feel sorry for the madam!”

“It’s only a short distance, it’s not a big deal!”

““It’s a very big deal!””

When we reached the mansion, Nonna remained connected to me as I lifted her out of the carriage, bringing her all the way to the bedroom just like carrying a child to take a pee.

We were going to get naked again once we got to the bedroom anyways so it’s too much of a hassle to change into clothes.

We might be passing through places where people might see, but they’re all just servants and guards, so it shouldn’t matter too much.

“Dowah!””Hiiehh!””Uwaah!””Kyaah!”

Maybe because it’s still daytime, but there are more servants than I thought.

“You shouldn’t expose the madam’s precious place! Cover it up!”

The attending maids running parallel with me are using their hands to hide Nonna’s private parts.

One of them covers both her nipples while the other one covers her genitals and asshole.

Well done, I’ll give them a bonus.

Whoops, that just now was the regular general store merchant, who was looking at me with a dumbfounded expression.

That was dangerous, if Nonna was awake, she would be really embarrassed.

“Um... Aegir-sama? Recently, the servants and frequent merchants have been looking at me strangely... did I do something to them again?”

“No, you did nothing wrong. They don’t hate you, so don’t worry about it.”

“Haah... my attending maids are also telling me “It’s for you own sake, madam””

“It really is nothing important.”

“...Carla and Melissa are looking at me weirdly too.”

“It’s a good day today too. Oh, looks like Adolph wants to talk.”

Those looks continued until Casie, who couldn’t read the mood, explained everything to Nonna.

The first flying headbutt I received after her pregnancy was a painful one.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 161,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900 (Bow Cavalry Reported Home, Reserve Army Returned)

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Assets: 0 gold

Sexual Partners: 207, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 197

Before the Harvest

-Aegir POV-

In the office, there is an out-of-place plate of food with a light serving of pasta placed on top. A portion of it was picked up and carried into the mouth of a girl.

The distinct flavor of the pasta spread throughout the girl's mouth, giving off a taste slightly different from normal pasta.

"Hm, mhm... the oil is different in this one. It just doesn't linger in my mouth or I guess it isn't as heavy."

Celia was able to pinpoint the difference immediately.

The way she stuffs her cheeks like a hamster is cute, but... is she able to eat that much in one bite?

After that, Polte and Gretel came back from doing inspections and also tasted some of the pasta.

They took several tiny bites instead.

"This is-... oh, I like this one."

"Ara, it's really fresh and suitable for a woman's palette."

It generally received favorable reviews, but Gretel is wearing dog ears for some reason. Don't tell me she did the inspections looking like that.

"Now Adolph, what is the meaning of serving food during a domestic affairs meeting? Celia's going to be fat again."

"I'm not fat anymore! Besides, I normally eat four meals every da-... nevermind."

I rest the pouting Celia on my lap.

Gretel starts tapping her foot unhappily.

Adolph clears his throat once before beginning to speak.

“This morning, the trade party from the city states arrived. This oil is one of the items they brought with them. I personally think it’s an excellent commodity and I just wanted everyone to try it as well.”

“Hooh, so we’ve begun to trade with them, you work pretty fast.”

Relationships were made through visits, but I didn’t think we had talks about anything concrete, especially with regards to trade.

Adolph must have did something independently.

“Our vault is empty after all. We must push forward with talks that will make us money.”

He didn’t have to worry that much.

If we run out of money, we just have to borrow from someone.

“So, what else did they bring?”

Adolph takes out the list of trade goods.

“The items consists mainly of that oil and all sorts of fruits. Moreover, they travelled through the Democratic Nation of Libatis so a variety of decorations and luxury items are mixed in as well.”

“I see... wait a second, why did they have to go through Libatis? The city states are right next to Goldonia so wouldn’t it be faster for them to make a direct trip?”

According to them, they didn’t come directly to Rafen, but rather detoured to the south towards Libatis and the southern nations before going up.

Incidentally, Malt didn’t have much in terms of trade value before their wheat could be harvested and were ignored.

“Let’s see. They took the long way around if you look at distance, but it is the shortest route if you consider the time.”

“Aah, I see.”

Because Polte taught this subject before, she seemed to have a clear understanding of

the situation.

Celia also got the general gist of things, while Gretel just pretended to understand, so let me rub her butt.

“Aahn...” “Kuh!”

For some reason, Celia glares at me when I smile at Gretel after teasing her a little.

“Goldonia and the city states are adjacent but our territory isn’t connected directly with the city states. They must first cross the Goldonian borders, get their cargo inspected and pay the taxes, then after that, they would have to pass through the territories of the various feudal lords, stopping and paying taxes every time they did so. If they want the process to be smoother, they would probably need to pay an additional amount as a bribe. To that point, Libatis would only require a one-time payment for landing within their national borders, and any movement within their nation following that would be smooth, not incurring any additional charge.”

I see, taxes and road blocks... a problem which would give headaches to any merchant. I have heard that some ill-natured feudal lords would purposely make you wait several days unless you bribed them.

If this happened within my own territory, I would change it, however I have no say on what goes on outside my domain.

“Furthermore, Libatis has a reputation for being a safe country.”

“I thought they were just a commendable country, but it looks like they’re even better. I understand now, I don’t care what path they took. I’ll give permission to the merchants, so tell them they are free to do as they want.”

Adolph nods in acknowledgement.

“In addition, a piece of interesting information just came in from the caravan of merchants. I believe you are aware that the city states is located between the North Teries and Teries rivers-...”

I just found out now, so no problem.

“There is Polis located on the south coast of a part of the Teries river. Further south of that Polis is an area where a vast wetlands and dense forest are.”

“Wetlands and a dense forest, huh...”

Celia looks a little unhappy.

Wetlands means there is a swampy ground that makes it hard to walk, plus leeches and poisonous insects, not to mention there will probably be a bunch of slimy monsters hidden within the marsh.

On top of that, a dense forest would not let the sun shine through the thick cover of leaves.

Factoring in the heat of the south and the seemingly endless depths, it should be a pretty uncomfortable place to be.

“That thinking isn’t wrong. Currently, none of the powers are trying to rule over that area. It’s a dangerous place where individuals who step foot in its boundaries often go missing after all.”

“I see... so, what’s so interesting about this place?”

If it was close, we would need to make preparations, but the place is pretty far away.

“Just being a dangerous place is enough to keep people out, but I hear that the herb used to make an expensive medicine grows there.”

Adolph shows me a few leaves he had stored in a bottle.

“One leaf of this medicinal herb can make one bottle of medicine. It’s a salve which is rumored to be able to bring even the dead back to life.”

Of course, he later adds “Though you can’t believe everything a merchant says”. Everyone stares interestingly.

“By the way, one leaf is worth 20 gold.”

Celia and Polte spits in shock.

“Adolph! What kind of thing did you buy!?”

“That’s right! That’s half my annual salary... no, there are four leaves so two years’ worth, abhbbh.”

The cost of medicine can reach sky-high prices depending on the efficacy, but it's unheard of for a one-use drug to cost 20 gold.

Only the very rich or the very desperate would buy something like this.

"I bought this to maintain a good relationship with them, but it's pretty easy for our feudal lord-sama here to injure himself, so I don't believe it will go to waste."

How cheeky, I'll have to confirm this with a doctor.

If it's a fake drug, I'll sentence him to go on a date with Madam Gonzales.

"If we keep them as close trading partners, we can get them to supply us with a huge amount of medicine like this."

"I see, and I'm guessing we traded iron?"

"Mainly finished iron products. There is a city in the western Polis that has a mine close to the mountain range, although they don't have enough charcoal to melt the iron... in other words, they don't have enough wood. The forest in their area is quite small, so I believe finished iron and steel products are incredibly important to them."

The city states aren't technologically or economically inferior to us, however the narrow area of their domain really limits what they can do.

In order to maintain the population of their overcrowded city, a large majority of their surplus land was converted into farmland, so their land has practically no bountiful forests left.

"As long as all the expensive medicine isn't bought up, doing trade with them should lean towards a positive return. I intend to personally look deeper into this particular case."

"We will be receiving money and they will obtain iron. This is a good relationship, just make sure you don't overdo things."

Trade... merchant... it feels like I'm missing something, oh well.

"There is still an important piece of information. It is regarding the harvest of wheat..."

"Do we not have an abundant harvest?"

Polte and Gretel nod and then continue their explanation.

“The Margrave’s territory has an abundant harvest. However, not so much for Goldonia and the other territories... they have rather poor harvests to put it bluntly.”

There are years where the harvest of wheat is plentiful, but also years where the harvest is bad.

For the years where there was a sudden outbreak of war, like this year, having a low crop yield has double the impact on everyone in the territory.

“According to what the caravan of merchants said, the city states and Libatis have a decent quality of harvest... though the thing I’m worried about is-”

“What?”

“The summer this year seems to be more humid than usual. Previously, when we got this sort of climate... there would be long spells of rain during the harvest time.”

Wheat stores better when the climate is drier, so getting lots of rain during the harvest time is fatal.

“Until now, we were able to buy in grain from the Federation even if we had a poor harvest. But this year...”

It would also depend on the state of war, but it’s hard to believe that they would export any food supplies when they’re in the middle of a war.

“It isn’t certain that we will get heavy rain again. We could unexpectedly get crisp, dry weather and clear skies for our abundant harvest.”

Celia tries to be positive, and I can hear Irijina shout “I’m sure everything will be okay!” in the distance.

Is she shouting because of her training or something...?

“...The wheat sowed during autumn should be ready for harvest right about now. Let’s hurry and reap it.”

“Agreed. We shouldn’t unnecessarily waste the ripened crops. Let’s prioritize reaping it.”

Sensing the unsettling set of events, Adolph and I make the decision immediately. This is the only thing we can do and we can't exactly defy the weather.

"Is Malt doing okay?"

Adolph speaks after looking at the documents in his hands.

"There are no problems in Malt for now. I did a rough calculation and the amount of manufactured goods they have within the nation is three times more than the amount they consume. They shouldn't be in shortage even if they have a poor harvest. I also looked into their history, but there is no record of Malt experiencing any kind of famine."

Then all is good.

As expected from a country that's only good at farming, they at least have something to eat.

"This will be the first harvest since they formed a pact with us, and it seems Queen Celestina will be coming here too."

So I can see that bright, beaming smile that is as radiant as the sun once again. I'll make sure to spoil her lots.

After our conversation ends, I stamp my seal on the authorization something-or-other document and the approval whatchamacallit that Adolph hands me.

The person who brought the papers and Polte still have things to do, so they hurried out of the room.

Celia also scurries off, most definitely going to the toilet. I can tell.

"Fuu... I'm tired."

I get up from the office's desk, drop myself onto the sofa and lean back.

Doing a feudal lord's work from morning till now is bad for the body.

The first thing I would do after I wake up is embrace a woman, then eat something nice and then drink some alcohol.

Then I guess I could do a little work before embracing more women at nice.

"W-woof."

Oh, Gretel is still here.
I thought for sure she went with Polte.

“Kuuuuun~”

Gretel crawls on the floor towards me on all fours.
She quickly flips up her pants to reveal her specially designed pants with a tail attached underneath, which she apparently wears all the time.

“Uu... it’s been a while, woof. I’m lonely, woof.”

I entrusted her to Adolph so it’s been a while since I paid her any attention.

“Alright, let’s do what you want to do.”

“W-woo, woof!”

Gretel runs around on all fours and then jumps on me, latching her mouth onto mine.
When I pet her head while she’s wearing the dog ears, her mouth quickly lowers.
She bends down all the way to my crotch and Gretel places her hands on the front of my pants to remove them.

“You’re a puppy today, and dogs don’t use their hands.”

“Right, woof!”

Gretel obediently puts her hands back on the floor and tries to use her mouth to undo the string of my pants, though she seems to be struggling with it.
Her hot breath and drool make my pants wet and the moist sensation is transmitted to my gradually bulging meat rod.

“There... woof!”

When she finally loosens the string, Gretel the dog bites my pants to pull them off as if she can’t wait any longer.

“Kyaah! It’s already so big, woof.”

She probably expected my dick to be a certain size as she felt it through my pants, but the heat from her hot sighs caused my dick to get aroused and point straight up after it broke free from my pants.

The dog-eared girl moved her hands to my shaft out of instinct, but she remembered that I told her not to use them, causing her to lower them again and then bringing her face closer.

The stimulation from the gentle flicking of her tongue leaves much to be desired. Yet, it is also a different kind of tantalizing pleasure to enjoy.

“Lick my balls too... aah, that’s good. Just like that.”

Until I fucked Gretel, she was a high-class noble lady who didn’t even know what a man’s dick looked like.

Now, she looks like a trained dog who is crawling on the floor and frantically sucking my cock with a flushed face.

I don’t really enjoy humiliating girls like this, but the sense of immorality makes me harder than usual.

“It’s so hard... almost like a piece of iron... woof.”

“I don’t mind if you bite it. I can handle your teeth.”

Brynhildr comes once a week to suck my blood and likes sinking her fangs into my dick when she gets in a bad mood.

Compared to her menacingly sharp teeth, this fake dog lady’s teeth seem cute.

“Woof... aahmu!”

She opens her mouth and bites down playfully on the side of my shaft, giving the perfect amount of stimulation to further arouse me.

When I place my hand on the girl’s head, she closes her eyes and stiffens her body as if preparing for my next actions.

She must have sensed me getting close to my limit from my twitching dick and was anticipating me to swing my hips while I hold her head down.

Before I could do so however, someone interrupts us.

“Aegir-sama, it’s already noon time, so you should get something to eat... what are you

doing!?”

Celia came back after she went to the toilet.

As soon as she saw Gretel kneeling in between my legs, she instantly understood the situation.

“Puha... please don’t get in the way. I’m trying to pleasure my master here!... woof.”

You don’t have to force yourself to add that to the end of your sentences.

Seeing how my face was filled with pleasure, Celia didn’t push Gretel aside, but rather sat down beside her.

“Then I will make him feel good too! The tongue of a newcomer is not nearly enough to satisfy Aegir-sama after all.”

“What did you say!? Are you trying to find fault with these techniques taught to me by the master himself!?”

“Hmph, Aegir-sama taught me ever since I was a kid!”

Gretel reacts to the word ‘kid’ and looks at me.

Of course that would lead to misunderstandings, I embraced Celia after she grew up... no, I guess I just let her play with my dick when she was quite young. Who really cares about that now though.

To match Gretel, Celia took off her short pants and exposed her bouncy white ass. Then she sits herself in between my legs and the two girls start fighting each other to lick my dick.

“Ah, how could you use your teeth like that!?”

“Ara, I got permission from master to do so.”

“Kuh... then I will do it too.”

Their playful biting from both sides draws a groan from my lips.

As I put my hands on their heads in preparation to shoot my seed, there was another interruption.

Because Celia rushed into the room, the door was left wide open.

“Pardon me, if you are done with the meeting, perhaps you would like to eat with me?”

“If you don’t mind, I would also like if you took a look at my new script. Or not...”

The ones who appeared in the room are Catherine and Yoguri, who have been hanging around each other quite frequently as of late.

I’m willing to eat with them, but they just came at a bad time.

The two in between my legs should be aware they can be seen by the other two girls, but the competing girls pay no attention and don’t stop sucking, continuing to slurp loudly.

“...you’re in the middle of enjoying yourself?”

“Is it fun to have two young girls suck on you like that?”

The other two girls seem a little angry as they enter the room, but excitedly roll up the hem of their dresses and take off their panties.

“As a woman who is charmed with the same man, I can’t lose.”

“Yeah, let us take care of the final spurt.”

Catherine and Yoguri climb on either side of the sofa, place their hands on my thighs and extend their tongues towards my dick.

“Wah, don’t snatch it away!”

“Catherine-san, was it? What a lewd manner of licking...”

My head bends backwards as the four girls concentrate their attacks on my meat rod. I can’t get enough of this feeling, not to mention all of them are so familiar with my dick that they can focus their stimulation precisely where my weak points are.

“Chief, it’s a nice day. Let’s go on a long trip.”

Another intruder comes into the picture, this time it’s Pipi, who comes in from the window.

Don’t climb up the outer walls, you’ll be mistaken as a thief or something.

“I’m a little busy right now... ooh, this is tremendous!”

“You’re enjoying your women? Then, Pipi wants in too!”

Pipi runs happily and jumps into the group of girls.

But there is no more room.

The other women don't want to yield anymore space either and have carved out their own positions.

"It can't be helped, put my head between your legs."

Pipi wraps her thighs around my head and dangles herself down to approach my dick from my chest.

"Ahaha, how interesting..."

Pipi's vagina just so happened to fall in front of me so I lick her while enjoying the different unique tongue techniques from the five girls.

"Hardlett-sama, if the meeting has finished then I'd like to clean up the room... ara, a female dumpling."

Girls just seem to be gathering from everywhere today.

Rita comes in with cleaning equipment hoping to tidy up after the meeting.

"Sorry, but it's a full house. Wait just a little bit."

"Oh no, I'll be fine."

Rita approaches me while stripping her maid uniform.

"If you could stand up, then I can service you even more."

I get up from the sofa after being prompted, bringing the four girls around my crotch with me.

Pipi is being lifted up completely, although she's light and easy to carry.

"Then if you would excuse me..."

Rita circles around behind me, spreads my legs apart slightly... and puts her mouth to my anus.

"Thank you for letting me do this. Nmu! Nnn! I'm going to use my tongue, so please

relax.”

“Uoooh!”

“Kyah! It swelled up!” “L-licking his asshole... and even inserting your tongue inside, what a perverted maid.”

Gretel, who has gotten used to sex and fellatio, also seems surprised when she sees Rita stick her tongue in my ass.

She is totally forgetting to bark like a dog.

“How is it, does it feel good?”

Rita rubs her breasts against me from behind as she continues teasing my ass.

Yoguri and Catherine also mimic her by rubbing their own breasts against me from opposite sides.

Celia and Gretel intensify their sucking and licking while lightly biting my shaft from either side.

Pipi put her pinky finger in the tip.

The fortress that is my cock is not sturdy enough to endure the concentrated offense of the five women.

“Can’t hold it... cumming... Uoooooooooh!!”

Just when I was about to ejaculate – and I’ve already lost count at the ridiculous amount of times it happened – the door opens again.

“Hey Aegir, it’s been a while so would you like to eat lunch together? Mel is waiting too...”

“Uoooh! I can’t stop it!!”

The ones who showed up were Carla and Nonna, who is accompanied by two child-carrying attendants.

My head is clear, but my meat rod is rampaging wildly, spraying its load everywhere like a fountain.

The worst part of it was that my dick pointed in the direction of the door.

“Gyaah-!” “Watch out, madam!”

The two attendants promptly hides Nonna behind Carla.
Semen rains down on her head and instantly drenches her.
Carla resignedly gets showered with the seed and hangs her head.
Nonna was able to narrowly escape danger.

“That was dangerous, Madam.”

“You must not move yet.”

The ejaculation continued for several minutes and eventually dies down.

“Gosh, sorry about that. So you wanted to eat lunch together?”

“...before that, I have to change and take a bath though.”

As expected of the longest serving member of my harem, Carla, she sighs and leaves with a smile.

However, one person would not allow that.

“Haa, haa, my beloved’s seed... the seed I extracted...”

The lewd Catherine approaches Carla with eyes which can’t seem to focus on one spot.
At the sight of such a strange phenomenon, it naturally makes Carla panic.

“W-what’s wrong with you, you have a strange look in her eyes, stop it! Uwaah, don’t lick me!”

Catherine pushes Carla to the floor and starts to lick the semen stuck to her body.
Because the girls are wearing summer clothes, much of their skin is exposed.
Catherine is crawling her tongue over all of that exposed area, so it makes for an irresistible scene.

“Hey! My thigh... aah, don’t lick my chest!”

Carla’s predicament doesn’t end there.

As if infected by Catherine, Yoguri, Rita, and even Gretel stood up slowly.

They sway as they walk and gather around Carla like zombies would when devouring their victims, licking all over Carla’s body.

“Gyaah, I’m getting violated! Nonna, help me out here!”

“I-I’m sorry. This powerless little me can’t do anything about it. I think they’ll let you go when all the semen is gone.”

“Traitor! Aegir, help me!”

“Sorry, I don’t think I can stop such a sexy show.”

I can’t bring myself to interfere with women tangling and licking each other.

In the end, the girls licked Carla until not a trace of semen was left on her body.

Claire’s Request ①

To celebrate my victory in battle I was personally invited to Claire’s hou-... the Flitch Company’s heavy machinery building for a modest party.

I was going to invite Nonna as well, but she said she wouldn’t be able to prepare a grand enough reception for everyone, so she implicitly declined.

“So, what kind of request do you have?”

“Ara, this party is to thank you for favoring me and of course to congratulate you on your victory in war.”

There’s no way this is only about that.

I glance behind me at Laurie and a few waitress maids who are all smiling.

The point of focus is their outfits.

I’m already used to seeing the attire of the servants of the Flitch Company, however everyone here is wearing skirts which are 10 cm shorter.

Furthermore, Laurie in particular is wearing a poor excuse of a skirt, which only reaches her mid-thigh and would reveal her underwear if she bent over just a little bit. Even I can tell that she’s planning to use sex appeal to get me to agree to a certain request.

“...then shall we relax and enjoy a meal together?”

“I don’t want to, don’t say something so cold.”

She sends me a flirtatious glance and leans forward a tiny bit.

I can see the light color of her nipples from the large slit in the chest area of her dress.

But I won’t be tempted today.

After all, the orgy I had with the girls this morning drained me of 20 shots.

Even my balls seem a little too light.

“So you are starting to harvest the wheat in your territory, right?”

“Yeah, the farmers will be devoting much of their time to it.”

It will be a slightly rough period for the peddlers as even the blacksmiths and hunters in a farming village gather together to reap the harvest, meaning pelts and home-made accessories won’t be getting produced.

“I hear your territory will be getting a wonderfully bountiful harvest. Congratulations.”

“Yeah, thanks.”

“So I have something to discuss regarding that...”

I’m getting a bad feeling about this.

“The market price of wheat has now risen... even for our company, and so we want to be prepared for the worst case scenario. Which is why I want to purchase the right to the wheat leftover from the harvest. I’m willing to offer 20% more than the current market price.”

“.....”

In other words, she is trying to decide the price of wheat which has yet to be harvested. Thinking about it normally, over 20% of the current market price would be favorable for me, and an ignorant feudal lord might have taken that deal immediately.

“...are you okay with buying wheat at such a high price?”

“It will be a gamble, but there is a small chance something would cause the price to rise steeply. This is just a precaution for that risk.”

Her coquettish gaze which concealed her greed for money is now visible.

“Like if the Empire invaded the Federation?”

My statement makes Claire freeze.

Ooh, it's quite rare for her to become stiff so noticeably.

She isn't my subordinate but rather a merchant and it's natural for her to chase after profits. I don't think she'll try and deceive me, but I won't lose that easily either.

“What's wrong, the food is getting cold. Eat it quickly.”

“Y-you got your information pretty quickly, didn't you.”

“It's not that I'm fast, but aren't you just slow?”

My source of information comes from Clara's letter, who is close to the prestigious Marquess Marlordol of the Federation, but she is nothing more than an attendant. I didn't think Claire would be slower than that kind of informant.

Claire lets out a sigh.

“Recently, the head office's... the Flitch company's influence has been on the decline. Naturally, their ability to gather information has proportionately declined as well. No, I shouldn't say it's only Flitch. In fact, it's the strength of all the companies in Stura that is decreasing.”

Fumu, it's rare for her to speak about insider information like this.
I'll listen quietly.

“Stura's company is on the coast of the North Teries river and has developed through the mediation of trade with the northern nations. Magrado, Treia, Arkland... and Goldonia, they would freely move around whenever certain nations were in conflict with each other and was able to develop commercially.”

Of course dealings with the Federation is an important factor, but if there is a war, it wouldn't be possible to buy anything from the opposing country and transporting can't be done either.

Stura, who could do safely business anywhere, should have a large advantage in terms of purchasing or transporting.

"But as of now, the entire northern region of the Central Plains has become Goldonian territory, so mediation is unnecessary. We are using all the experience and customer base accumulated up to this point and are trying to fight back... but even that is slowly being taken away."

Goldonia has native companies as well.

They use their connections with the Kingdom or Great Nobles as backing to rapidly extend their influence.

I remember there also being individuals in charge of domestic companies who clinged to the noble families invited to the periodic tea parties and dinner parties held by Nonna who wanted to meet me.

If I entertained them, I wouldn't be able to take part in much of the party and Nonna apparently felt frustrated because of that.

"I see... you're having a tough time too."

Claire has done well up until now.

If I didn't have her when I was in debt or when I needed to do any major developments, my domain would probably be in poorer shape.

There hasn't been any swindlers or information leaking as of now either.

Even if other large companies try to appeal to me, I don't think I would be able to simply change over to them from the Flitch company.

"And so, I think the Flitch company will be dissolving soon."

"Why!?"

I almost crush the desk by accident.

In my heart, I decided to stick with them to the very end and Claire all of a sudden declared that she's abandoning them.

"Ara, the Margrave-sama will be staying with myself though. By the way, you are aware

of who the president of the Flitch company is?”

“...I don’t know his name or face.”

“Well, he’s named Flitch.” – She adds with a smile.

Of course, that’s pretty obvious.

The one who cooperated with me and did business with me all this time was Claire.

I don’t know the president or anyone from the head office.

“If the head office becomes a burden in the near future, I am planning to start up a new independent company. When that time comes, I humbly ask that you treat me favorably as well.”

“Of course. You’re the only merchant for me.”

We exchange a deep kiss, disregarding the presence of the servants.

Not good, I can feel my balls getting heavier.

“Then, I have something I want you to explain.”

“Hm? We aren’t going into bed?”

“Before that... I hear that a caravan of merchants periodically comes here from the city states and through Libatis.”

Claire remains smiling but a little anger is hidden behind her expression.

“That caravan has absolutely nothing to do with us... and is under the patronage of the merchants of Libatis.”

She’s pressing me and asking me what’s going on.

But it’s something that Adolph negotiated, so I don’t know.

“It doesn’t put me at ease after I just told you I would be going independent and there’s already a business rival in front of me. To ensure you will not change from our caravan, give us a large supply of grain. You’ll be importing a massive quantity of it from Malt Kingdom anyways, right?”

No, but Adolph told me to absolutely not make any promises of my own accord in regards to wheat.

If he gets angry, then I would have to take over the domestic affairs.

“Laurie! Lunice! Amidra!”

“““Yes, Claire-sama!”“““

The three girls crawl under the table and I instantly feel a wave of pleasure.

“Oaah! I-I won’t change my mind even if you do this. Discuss this with Adolph!”

“That man is quite hard to convince. So if the Margrave could make the final judgement, Laurie, do it with more intensity.”

“Uooh... even my ass!”

The severe attack continued after that, and eventually Claire herself joined in as well, however I was able to endure to the end because of the thought of how difficult it would be to take care of the domestic affairs on my own.

That may be due to the nourishing fruit ¹I ate yesterday.

The other three girls lay exhaustedly over the desk with seed spilling out from their crotch, just like Claire, but she was the only one who could spew sharp parting words.

“Uuuu... I won’t give up, you hear... I will definitely... make a huge profit... off wheea-”

“What a scary woman... but that’s what makes her lovely.”

It looks like we’ll be having more fun exchanges in the future.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 161,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Assets: 0 gold

Sexual Partners: 209, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 198

Irregularities in the Cemetery (1)

-Aegir POV-

It is nighttime on the outskirts of Rafen and I am walking along with Alice, Irijina, and Kroll.

“It’s pretty dark here... hoi.”

A small flame suddenly lights up on the tip of Alice’s finger.

She’s not only considered one of the extremely rare beings called magic users, she’s also quite the powerful one.

Her red hair which resembles the color of flames is the proof of her hidden ability and will apparently turn white when she uses up her magic power.

“It’s nice to take a walk at night! The moon’s pretty and more than anything, it’s quiet!!”

Irijina has her spear on her shoulder and is walking cheerfully with long strides.

She’s been getting hit with countless tree branches for a while now, but she’s been snapping them all and walking as if they weren’t there.

And I think the one who’s ruining the stillness in the night is you and your noise.

“Why am I here...?”

Walking behind the lumbering Irijina, almost as if hiding from something, is Kroll.

He’s looking around fearfully with a torch in his hand.

There was a sound of grass rustling caused by the wind or a small animal.

“T-there’s nothing here.”

Alice enlarges the flame at her fingertips and confirms.

“Wahahahaha! The breeze is cool and refreshing!”

Irijina doesn't realize.

“Hihih!”

Kroll lets out a little scream and hides behind Irijina's back.

“You're a man, aren't you... don't hide behind a woman's back, that's pathetic. If you're going to hide, at least hide behind me.”

The shameful side of the 16 year old male hasn't changed.

“Geez, why are you so afraid? You're not even on the battlefield, so it's not like an arrow will suddenly come flying at you.”

This place is outside the city walls of Rafen, but it isn't a place where bandits and monsters run rampant.

“B-because, Aegir-sama... this place is...”

“Hm?”

“This place is a cemetery! It's scary!”

That's exactly right, we have to be careful of zombies.

There's a reason why I'm wandering the cemetery at night with these three though.

Earlier That Day, Evening

I'm gulping down some light alcohol in the living room after being called by Myla. Apparently, she wanted to talk where there aren't that many people. Fortunately, there isn't anyone here right now.

“This might sound a little dubious, but-...”

After attaching an unconfident remark, Myla starts to tell me what's going on with a

complicated expression on her face.

“There are rumors about unsavory things coming out from the cemetery on the outskirts of the city. At first, I thought it was a joke, but... there were several eyewitnesses and they wouldn’t change their statements even in front of the security force.”

“If they were just loudmouths, then they would run away in a panic or fall prostrate on the ground once the security unit got there after all.”

Not many citizens have the guts to make a fool out of Myla’s security unit.

“We checked once during the day and didn’t find anything strange. We could have decided it was just a lie, but during a time like this... well, I thought I would report it to you anyways.”

“I guess, right now... isn’t the best time.”

The thousand soldiers who fought and died in the battle between Aless and Atoroa were buried in Rafen’s cemetery.

It hasn’t even been one month since they were put under the ground.

And none of them died feeling satisfied, but rather died fighting, leaving regrets and families behind.

“Water is used to cleanse the cemetery every once in a while, so I don’t think they would turn into zombies, but-...”

I can’t imagine the cemetery being filled with malicious energy.

However, it took a few days for us to bring the dead soldiers to Rafen.

In that time, it’s possible that a kind of evil ghost might have entered the bodies.

“But it’s strange that nothing could be found during the day.”

Zombies can’t move too much under the sunlight, but they don’t have the intelligence to hide and avoid the sun like vampires.

They should just be scattered in shade or writhing in the sun and should not be hard to find at all.

“We might need to do an inspection at night just in case though.”

A zombie is born when an evil spirit enters and animates a corpse so it isn't always strictly the spirit of the person who died.

Even so, I think it's a little sad for fellow soldiers who fought alongside us to turn into undead and wander around aimlessly.

"Besides, I don't want to make this into such a big deal. It will affect morale and the citizens' state of mind after all."

Their families' corpses might be wandering around even now.
It's my duty to deal with this before the surviving families find out.

"Then I will do the search in the cemetery."

"How could I let you! There's no way I would let the feudal lord conduct such a dangerous search."

"Don't worry, you really think I'll fall to some zombies?"

"Well-... not really."

Zombies are weak since they're using a human's body after all, plus they don't have intelligence.

In addition, causing damage to them would deteriorate their bodies so it isn't hard for even an average man to defeat the zombies as long as they have a weapon.

"And if they're really roaming about, I should be the one to cut them down."

Killing them is-... most of them are soldiers who fought with Aless, although I am the one who brought them along and made the decisions on the battlefield.

I don't feel guilty, but I do have the responsibility of cleaning up my own mess.

"Then I will go too."

"No, you should take the time to reward the security unit and take them out for a drink or something."

As she was about to voice her displeasure, I put a finger to her lips.

“You already went to the cemetery and did an inspection during the day, didn’t you? Rumors should already be spreading amongst the soldiers and citizens then.”

Rumors about a suspicious shadow appearing in a cemetery where many dead people have been buried will make everyone think of either zombies or skeletons.

“That’s why you will drink with the security squad and say that you found nothing. Just say that some cowards mistook it for something else and laugh it off. If we confirm during the search tonight... and actually find something, we’ll just expel those monsters.”

“But still, I can’t let you go alone.”

Hmm, it would be meaningless if I take the soldiers with me... in that case.

“I’m so hungry!!” “I believe we’re having beef steak today.”

Irijina and Celia came back after finishing their training.

Perfect timing, I’ll have them come with me.

Irijina and Celia are family, so it wouldn’t matter if I told them the truth.

“Zombies... that doesn’t sound good!! We have to get rid of them as soon as possible!”

Your voice is too loud, it’s echoing throughout the mansion so lower your volume.

“Zombies? If they really are there, then we must exterminate them promptly.”

Celia is pumped up and ready to come along too.

But her expression becomes dark the next second.

“If there are zombies and skeletons, we must crush them. And we can’t be outdone even if we encounter ghouls! Although... there won’t be actual ghosts or anything right?... my sword isn’t going to pass right through their bodies, right?”

Oh yeah, Celia happens to dislike ghosts and spirits.

She’s fine with zombies, skeletons and basically anything that originates from a corpse since she can defeat it with her sword.

But things that defy logic like ghosts and spirits terrify her.

“Hahaha, well I’m sure they’re just monsters. There’s no way ghosts would appear.”

In that moment, the door opens, and although I can see Casie, the people who can’t “see” her can only see a cute little stuffed toy floating into the room.

(I wonder what we’re eating today~)

Welcome back, Casie, it looks like we’re having beef steak and potatoes and a soup filled with lots of pumpkin.

(Waah, I can’t wait~ I love pumpkin~)

Casie stays clear of Irijina, circling around her to get to me.

There are people who can see her, but also many who can’t.

Apparently, people who are methodical and high-strung have an easier time seeing her.

Irijina is among those who can’t see her and is especially thick-headed, unable to sense Casie’s presence or voice.

Not only that, Irijina seems to always target Casie by stepping or sitting on her, making Casie angry all the time.

It wasn’t just once or twice that I’ve seen the flattened ghost flying around in tears.

One time, she apparently got so angry that she manifested into a vengeful spirit and stood by Irijina’s bedside at night, but she didn’t notice at all, which caused Casie to give up and recently started avoiding her altogether.

If Irijina was the type of person to have an ulterior motive, then I would think she was doing it on purpose, but looking at how she normally is, I accepted that she genuinely isn’t able to see Casie.

“Well, let’s get back to the topic at hand. I’m sure ghosts and stuff won’t be appearing, so there’s no need to worry.”

““ ””

“You’re right! There’s no way!”

Irijina is the only one who agreed with me.

Celia slumps her shoulders dejectedly.

“I-I’m sure there will be! Something semi-transparent will just appear suddenly!!”

Celia looks at Casie and shakes her head frantically.

So she’s not good at dealing with mysterious phenomena, but that’s what makes her cute too.

(Heey, hey, what are you talking about?)

The curious Casie rests her chin on my head.

I don’t have to worry about the zombies hurting her, so she could run away when the situation becomes dire.

Let’s explain things to her.

(Absolutely no way.)

She completely denies me.

(It’s already scary just to be outside in the city at night. A cemetery is out of the question. What would I do if I see a ghost!?)

Incidentally, Casie dislikes dark places and is quite the scaredycat.

(When I hear about scary things, it makes me need to go to the bathroom.)

Oh, so you go to the toilet too.

(It’s scary to walk around at night, so when I need to go, I stick to the back of one of the night patrol maids.)

“...Recently, there is a popular ghost story circulating amongst the maids about how their shoulders get heavy all of a sudden when they’re making their rounds at night. And they absolutely shouldn’t turn around to look... so that was your doing?”

(I would feel more reassured if they turned around though.)

In any case, I will have Irijina come with me.

And I’d want Celia too but...

“I-I’m going too! If Aegir-sama is going, then I can’t stay behind!”

Her words don’t match her expression.

Her face is crying out that it doesn’t want to go.

“You will stay and look after the house, who knows what will happen when I’m gone. Protect the mansion.”

There is no safer place in Rafen than my mansion.

Ever since the attack by Orthodox Magrado, the security has been reinforced too so there isn’t a special need for Celia to be there.

“I-I understand! If you say so, then it can’t be helped. I’ll protect the mansion!”

I had to give her some sort of excuse.

“It will just be me and Irijina, but let’s do this.”

“Yeah! Leave it to me!”

“If Irijina-san is with you, then...”

It looks like Myla is also satisfied with this.

If we only consider a frontal assault, Irijina is probably stronger than Myla.

Especially with undead, it’s probably better to have destructive power rather than slicing ability.

Irijina, being skilled as well as powerful, makes for the perfect choice.

“Two people isn’t good enough!”

Celia doesn’t seem convinced.

Let’s listen to her reasoning while rubbing her cheeks.

“Fuwaah! Why are you massaging them!? If only Irijina-san is with Aegir-sama and Aegir-sama starts having sex because of his urges, his back will be left defenceless!”

“...I’m not that unprincipled.”

“What would you do if you don’t see anything after going around once.”

I might do it then.

Doing it in the cemetery under the moonlight might feel good.

“It might be better to take one more then.”

“So you did feel like doing it.” “Of course he’s going to do it.” (What a pervert.)

Just when I was thinking of what to do, my eyes stopped at the view.

A pile of freshly baked bread was being carried by Maria... and Alice, the red-haired girl who moved on to hobbies besides playing with her asshole and is learning how to cook from Maria.

It looks like they’ve baked some bread for the girls in the annex today.

“How about Alice?”

“Alice, you say? I did hear her magic is quite powerful...”

“Her fire is awesome! Seeing it up close, it even made me almost piss myself!”

Apparently her magic is unbelievably strong.

However, she has no battle experience herself and is incapable of hand-to-hand combat.

“Even if we find something this time, it will only be zombies and skeletons. Irijina and I can take the frontlines and protect her.”

If we were facing an intelligent enemy, we would need to be careful of the risk that it would outsmart us though.

I call Alice after she finishes transporting the bread and explain the circumstances to her.

“Alright. I’ll come with you.”

She gave a simply reply which made Celia make a surprised face.

How funny, I’ll stroke the underside of her chin.

“Fuunya... -wait, I’m not a cat! More importantly Alice, will you be alright? This is the

cemetery we're talking about."

"Yeah, I'm not really afraid of ghosts or anything. Aegir-sama will be there too, right?"

"Uuuu..."

Seeing the taciturn Alice unafraid, Celia looks to be feeling a little conflicted.
How amusing, let me pat her head.

"Haau, what an inexplicable sense of defeat I feel."

Now then, preparations should be complete.

"But... if Lord Hardlett slept with both of them together, we would be getting our priorities backwards."

This time Myla was the one who chimed in unnecessarily.
I'm not such a wild animal that I would have an orgy in the cemetery at night.

"I'd like one more if possible, please take a male with you."

A man, huh... someone who I can tell secrets to and can also fight, so Leopolt, Mack, Gido or Christoph.

"It would be serious if Leopolt got injured though."

I wouldn't blame myself if I put him in bed, but my workload would increase.

"Mack's engineering corps is setting up the site for the construction of the waterway bridge, and Gido and his wife are on a relaxing 2-night vacation together."

Myla answered.

We are just confirming a rumor and we don't know whether monsters will show up, so I can't call them back.

I especially don't want to bother Gido, who's probably shaking his hips on top of his wife right now.

"So Cristoph..."

“If you’re bringing someone like that, it’s probably better to take a scarecrow with you instead.”

He would cry if he heard that.

Even so, he has never run away from an enemy before.

He’s fallen off his horse and fainted in front of an enemy though.

“Then how about Kroll!? He has some guts. Plus he also has experience of cutting down an enemy.”

I see, he fought alongside Irijina during the assault on the capital.

Then let’s go with Kroll.

“Well, if it’s him... he can be Aegir-sama’s shield at the very least...”

Celia muttered something unsettling but I won’t pay attention to it.

We head over to Kroll’s room and I open the door.

This is my house after all, so there’s no need to knock.

“Lola will lick the tip... Mira-san, please take care of my balls... aahiiii!”

Kroll is seated on his bed and getting his two girls to lick his crotch.

He is different from the other servants and I’ve known him for a while, which is why I gave him a personal room.

It might seem luxurious for a servant, but he’s using the small room to house the mother and child he brought with him from the capital.

“How indulgent of you to do this right before dinner.”

Realizing my presence, Kroll pulls his pants up in a panic while the mother and child retreat to the corner of the room.

The gazes of Celia and Myla who followed behind me must feel like daggers of ice to Kroll.

“I was wondering why he wasn’t chopping wood or boiling the water for the bath lately... so this is what he’s actually doing...”

Kroll is working as a special male subordinate of mine who can enter the territory of my women.

So apparently the tough manual work, which can be done by anybody, of drawing water and chopping wood was allocated to a newly hired young man.

That reminds me, I haven't seen him and Alma flirting all over the place lately.

"I have an order for you. We'll be going to the Rafen cemetery tonight so accompany us after you arm yourself accordingly."

"The cemetery? And also armed... I'm just a servant, so..."

Celia sends a glare in his direction.

"I-I understand! I'll prepare right away!"

Now we have the required personnel.

Let's pretend this is just a nice stroll in the night.

Present Time

"I know it's the cemetery and all, but it's really quiet."

"Mm, there is a kind of mood here too."

Alice gazes at the night sky brightened by the moon and smiles slightly.

"It's quiet and cool!"

Irijina's voice is too loud.

"No, no, no, that's just weird! There's no mood in a cemetery at all!"

I wonder why I think it's cute when Celia gets scared of ghosts but I get angry when it's Kroll.

I slap the ass of the pathetic 16 year old male who's hiding behind me.

"Over there... something just moved."

Alice swiftly points in the direction where she believed she saw movement. The flame on the tip of her finger grows bigger and lights up the surroundings. However, there was nothing out of the ordinary in the area she pointed in.

“...strange. My mistake.”

“It must be your imagination, we can easily spot zombies since they don’t have a brain which tells them to hide.”

If what moved just now was a zombie, it would beeline straight towards us because of its craving for flesh.

“Hm... maybe you’re right.”

We resume walking once again, with Irijina in the lead position, me and Alice behind her, and Kroll behind us.

The tension from the mysterious sighting earlier on starts to fade as I pat Alice’s head and Irijina hums a tune while we trot along.

And then, the light from the torch held by Irijina captures a human-like object on the ground.

We all stop in place briefly to confirm what we saw, and it wasn’t a mistake this time.

“Two people... are lying on the ground! They’re naked!”

Irijina went from humming to shouting in a split second, dropping her torch on the ground and getting into a stance with her spear.

There’s a high chance zombies might crawl out from under the ground if there are naked people here.

I also brandish my spear while Kroll readies his shield.

Aren’t you supposed to take out your sword in this case?

Alice remains in a natural stance, but she can turn the vicinity into a sea of flames.

We wait for the two zombies to wake up and attack us, but there was absolutely no movement.

The tension in the air quickly settles down.

“Hey... they aren’t zombies, so maybe they’re just abandoned corpses?”

It takes manpower to bury corpses in graves too, so it’s possible these two might have been hated or just strangers and just dumped here.

This sort of thing would definitely become the source for zombies and skeletons and should be a forbidden act though.

“Nu-! They’re breathing!”

Irijina shouts as she runs over after checking.

We quickly follow her.

“Hey, hey! Stay with me here! What happened!?”

The one she picked up to try and wake up was the man. The other one is a woman but it looks like she’s dead.

“U... u... curse... a...”

The man is so thin that he’s easily mistaken for a corpse and his eyes are sunk in so he shouldn’t be able to see anything.

The woman has been reduced to nothing but skin and bones and not even her eyeballs are left.

“Cursed? Talk in a way I can understand!”

“She and I..... making love... monster... deceased soul... die..... aah.....”

After one final breath, the man no longer moved.

“...He’s dead.”

Irijina placed the man back on the ground.

“Aegir-sama, look here. I think these people were doing it here.”

Alice points to the root of a tree.

A pile of male and female clothes lay there.

“Having sex here in the cemetery is so-... no, that isn’t important right now.”

What was I thinking, whether they made love in the cemetery or not isn’t important. Their clothes are neatly folded so they could be put back on after they were done though.

They weren’t weakened and then abandoned here, they came here of their own free will, but regardless, the way they died was at their utmost weakest no matter how you look at it.

In addition, it doesn’t look like they suffered any injuries by zombies or skeletons. I check their necks just as a precaution but I don’t see any fang marks.

“What is going... on?”

“Umumu, I don’t know!”

“At the end, he said deceased’s soul...”

The three of us hold our heads in deep thought.

I don’t know the true nature of this mystery either, although I know it isn’t good.

“I’m not sure of the exact identity, but it’s definitely some sort of monster. Everyone, stay on your guard.”

Irijina and Kroll grip their weapons tight and focus their attention to the entire perimeter.

Alice stays the same as before, although her hair becomes a more vivid red.

Silence envelopes our surroundings, almost making us believe the moment was some sort of mistake.

And then an unpleasant crawling sound can be heard as something made its way through the soil.

“On the right! No, the left... no, they’re everywhere!”

Irijina shouts.

The ground under the graves in the area bulge up and a bunch of rotten arms push out from underneath the dirt.

“Tch.”

“Awawawawawa!”

I unconsciously clicked my tongue.

All of a sudden, zombies appear around us.

How could so many of them appear like this, clearly someone is behind this, but I can only deal with the threat in front of me right now.

“Aaaah...” “Uuaaaah...”

The horde of zombies make nonsensical groans as they drag their feet towards us. The stench of rotten flesh hangs over the air.

“Eei, how irritating!”

I swing my spear horizontally and mow down two zombies, bisecting them at the waist.

Their guts spray out and spray onto my spear as well, causing me to click my tongue again.

I worry about getting my weapon dirty just to cut down one or two, and I would rather kick them all down, but I don't have the luxury of doing so because of the mass number.

“Run to the right!”

I shout while sprinting straight to the right, cutting down the group of zombies blocking the path.

I send their heads flying, whacking at the entire bunch of densely packed zombies altogether.

In the end, they're nothing but corpse monsters and it's easier to tear their bodies apart than regular humans.

When I focus on breaking through, one zombie encroaches from the side to try and bite me. I respond by ramming my elbow at it and then kicking it away.

The airborne zombie flies into a tree and struggles after getting pierced by one of the branches, although it hangs limp after I cut off its head.

“Kroll, defeat all the enemies that get close to Alice! Aim for the neck, if not possible then slice their legs before running away!”

Before I knew it, I was at the front of our battle ranks, while Alice and Kroll are in the middle, and Irijina is at the end.

“Uoooooh!”

Irijina spins her spear wildly above her head.

The clueless zombies don't bother to be careful while approaching her and gets flung away as soon as they touch the spear.

Getting hit at that speed, it wouldn't matter if it was the shaft or tip that hit them.

“This guy! Take that!”

Kroll uses his shield to knock down the zombie trying to get into the gap left open while Irijina and I are rampaging.

When the zombie fell over, he would swing his sword down over and over again.

“Kroll, it's pointless to cut at its body, stay calm and aim carefully! Alice, set flame to the areas where they're bunched together!”

The girl's magic is fire, a type which I don't want her to use in the city, but this is the cemetery and the grass has been trimmed, so the danger of the fire spreading is low.

“Kay, I will.”

Three fireballs instantly appear above her head and drop in the middle of the various crowds of zombies before exploding.

The zombies don't scream but there was a remarkably loud groaning sound accompanying the burning of the zombies.

“Kuh... there's so many.”

The pillar of flames illuminate the area to reveal even more zombies.

Exactly how many are there, it's unbelievable that such a large number of zombies would spawn all at once.

Not to mention this cemetery has been maintained comparatively well to the past and that should make it harder for evil energy to accumulate.

“Lord Hardlett! There's too many of them as expected, and things will get worse if we continue to run!”

“...my magic won't last that long”

“Hieeeeeh, don’t come over here!”

If we were going to run, we would need to run all the way to the edge of the cemetery. But since we’re currently close to the middle, it would be quite a far distance, so we would need to breakthrough the mass of zombies.

If it was just me, I could manage somehow, though it’s a pretty risky choice considering Alice’s lack of physical ability.

Besides, if we try to escape and the zombies chase after us, they might overflow out of the cemetery.

The fence surrounding the cemetery is only for containing the rare undead to spring up once in a while and shouldn’t be sturdy enough for such a large amount.

I ponder some more while slicing the legs of the approaching zombies and trampling over their heads.

Several fireballs soar towards the horde of zombies and instantly turn them into lumps of charcoal.

Alice’s red hair has become slightly pink now.

“How about over there!?”

Irijina points to the center of the cemetery... to the small mausoleum made of stone.

Despite Rafen being a small city, it apparently has quite the history and naturally its own traditional cemetery, which was this mausoleum.

With an increased population, naturally more people would die, and thus the unsatisfactory amount of space in the grave was expanded to the surrounding area.

“It’s made of stone... if we shut the door, it might work.”

The zombies are merely corpses, so there’s no way they could split open the sturdy stone door no matter how many of them piled up against it.

If we hole up in there until the next morning, the zombies won’t be able to move and the army would run over after discovering the strange occurrence.

“Alright, everyone run inside!”

“Watch out!”

Irijina shouts and tumbles forward.

The arrow which was shot from the darkness grazes her back.

“Alice, take cover!”

“F-fueh?”

I deflect the arrow flying towards Alice with my spear and grab the arrow flying towards Kroll.

As a result, an arrow stabs into my stomach, but fortunately there wasn't much power behind the attack and I was able to stop it with abs before it reached any important organs.

When I pull it out, I see that the arrow is rusted... great, it looks like it'll fester.

“Oww... hey, c'mon, what is it this time?”

The ones who shot the arrows didn't even hide themselves, bringing themselves in front of the mausoleum as if blocking the path.

“Skeletons, huh...?” “At this time!?”

Five skeletons armed with bows appeared in front of us and five other skeletons holding worn out spears are not too far from them.

This is impossible.

Skeletons have been seen doing more intelligent actions than zombies.

However, they only know how to use battle techniques and aren't smart enough to understand anything.

It's unthinkable for a group of them to form into ranks.

“They pursued us from behind and ambushed us at the only available shelter... this is as if-”

They're being led by something or someone.

No changes

Chapter 199

Irregularities in the Cemetery (2)

-Aegir POV-

"A squad of undead soldiers, huh... this isn't funny."

"It'll be bad if they pincer us! What shou-..."

Before Irijina could finish her sentence, I rush towards the skeleton.
There is no time or meaning in holding a question-and-answer period here.

"We'll crush one side, of course!"

They concentrate their arrows at me as I charge at them, but their accuracy is not as precise as earlier.

I don't even need to deal with the three arrows that missed their mark and only twist my body to avoid the two arrows which came somewhat close to hitting me.

I smile, thinking to myself that even after turning into bones, part of their former human selves still remain in them and cause them to panic when I run out so suddenly.

"H-he's smiling..."

Kroll, nothing good will happen if you make such a tense face.
It might be difficult to go up against an army of corpses though.

"Should we get backup..."

I reply to Alice, telling her that it's unnecessary to call for reinforcements.

"Doryaaa!"

When I enter close-combat range, the skeletons holding rusted spears step forward to meet me.

If I take the time to squish each one individually, the zombies would close in behind

me.

I'll have to finish them all in one blow.

Fortunately this is a cemetery and the ground hasn't been tidied up, meaning many large rocks are buried underneath.

Using the momentum of my swing and my forward movement, I drive my spear into the ground instead of in the enemy.

This signature heavy-class spear made by the dwarves combines with my full strength and digs deep into the ground.

With a loud rumbling sound, a lump of earth rolls up and numerous rocks and crushed stones, which were embedded in the soil, and is flung at the enemy.

They're made of bone, so it's more effective to bash them with a blunt weapon than cutting them up.

The countless stones flying at them are more than enough to fulfill that role.

Skeletons don't have tongues or throats so they can't scream.

However, the sound of shattering bones tells me how effective my attack was.

I flung the stones at them with full force, but they're still just stones so they aren't enough to completely destroy the skeletons.

Even so, they drop their spears because their wrists were shattered and they fall to the ground because their legs were crushed.

Now that they're rendered helpless, they're no different from a mere pile of bones.

"Only four left who are still in one piece... Kroll! Finish off the ones who have collapsed!"

Irijina and Alice are holding off the zombies at the back.

They most likely don't need Kroll's help.

I advance forward before getting a response from them and then swing my spear across my body using a spinning motion.

This skeleton must have been a decent warrior when it was alive because it propped up its spear to block my attack.

But it's a little sad. The worn out spear and the bony arms don't put up any meaningful resistance, shattering into pieces after taking my attack.

The skull stared at its broken body through the hollow eyes and then the ominous light burning in the eye sockets disappeared into the night sky.

“Take that!”

I violently sweep at the next individual’s legs.

I might have used too much strength as both of its legs shattered into pieces, and it crashed to the ground head-first after one rotation in midair.

“And that... is the end of this one!”

I thrust at the ribs of the third skeleton.

My thick spear couldn’t be contained by the gaps in its ribs and crushed the bones to pieces as the tip penetrated the rib cage, but that wasn’t enough to completely finish the skeleton.

As its arms were being raised to draw the string of its bow, I lift my spear to pick up its lightweight body and then I fling the bony frame at the final skeleton.

I forcefully pull my spear out from its shattered rib cage and send it flying.

It was quite the accurate shot if I do say so myself, as the mass of bones strikes the fourth skeleton and both monsters explode into pieces after colliding into the mausoleum wall.

With that, the enemies in front are taken care of.

Now that I look, Kroll has finished off five of them and is fighting with the last one after it lost an arm.

“Eei! Take that! Oraah!”

“...What are you doing against a one-armed opponent?”

I kick the skeleton from behind.

Its body was destroyed in a single blow and then its skull was crushed underfoot. Without delay, I turn to look at Irijina and the others.

“Irijina, the situation is... just barely under control, huh?”

Irijina is slowly but steadily mowing down the zombies while retreating and Alice is sending fireballs at the places where they bunch up to burn them.

Even so, the dead are still approaching from the side, which forced them to retreat. There isn’t much distance left between them and the mausoleum.

“The front has cleared up! Let’s run straight to the mausoleum.”

“B-but we need a key...”

The stone door is covered in moss and the entrance is wrapped in a old chain lock of some sort.

Fortunately, the lock is a simple chain one because we don’t have the luxury of taking our time to open it.

“Fuunn!... ugggaah!!”

I grip the chain from both sides and pull hard.

The metal chain is stretched to the limit until there was a sharp metallic sound of the links snapping.

“H-he broke the chain with his bare hands... incredible.”

Kroll needs to train his body so he can do this much too.

The inward-opening door is extremely heavy, although it shouldn’t be a problem with my strength.

“Irijina and Alice, hurry and get in!”

I stand at the entrance of the mausoleum and shout.

Irijina and Alice are already starting to get surrounded.

“Yeah!”

Irijina swiftly uses one arm to pick Alice up by waist, turns 180 degrees, and then sprints to where I am.

Right before rushing in the entrance, Alice, who is hanging in Irijina’s arms, conjures a creeping carpet of fire, unlike her usual fireballs.

The area close to the entrance of the mausoleum turns into a fiery sea and the zombies that try to chase after the two girls gets engulfed in flames.

“Kroll, we’re closing it!!”

Kroll and I push the door from the inside and there was a heavy stone-grinding sound

as it closes shut, similar to when it first opened.

Probably because the entrance is protected by the fire, I don't feel any zombies pounding on the door.

"There's a small chance something might happen if the door opens inward. Let's leave something heavy behind it."

Kroll and Irijina rolls a stone behind the door and also stack up a pile of rusted objects to seal any gaps.

That will reassure us for now.

"Is everyone okay?"

"Umu, nothing much but scratches. No big deal!!"

"Me too... not hurt."

"I'm fine as well."

Oh, so I was the only one who got an arrow in the stomach.

It's kind of uncool, but since I stopped it with my muscles, it's only a scratch.

"Now... we'll have to wait here until the sun rises."

"This is so frustrating against mere zombies..."

Irijina has a somewhat annoyed look on her face when she muttered that, but she's breathing pretty hard after fighting her way through.

Alice's hair is also a light pink color, so she probably doesn't have much magic energy left.

Kroll also seems to be fairly agitated after doing combat with the corpses and skeletons.

I might be the only one out of everyone who can put up a fight right now.

"Let's calm down for now. We'll catch our breath and check the condition of our bodies."

We can take a look around while we're at it.

If I peek through the protrusion near the entrance, I can see the building is dome-shaped with an approximate radius of 10 m and the ceiling being roughly 5 m in height, with the middle part being the highest.

Being a mausoleum, there is not a single window, so we don't have to be scared of the zombies bursting in from anywhere.

The only unpleasant thing is that all the walls around us are filled with the caskets that have corpses in them and I can see the skeletons from the gaps where the containers have broken off.

"It won't be good if they start spawning inside. I'll go take a look around, you guys stay here."

I circle the perimeter of the not-so-large mausoleum.

It seems like for the caskets in the walls, the corpses are placed lengthwise with the head deep into the wall.

And then a stone lid is mounted on top.

I see, it's pretty well made, more bodies can be stored in this way and even if the corpses were to revive, they would not be able to move and can't escape outside.

I only check the corpses in the caskets with lids that have pieces broken off, although all of the ones I saw have either completely weathered away or was left in so many pieces that it seems unlikely for them to revive.

It doesn't look like I have to worry about skeletons or zombies spawning inside this place.

"But still, it's so narrow in here. Rafen may be small, but this mausoleum is nowhere near enough to accommodate the entire city."

I was talking to myself, but Alice gave me a reply after she calmed down.

"Underground... maybe. The main part of the mausoleum is underground..."

I look to where the girl was pointing and see a ladder leading downwards.

"I see... I'll put a lid on it just in case."

We didn't come here to visit a grave.

We are just here to take refuge until the morning, so there is no need for us to dive underground where there may be corpses wandering about.

It's a little pathetic, but it's best to turtle here and wait until the sun rises.

"With that said, there are no windows here so we can't even tell if the sun has risen or

not..."

The mausoleum is completely sealed shut so there may not be any gaps for the sun to peek through.

"Don't worry! I get hungry in the morning! I will know what time it is when I hear my stomach growling!"

Relying on Irijina's stomach to tell time is regrettable but we have no other choice. I'm bored now... and I would like to embrace a woman right now but I'm sure Alice or Irijina wouldn't get wet with all the corpses in here and the zombies waiting outside.

"U-uhm..."

Kroll leaks out a shaky voice.

"What is it? I won't embrace you, since you're a guy."

"That's not what I meant! Don't you think it's strange!?"

"Of course it is, there are hundreds of zombies prowling about and skeletons are even forming ranks. If that's not strange, then I don't know what is."

I'm not sure why Kroll is bringing that up now, though Kroll shakes his head repeatedly.

Well I have time anyways, so I'll hear out his fairytale or whatever.

"There are no windows here!"

None, that's why the air is stale.

If there were windows, I'm sure it would stink of zombies.

"We don't have torches either!"

We threw them away before we got here.

Don't be so focused on torches, you'll be a small man just like the size of your dick.

"And yet... how come we can see so much of our surroundings!?"

“Well isn’t Alice’s...”

In the corner of my eye, Alice shakes her head.

“I don’t have much magic energy left... that’s why I’m not producing any fire.”

Irijina and I hold up are spears.

Looking around again, the place where the light is coming from is... the floor, and it’s almost as bright as the moonlight.

And that’s what is illuminating the interior of the mausoleum.

“T-this is... really from underground...?”

“Alright, you go check it out.”

When I point to the ladder, Kroll clings to my leg while crying and shaking his head.

It was just a joke, but how about showing me your manly side.

Fine, I’ll do it.

“During the times I don’t want to go... I’ll do this!”

I stand in the center of the mausoleum, raise my spear high above my head and slam it down against the floor.

Stones crack and the entire floor shakes.

“Be careful... the building’s going to collapse”

Alice is crouching and covering her head with her hands.

My bad, I used too much strength.

But it seems to be effective.

The faint light under the floor increases in intensity, instantly making our surroundings as bright as it would be outside during the day.

“Let’s see what comes out.”

This is purely intuition, but the mysterious phenomenon happening here in the center of the cemetery might have something to do with the horde of zombies.

“Something is coming out... what is that...!!?”

It's pushing up from the floor... no, the hole in the floor isn't that big.
It isn't climbing up, but rather passing through the hole.
Something black slowly rises up... and floats all the way up to the ceiling.

“What is that thing...?”

“I don't know! I've never seen it before!!”

“Hieeeeeh.”

That thing was covered by a hood and mantle, it was shaped like a person, half transparent and is emitting something darkish... something like miasma around it as it floats in the air.

It briefly appeared to be a large man, although that was because of the overly large mantle and its main body is not as big as I thought.

However I can feel the prickling sensation on my skin, like something is burning it, from the thing's sinister aura

“Monster!”

“Uwaaah!”

Irijina and Kroll shouted after they saw a glimpse of its face as the wind from the miasma emitted from its own body blew up its hood.

I don't blame them, what they saw was literally a skull, although it has some extremely dried skin attached to it, which is somewhat different from a skeleton.

In the cavity where its eyes are supposed to be are pitch-black hollow eye sockets, which seem to suck you in, but two red lights dance around in the holes like eyeballs would.

“A formidable enemy no matter how you look at it.”

I've seen a few undead monsters in the past but I don't know anything about this thing. I have no knowledge about this one, but I can tell from the overwhelming pressure that this thing is not your average skeleton.

“Ooooooooooh”

It lets out a creepy voice that seems to come from the very depths of the earth and raises both hands.

In that moment, the miasma surrounding its body expands outward.

We can't escape because of this enclosed space so all of us gets wrapped in the miasma.

"Everyone, don't breathe it in!"

The suspicious bright light which illuminated the area as if it was midday instantly gets smothered and my visibility drops to zero.

I somehow feel my way around and advance forward, but an unbelievable scene was unveiled before my eyes.

"Stop it! Stop!"

There was a disheveled blonde-haired individual in front of me.

"Kill it! Kill it!"

Men holding swords are crowding around the blonde-haired individual.

"Gyaaah-! Stop it!"

The men slash at the blonde-haired woman as she tries to run.

Her clothes are torn, and blood sprays out from the cut wounds inflicted on her beautiful-looking soft skin

"How about this?"

"Gyaaaaaah!"

A sword stabs deep into the woman's thigh and she falls over powerlessly.

The man mounted the woman and slowly raised his sword above his head.

"Someone... save me... please... Aegir..."

The woman looks over in my direction with tears streaming down her face, and I see an unmistakable face.

How many years has it been since I've seen that face... it was my teacher and most beloved woman... Lucy.

“Save me... plea-...”

The woman stretches out her hand and pleads, but a sword pierces straight into her chest.

After a single groan, the woman’s eyes widened and she stopped moving.

I start walking forward slowly after seeing what happened.

I ignore the men who continue to torment the corpse of the woman and continue to walk, shouting towards an empty space.

I wanted to talk normally, but a deeper than expected voice came out which surprised even me.

“Don’t show me something so unpleasant.”

I tighten my abs as I speak and the scene in front of me starts wavering like the surface of a pool of water.

I tense up my entire body even more.

“I told you to get this unpleasant thing out of my sight.”

My voice sounded even heavier than before.

It was like an orc’s bark, a tone I wouldn’t want any woman to hear.

All of a sudden, I feel a wind blowing around me and my surroundings are blown away.

After stumbling slightly, I’m brought back to the mausoleum.

The miasma envelopes the entire room and only the area in close proximity to my body is bright.

“Hmph... so it was an illusion like I thought.”

The other three are collapsed around me and groaning slightly.

They must be seeing some sort of nightmare similar to what I experienced.

That thing brings its face and hand, both similarly stuck with dried skin, close to the fallen Kroll.

The poor young man groans intensely while foaming at the mouth.

I better help him out quickly.

“Hey.”

When I call out to it, the thing takes its hand back and turns to look at me.
Its look seems to be asking me “why?”
Of course it should know why.

“There’s no way she would be taken down by just a measly three people.”

As I walk closer, that thing directs the miasma at me again.
However, I’m not going through that again, I tense up the muscles in my stomach and focus only on that thing while carrying my spear with me.

“You think just stabbing her heart... would be enough to kill her!?”

I take the boiling anger from that unpleasant scene and hurl it along with my spear, sending it accurately through the center of its body.
Its semi-transparent body scatters and the miasma is blown away in an instant.
And yet, that thing just grins after being blown away, showing no signs of being defeated.
I should have used my Dual Crater... maybe it’s because seeing a scene like that made the blood rush to my head.

“Hey, hang in there!”

I call out to the others and run to check on them.

“Nnn... stop it... I won’t use my magic anymore... so stop throwing rocks at me...”

It looks like Alice still has some lingering emotions regarding her magic.
Well she won’t have to worry if she stays with me.

“Uuu... get away from Alma... don’t cum inside... she is my... lover...”

It looks like Kroll’s nightmare is about Alma getting roughed up.
She complained about her to the other girls, but as expected he’s the most concerned with Alma.
I think she did something to him, so I’m a little worried.

“Uu... tell me it’s not true... that I can’t eat any meals starting today...”

I'll let Irijina eat as much as she wants later.

Everyone was able to wake up unharmed, but Kroll's considerably exhausted. It was as if he went without meals for several days and his eyes look vacant too.

"He did get touched by that thing, so maybe it's a result of that."

"It's like your life energy is being sucked out of you! The couple who died earlier probably met the same fate!"

I see, in other words that guy is the cause of everything.

Maybe because Kroll was exposed for only a short period of time, but it doesn't look like his life is in danger.

He tells me that he's fine even if his voice is a little weak.

"Put this guy by the end of the wall, the light under the floor hasn't disappeared yet. He has not been defeated yet."

I want to know what this guy is.

If I don't find out, it might prove to be a difficult fight.

"Do you know anything about this guy? I was thinking it was a ghoul of some sort but I've never heard of one that is as powerful as this one."

Irijina shakes her head while Alice goes into thinking.

"Anything about it is fine. It's better than nothing."

After I said that, Alice starts saying something in a soft voice.

"It's not a ghoul... ghouls can't use magic as powerful as that, plus their bodies are close to that of a human."

True, that guy's body is light and floaty.

It feels like something I see all the time.

"That thing is probably a Lich... I think. It's the form of a powerful magic caster who died and was possessed by an evil spirit. It wasn't someone else's problem, which is

why I remember it. That thing's really strong and not your average opponent... I think."

A Lich, huh... sounds troublesome.

At that moment, the light in the floor gets stronger again.

So he's making another appearance.

Its dispersed body slowly gathers together and takes shape into that evil form once again.

"It's here! Try your best not to breathe in any of that miasma, tense up your abs!"

Alice steps backwards to where Kroll is sitting on the floor while Irijina and I step forward.

"OOOOoooooooooh"

The miasma billows forward in accompany with his groan.

I unsheathe my Dual Crater.

"Hmph!"

I make a horizontal slash and the smoky substance disappears, turning into little beads of light.

I should have used this from the beginning.

"Right thereee!"

Irijina doesn't miss her chance and charges, similar to what I did... and pierces right through the center of the Lich's body.

"OOOOoooooh"

"No good?!"

The Lich didn't seem to care about her attack at all, stretching its hands towards Irijina while the spear is still embedded in its body.

She reactively jumps backward but that thing's hand touched her shoulder.

“Uggh... haaah, haah!”

With just the slightest touch, even the robust Irijina starts to breathe hard. So it can steal life energy by touching any part of your body.

“Stand down Irijina, I’ll face this thing.”

I’ll fight this guy alone.

I still have to pay him back for that stupid dream he showed me of my beloved Lucy. I don’t know if he’s a former magic user or whatever but I’ll send this spirit back to the realm of the dead.

With the light Dual Crater in hand, I fix my gaze on the Lich’s eerie face. That thing also seems to have recognized me as the greatest threat and doesn’t give Irijina or the others a second glance.

The distance between that floating thing and me, who’s firmly planted on the ground, is roughly 3 m.

“Here I go!”

I run forward at the same time I shout and aim for its shoulder with my slash, but it easily floats up towards the ceiling and evades my sword. Without delay, I jump up and try to stab it with my sword. I only needed a little more to reach that thing, but I managed to graze part of its cloak, causing some sizzling sounds and white smoke to appear. Irijina’s spear may have passed right through the Lich’s body, but I’m sure my Dual Crater will be effective.

Just when I was about to position myself to challenge the Lich again, a heavy blow hits me in the face and I flip backwards. It must have thrown something at me, although I don’t see anything in particular coming in my direction.

“Be careful! It’s wind magic!”

I receive another impact against my body as Alice shouts at me and I fall over feeling winded. So he’s throwing masses of wind at me.

Now that I look, the Lich's hands are glowing strangely.

"It's annoying how I can't see it though."

I try to smile but I can't think of a way to deal with this.

Taking one or two of those wind attacks won't be fatal but getting hit too many times and I won't be able to fight anymore.

Seeing how I'm not standing firm, the Lich's hands start glowing again. It can't be helped, I'll just have to use intuition and sense where to cut.

"Aegir-sama... leave it to me."

Before I leaped forward, Alice shouts and a curtain of fire spreads out between me and the Lich.

At first, it seems as if she was blocking my path, but I quickly connected the dots and understood her intentions.

"Alright, here I go!"

I start running towards the flaming curtain.

Again, the Lich releases a ball of wind... but I can see it.

The wind gets enveloped by the flames and turns into a clump of fire.

"This fight is mine now that I can see the attacks!"

The magic is flying at high speeds, however it isn't as fast as an arrow.

I swing my Dual Crater as I run and erase its wind spell.

After cancelling out the second, third, fourth... and fifth spell, the curtain of fire finally died down.

Before I knew it, the Lich was within my sword's reach.

Nice teamwork Alice, I'll have to remember to give her lots of affection later.

"Now it's over."

I do it the way I know has the most certainty and swing my sword down, slashing it from the head all the way down its body.

The distance between us is close enough that I can reliably bisect my opponent, but I

couldn't.

Right before I could bring my sword down, there was a flash of light... and I was hit with the impact of a lightning bolt, which felt somewhat similar to an experience I had in the past.

I try to endure the pain and forcibly slice down, though it made nothing but a shallow wound.

Furthermore, my arm is numb and the sword I brought down by force slipped out of my grip and flew away somewhere.

So lightning magic right after wind magic... if you consider that miasma and the ability to control zombies, who knows how many spells it knows how to use.

"...it can use that many types of magic... what an amazing magic user."

It's fine to be impressed, but I'm in a little bit of a dangerous situation here.

I can't move my body the way I want either because of the lightning.

Being unarmed and not being able to move in front of the enemy... this is the worst situation.

"Ooooooooooh"

Not letting the opportunity presented to itself escape, the Lich spreads its arms and wraps them around me as if trying to swallow my entire body.

I don't remember getting a corpse to like me... but it probably has a different objective.

The sensation around my body is exactly how it appears, an indescribable wispy feeling, totally distinct from the body of a regular skeleton.

However the feeling that stood out more than anything was the powerful feeling of the energy inside my body being sapped the moment I got embraced.

"Guh..."

So this is what it feels like when your life energy is being drained... I see, quite agonizing.

"Hardlett-dono! I have to go help!!"

"You can't! You won't be able to do anything even if you went... I will-..."

Alice extends her hand but nothing happens.

Now that I look, her hair is already completely white.

Her magic must be used up now.

“But I still have to go! Hardlett-dono will die like those people!!”

“Why... why won't my magic come out!!?”

I can hear the other girls shouting.

I can't let them worry about me anymore than that.

“I won't... die yet!”

I also wrap my arms around the Lich's back.

And then...

“Ugaaaaaaaah!!”

I tighten my grip and squeeze with all my might.

“B-bear hug!?” “Constricting... a ghost...?”

The Lich seemed to make a face as if it was surprised for a brief moment but its energy-draining power only increases in strength with every breath I take.

I see, an average man would have lost his strength immediately.

However, don't underestimate someone who gets his blood sucked by Brynhildr every week.

Comparing what this pathetic corpse is doing to me to the feeling of her blood sucking, where it feels like she would continue until sucking until I'm dead, this pain is rather sweet.

“What's wrong!? Is that all you got!?”

I squeeze even harder.

This thing doesn't have a regular body so its bones don't break.

However, the shape of its intangible body starts to change so I know that my actions had some effect.

The battle of endurance continued for a while, but the first one who gave in was the Lich.

Suddenly, the force that was draining my energy weakened and it began contorting its body to try and escape.

But it wasn't able to. Despite the Lich's body being able to pass through the walls and floor and even let normal weapons pass through, it can't phase through a lifeform. ...in other words, it's the same as Casie.

I was wondering if that was the case when I felt that airy sensation as it touched me, and now that I know, it won't be able to move if I squeeze it tightly.

"OOOOOOOHH!"

Not being able to use magic while I'm sticking to it, the Lich takes out an old dagger and stabs my side.

However, it seems close-combat isn't its strong point and the powerless strike is ineffective in the face of my muscles.

"Hahahahaha! How weak! How do you like this!?"

I squeeze one level harder and the Lich finally lets out a creepy cry, its form noticeably getting thinner and longer.

It's the same as when Irijina steps on Casie, if these apparitions become a strange shape, they won't be able to move as they want.

Alright, now's my chance.

I fall backwards while still holding onto the Lich's body.

Technically, I'm not falling all the way back, I'm just bending my upper body backwards.

Forming an arch with my body, I slam the Lich's head into the ground with him still in my grasp.¹

"Nnooooooooooh!!"

"H-he threw a ghost..."

"As expected of Hardlett-dono!!"

The Lich writhes, its head cracking and its entire body completely changing shape after crashing into the floor.

Not letting this opening go to waste, I spring back up and retrieve the Dual Crater which flew out of my hand earlier.

"Ooooh... Ooooooh... Aaaah"

It sounds like it's trying to reason with me, I know you already have intelligence. But you're an existence that can't stay here anymore, so I want this all to end here if possible.
And more than anything-

"You insulted Lucy."

I swing down my Dual Crater at the head of the Lich who's laying on the floor. I don't miss this time, slicing it in half and turning it into white smoke. Along with an incredible cry from the Lich, the smoke eventually fades away.
This uproar is all finished now...

"Oooou..."

Irijina's stomach finally growled.
So it must be daybreak now.

"So as we thought, the zombies were all... being controlled by this guy?"

The Lich was defeated and as we check the outside of the mausoleum, we see the sun rising as well as the a bunch of corpses lying on one side of the cemetery. They're all corpses that don't seem to be able to move anymore.

"To be able to control hundreds of zombies, that's some incredible magic."

But now we can't resolve this confidentially.
Well, it's better than if this Lich came out to the surface though.

"So in the end, what was that?"

Kroll, who regained much of his energy, asks with a pale face.

"Who knows... maybe after we search the underground area of the mausoleum we'll find out something?"

For one thing, it's certain that guy was a far and away skilled magic caster when it was still alive.

I wonder how things turned out this way.

“There’s nothing we can do just by talking about it.”

With the wound in my side caused by the short sword, my list of injuries increased again.

Plus, my legs are feeling weak after getting so much of my life energy drained.

“Even so... you’re rubbing my ass.”

“Me too... ah, you’re putting a finger in...”

Because touching women is the best way for me to recover my stamina after all. Kroll, go rub Alma’s ass when you get back home too, ‘kay?

“Uu... more importantly, Celia-san is going to yell at me again when she sees Aegir-sama injured while I’m unharmed.”

“You’re still lacking in strength. Irijina, retrain him if you have some spare time.”

“Leave it to me!!”

I worked so hard, and yet only have this mantle to show for it...

Only the mantle that the Lich was wearing was tangible and that was the only object that was left after its main body disappeared.

It feels gross knowing that it was worn by the dead.

Maybe I’ll give to Leopolt as a present or something, I’m sure he won’t mind.

–Third Person POV–

Kroll – Super Side Story: Recompense

“You had a rough day today, didn’t you Kroll-sama.”

“Good work.”

“Yeah... a lot of things happened...”

Kroll kisses Lola and Mira as they came to greet him and then collapses tiredly on the bed.

“Did you... make any contributions?”

“No, I didn’t really do anything. I allowed Aegir-sama to get hurt and then Celia-san slapped me... and then like five other women got angry at me.”

“Ahaha...”

“There are times like that too... shall we comfort you with some service?”

Kroll lies on his back as if saying yes and the mother and daughter take his pants off.

“We’ll use our mouths...”

“So please forget about those unpleasant things.”

The two of them immediately start licking him from both sides, and the room is filled with a lewd smell and slurping sounds.

Normally, Kroll wouldn’t be able to hold out and would have released his seed in their mouths, then going straight to sex.

“Eh? How strange.”

“I-I’m sorry!”

“Geez, what are you doing? Let mom take the tip instead.”

The slurping ensues once again.

“Eeeh... why is this happening?”

“Why... he’s always really quick...”

“I’ll rub it fast with my hand, ‘kay?”

This kind of exchange continued for close to an hour, but the three never connected their bodies.

“No way...” “Kroll-sama...”

“It doesn’t even twitch a bit... why is that... even though it feels so good! Why does it not get hard?!!”

Kroll's cry resounds throughout the mansion at night.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 161,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Family: Nonna (the beautiful Nonna), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Melissa (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Miti (betrothed), Maria (betrothed), Catherine (betrothed), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magical girl), Alma (servant)
Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (impotent), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby

Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)

Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)

Claire & Laurie (seeking wheat), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)

Mother – Marceline; Daughters – Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie (taken into custody)

Assets: 0 gold

Sexual Partners: 209, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 200

The Finished Story

-Aegir POV-

In the still-oppressive heat of the midday, the rhythmic sound of stomping steel boots continue endlessly.

I am seated on Schwartz, watching as a gathering of soldiers pass by in front of me. Irijina and Celia, who are standing at attention on either side of me, remain motionless.

“Everyone, halt! Face to the right, riiiiiiight!!”

The legs of the soldiers stop in place, there was a remarkably loud metallic clang and the battle lines turn all at once.

Without delay, horns sound out while gongs and drums thump repeatedly.

The soldiers raise their swords and spears in time with the steady beat.

This wasn't the wild cheering done to psyche oneself up before a battle, it was a more orderly... and ceremonial act.

“Salute to Hardlett-sama!”

The soldiers face me and collectively salute.

I reply by raising my sword, making sure not to show them how troublesome I think this whole thing is.

“Turn right!”

The soldiers turn once again and resume their march with their swords and spears held high.

Their organized marching really makes me admire how well trained they are, but this parade has absolutely no military significance.

“That Leopolt, he's skipping out.”

“It can’t be helped. This is just a ceremonial service, after all... without Leopolt-san, it would hinder military practice.”

Even the cute Celia is taking his side.

The wounds in my stomach and side caused by those rusty weapons are shallow, but they hurt, and more importantly I’m forbidden by the doctor to drink any alcohol.

This must be what they call adding insult to injury.

Oh yeah, Kroll also had the doctor look at him, I don’t know what for though.

“A ceremony for the repose of souls, huh... do we really need something like this?”

Myla answers that mix of sighing and complaining.

“The residents near Rafen, especially those living outside the city walls, are worried and asking for it... you can’t blame them. Several hundred corpses suddenly rose from the dead after all.”

“We defeated the main culprit so it should be fine though.”

This incident is different from the regular spawning of zombies.

That Lich used some way to revive the dead and manipulate them, but we defeated that thing so we shouldn’t have anything to worry about now.

With that guy defeated, all the zombies are currently back in their motionless state as just corpses.

“Even so, their worries won’t disappear. Isn’t it better if we hold a festival like this to ease their minds?”

The ceremony being held right at this moment is for that purpose and also for the large amount of soldiers who have died recently. The gallant marching and music is to disperse the evil spirits and guide the souls to the otherworld... or so I’m told.

I don’t have any particular problems with the ceremony itself.

I don’t mind the cost associated with the ceremony either.

“My complaint is why I have to stand in the middle of this stupid heat.”

Schwartz neighs to express his discontent as well.

In the first place, you’re the one who’s all black and making me unnecessarily hot. Why don’t you take my feelings into consideration and turn white?

Not to mention, this guy was having fun with a woman just recently. Whenever he has a chance, he's lining up his favorite mare and that woman, who he made fall and is currently in charge of his breeding, and indulging himself. That woman's hole is darkened and her outer lips are all stretched out, so much so that they can be seen hanging loosely even when she stands... her pussy has been stretched until it's gaping in order to accommodate Schwartz's size. With the way her genitals are right now, she can't be satisfied with a human partner anymore... although she's madly in love with Schwartz, so maybe it's not really a problem.

"What a spoiled bastard, I'll pluck the hair on your back."

Schwartz turns his head in my direction as if telling me to stop.

"Please stop with this unproductive discussion. With Lord Hardlett here, citizens and soldiers alike feel more secure. I believe it's an important job as a feudal lord."

Now that I look, the soldiers are surrounding the outer perimeter of the cemetery, watching over the citizens as they march and play their instruments. It's true, the people do look a little more relieved with the army in front of them.

"It's about time for the loud accompaniment."

I guess I'll go along with it, now bring on whatever is next.

"Ah, just do whatever preparations you need....."

"Tristan, please do what I asked more seriously."

Myla glares at Tristan, who gives out orders in a deflated tone.

"Cannon squad... fire."

The citizens raise a tiny scream when they hear the thundering sounds. White smoke spews out from the aligned cannons.

"Woah, you're gonna fire off the cannons in a place like this!?"

It's dangerous, plus the barrel of the cannons will explode right away.

“No need to worry. The amount of gunpowder was reduced and cannonballs weren’t loaded. The noise may shock the citizens, but it should also act as a display of strength.”

Exactly like Myla said, the gathered residents of the city may have been in shock and bewilderment at what the strange sounds were, but eventually scattered cheers began to rise.

The shooting may be for encouraging them.

“Aegir-sama, now is the time for you to address everyone.”

Celia remains indomitable and sticks close to Myla.

No choice, I’ll get this over with.

I raise my Dual Crater in the air and call out to the soldiers and citizens.

The sword was already beautiful on its own, but becomes like a shiny jewel as it deflects the sun’s rays.

“Hear me, everyone! There was in fact a strange incident with zombies just the other day. The cause of that mess was an evil spirit who made a nest in the old mausoleum... however, I have quickly dispatched the threat so there is no need to worry. Even if there are any problems in the future, the army will be mobilized to eliminate them. Therefore, rest assured.”

That’s the best I can do, I’ll probably make things worse by talking too much.

“If the feudal lord-sama says so, then...”

“You heard that loud sound just now, didn’t you? It’ll blow away any zombies.”

“Seems like the feudal lord-sama defeated the main cause too.”

“According to the rumors, that ghost was beaten down with his dick.”

“That’s not it, I heard that the ghost got skewered by his dick.”

“If it’s the feudal lord-sama, that might be possible. I hear that it gets as long as his height if he gets serious.”

The soldiers and citizens face me and cheer, with everyone seemingly satisfied with my explanation.

I’m glad they understand, although I’m not sure what the latter part was about. Was

Celia the one who spread those rumors?

“It was Leopolt-san and Adolph who said to spread those rumors so that the people would feel reassured! Myla-san also agreed with them! But using a dick... I have no words.”

“Just when there haven’t been many weird rumors floating around recently.”

What kind of pervert would use a dick to exterminate a ghost?
I simply squeezed it tight and slammed it into the ground.

“That’s plenty strange in itself though.”

I pinch Celia’s cheeks lightly to make her obedient.

“Hgah, hgah... please stop! Ah, you’re even stroking my butt!”

I shift my gaze and look past the showy ceremony to find the engineering corps moving around in a corner of the cemetery.

“What are they building over there?”

“Adolph-san told you, didn’t he? It’s an incinerator... apparently. Those who are suspected to be turned into undead or infected with some sort of plague will be cremated before they’re buried.”

So the corpses will be thrown in the fire.

“Normally, the citizens would say that it’s quite sad to see bodies burned like that, but now they’re rather receptive. Far from thinking it’s a bad idea, they’re helping out free of charge.”

It’s certainly the case that the corpses won’t turn into zombies or skeletons if you burn them.

During wartimes, we also gather the large number of bodies and burn them so they don’t become undead.

So it also helps prevent spreading of diseases too, huh.

“I don’t know whether to call it clever or wicked to use the citizens’ fear of undead like

that.”

But maybe you have to think this way if you want to be a domestic affairs official.

“Let’s see, that should be the end of everything related to the public. So, how did it go?”

After seeing the ceremony to the end, we returned to the mansion’s office.

This talk isn’t something to be done in front of the soldiers or citizens after all.

All the ceremonies held until now were for the sake of reassuring the people and not for any other particular reason.

The more important issue at hand is that basement underneath the mausoleum... or more specifically, the investigation of the place where the source of our problem, the Lich, came from.

I wanted to participate as well, but I was stopped on the basis of my injuries.

Celia’s face tenses up angrily.

She’s cute, though I think she’ll get upset if I rub her ass now.

“10 members were chosen from the escort unit to investigate. They found several skeletons but eliminated them without trouble. There were no injuries... my mistake, Christoph fell over and was knocked unconscious.”

“No injuries, huh. I’m sure mere skeletons won’t be able to defeat the heavily armed escort squad. So, what else did they find?”

“There was one coffin found with chains wrapped around it. They tried opening it to look inside, but it appeared to be more of a mould than a coffin. Lead was used to harden the interior of the stone coffin... so they couldn’t tell if there were bones or anything else inside.”

“...I see.”

Binding the dead from the outside and pouring lead inside isn’t normal at all.

That coffin may have been suppressing the main culprit.

In any case, I’m sure I split that guy in half and extinguished him with my Dual Crater. The body shouldn’t be important anymore.

“There was also this book, or rather a diary. From what I can see, it seems to be extremely old and is falling apart here and there... and it contains many hard to understand expressions that we don’t use today, so we can’t glean any information from it.”

The diary which Celia carefully takes out of from the cloth it was wrapped in looked to be ancient and damaged to the point where any mishandling would cause it to crumble.

“It was left on top of the aforementioned coffin. I don’t think it’s anything important.”

“I wonder about that.”

The book might make things clear about the life that person had when alive. I heard that a Lich is when a powerful magic caster turns into a ghost after death. Questions like what kind of person was that magic user, how did that person live and how did that person die and even the reason of why that person turned into an apparition may be obtained from that book.

“But that’s probably meaningless too.”

I take a sip of tea and rest my elbow on the desk.

That guy’s already finished as a person.

The moment the individual died, it was no longer a human. A Lich is just another monster, nothing more than the dregs of life.

There is no point even if we dig up any more of his life.

The dead just returned to being dead and turned into dust.

I unusually put up a front and look far in the distance out the window.

(Yaaay, yaaaay, today’s snack is my favorite pumpkin pie~)

Casie is lightly floating this way.

“...there are some people who enjoy life even after they die after all, maybe I’ll take a quick peek.”

“What are you talking about? Unfortunately, I don’t understand anything in there

either..."

If Celia can't read it, then most people probably can't.

Which leaves me with only that person.

He should be back now that the clean-up of the ceremony is done.

"Haa... you want me to read this worn out thing...?"

"Right, it's not like I'm asking you to transcribe the entire thing. It's fine as long you can get some meaning from it."

"Well it's still a book, this unnecessarily old diary... I'm sure whatever is written won't even be that interesting, but if you're asking me to do the work I'm paid for, then..."

"Stop mumbling and read it already!"

Tristan gives the irritated Celia a sidelong glance before carefully flipping open the book.

Every time he flipped a page, the book tears a little and pages start falling out, although I don't mind because I won't be reading this thing a second time.

With every page, Tristan reads out the contents in an unmotivated tone.

Celia gets annoyed at the way he translates, but now we have a rough understanding of everything.

"A long, long time ago, a certain man lived in the small city we call Rafen.

The man was an extremely skilled magic user and he was quite well-known, with his name not only widespread amongst the residents, but also known by the feudal lord and nearby nobles.

He could wield a wide array of spells ranging from wind magic to lightning and water magic and he was extolled as a matchless magic user.

However, the man wasn't satisfied.

The man was a magic user who mastered a variety of magic but he only ended up as a

skilled magic user for each type of magic.

He learned everything from fire magic to bewitching magic, although he never became a caster of legends.

Believing in his own ability, the man continued searching for a magic which suited him the best.

Until finally, the man found it.

And that was magic to control the dead.”

It was supposed to read like a diary, but this is how Tristan explains the contents.

“User of the dead... was it?”

“The wind magic and lightning magic were powerful too, no?”

Alice can only use fire magic, but she probably has more power in her attacks than the Lich.

In other words, that guy was a Jack of all trades and master of none, able to do everything neither exceptionally nor poorly.

I guess I can understand a little bit of how sad he felt when he was praised as a skilled magic user.

“But to use the dead of all things...”

Magic isn’t exactly forbidden in Goldonia or any other country.

There is also the fact that not enough people exist who can use magic that requires laws to be made specifically for them in the first place, but people who are capable of small feats can be street performers while the more powerful and skilled users can use magic to help them become village chiefs or even a feudal lord.

There are cases like Alice’s where it caused discord with others, but in her situation, the relationship with her father was the problem.

“But still, a magic related to the dead...”

“It’s unheard of.”

Never hearing of something doesn't necessarily mean it doesn't exist.
Common sense dictates that anything which uses another person's corpse and manipulates it is taboo.
It just isn't logical, it gives off the same unpleasant physiological feeling as a human eating another human's flesh.

"Continue reading on."

I have a pretty good picture already though.

"The man was delighted.

It was because he felt the infinite possibilities with this magic unlike any others.

The number of dead he could control quickly rose from 5 to 10, then 10 to 20.

In order to master the magic to control the dead, the man devoted everything to learning the intricacies.

However, the man realized.

The city of Rafen was small and the cemetery was too cramped.

Even if he dug up the entire cemetery, he would not be able to retrieve a decent corpse.

At this rate, the man would not be able to challenge his own limits.

That's why the man decided to create more dead people.

Fortunately, the man was skilled in using many different magic and there was not a single person in the city who could oppose him."

"And that's how he ended up like this."

"...my goodness... so something like that happened in Rafen..."

I gently hug the trembling Celia and rub her boobs too.
Judging by the age of the book, it probably happened more than several decades ago.
I'm sure there is nobody in the city who remembers him.

“What an unpleasant story. You’d want to hole yourself up in your room for three days after reading that.”

Tristan continues reading, ignoring the comment that complained how he’s always holed up in his room anyways.

”The man attained many corpses.

Furthermore, he made magic tools to increase his own magic power and surpass the limits of his own body.

He took the hair of the dead and wove each one to create his mantle.

He bathed that mantle in the entrails and spinal fluid of the dead to allow resentment and hatred to dwell in it.

The mantle was dyed black.”

“Uwaa... that’s terrible.”

“It wouldn’t turn so black even with the hair of that many people though.”

“A-Aegir-sama! You gave that mantle to Leopolt-san, didn’t you!?”

Umu, it would go well with the black theme of my army, so he’s probably wearing it now.

“I’m sure he’ll be fine. Continue.”

“I wonder if he’ll be alright... if he turns into an undead...”

I don’t want to see an undead Leopolt, I’ll go check on him later.

“Everything onward is not part of the diary... it’s the record of the guards.”

”The man could not see anything but his own magic.

The thing that ended that path of his was a single arrow.

The arrow drenched in plenty of poison pierced the man's arm and he passed away after writhing in pain.

Even though the man died, the guards and the people of the village feared he would control his own corpse, so they placed his body in a heavy stone coffin, poured melted lead inside, wrapped chains around the coffin and buried the entire coffin underneath the mausoleum.

This is done just to make sure that demon doesn't come back to life for all eternity."

"That's the end."

"He revived anyways though."

I'm glad I didn't hear any of the story and become unmotivated.

I would absolutely never come to understanding with a guy like that.

Well, now I have to go and tell Leopolt.

I leave the mansion and call out to Leopolt who is monitoring the training on the parade grounds.

"Yo... that mantle-"

"Hauah!"

He is already splendidly wearing that mantle, which made Celia yell out in a strange voice and step back.

I guess he couldn't just not use something which I, as his superior, gave him after all. As a good superior, I should explain all the details to him.

"...I see."

After hearing the story, Leopolt excitedly, yet expressionlessly, takes off the mantle.

"If this would call upon the likes of undead creatures, it would cause unnecessary trouble. I know it's rude, but please allow me to remove it."

Yeah, I don't mind at all.

You don't have to give it back to me though.

I don't want it either.

Leopolt removed the article of clothing from his body and resumes the monitoring of training as if nothing happened.

As usual, he's got no expression on his face and it was as if nothing changed.

"You're fine even after hearing all that... does that mean you really don't have any emotions?"

"Who knows."

That night, Leopolt, who normally doesn't bath inefficiently, took a two-hour long bath.

I also spotted him scrupulously washing his attendant Nina's clothes.

That guy, in actual fact maybe he's slightly curious about her?

Bedroom

"In the end, it seems Leopolt stayed in the bath forever."

"How vulgar. Good grief."

It makes me grin when I imagine Leopolt making a troubled face for once, but Myla got angry at me.

The one who always comes to my room to take care of me is Celia, but it seems like she's busy dealing with the aftermath of the ceremony today.

"I said I would help as well... but she was stubborn and insisted that she could do it herself, so I let her."

"Celia might be trying to one up you."

"Haa, is that how it is?"

Myla is superior when it comes to swordplay, although it can't be helped if you consider the difference in height of Celia who is 160 cm to Myla who is 170 cm.

The difference in experience between Celia, who is still learning about leadership, and Myla, who once led an army, is also clear.

That girl may consider Myla her rival.

“I’m already 27 years old... if I fall behind a girl who hasn’t even turned 20 yet, I don’t know what I’d do.”

“That might be true, but she’s a hard worker and hates losing. She won’t be able to accept that fact so easily.”

I sit on the bed and pour alcohol in two glasses.

The doctor only forbade me to drink in the morning, and it’s night time right now, so the situation has changed.

Myla bows once before taking a seat beside me.

“Moreover... she may be competing with you in this area too.”

I embrace Myla and fondle her breasts over her clothes.

“Aau... aaau...”

Myla, who normally puts up a resistance to anything lewd, doesn’t do so this time.

Women who are my lovers have to allow their breasts to be grabbed in the bedroom... that knowledge is as natural as breathing is.

There is no doubt that she came into my room tonight with the intention of accepting my cock.

“Uuu... it’s never going to be as big as Nonna-san’s though.”

“It’s wrong of you to compare with Nonna... you have a nice pair of breasts that tempt men.”

Myla’s boobs are sufficiently big.

If Maria hears you calling them small, she would cry tears of blood.

Celia’s boobs have been growing at a rapid pace recently although they don’t come close to Myla’s size yet.

They both have a pair of nice and soft breasts.

“If you fondle them so much... aahn”

I kiss her neck while rubbing her boobs and make her let out a sexy moan.

That should turn on her switch.

I push Myla down and kiss her neck like I’m sucking on it.

I gradually lower my mouth as I rip open the chest area of her shirt, licking the mounds of flesh and eventually rolling my tongue over her nipples...

“Please wait!”

All of a sudden, Myla pushes my face away and stands up from the bed.

She’s not going to postpone this for later is she... especially when my dick is starting to get in the mood.

“I don’t have a problem with you coming onto me. I came here with that intent in the first place... it’s not that, but since it’s just the two of us, I wanted to do things from the start, you know, like in the right order.”

“Alright. Then stand over there.”

Myla stands a little bit apart from the bed.

I follow after her and cling to her body although I don’t pull her panties down or suck on her breasts.

It might be nice to do it like two virgins.

“My lips... nnh”

I hug her from the front and press my lips against hers.

It was a kiss where no tongue was used and only our lips pushed together. It was not supposed to induce any sexual excitement, but Myla closed her eyes like she was enjoying it and her body leaned in towards me.

We repeatedly pecked at each other and the intensity of the kisses gradually increased. First our mouths would part slightly, and then my tongue would flick at her teeth, and then my tongue would enter deeper into her mouth.

“Nnh, nnh, nnh—! Nnn!”

Everything up until now was to her liking so Myla also began to extend her tongue, tangling hers with mine almost like the two tongues were wrestling with each other. First, I would send some of my saliva into her mouth, which she swallows, then she would send saliva into mine.

It was intense but a gentle and pleasant kiss.

“Puha”

“Nnhaa... haa, haa”

When we pulled our mouths apart from each other, a strand of saliva formed a bridge between our lips.

Myla looked at me somewhat reluctant to stop, however it's about time we move to the next stage.

“Will you take it off yourself? Or do you want me to take it off?”

“Could I ask you... to strip me?”

Her cute voice makes me smile unconsciously.

The way I took her clothes off was by no means rough, as I removed her jacket carefully like any attendant would their master and do the same for the shirt worn underneath. Because it is still summer time, only two pieces of house-clothing were rolled up before her breasts came into my sight.

Her nipples are already erect and hard.

“Oh... fufufu, you're already raring to go.”

Myla's face turns red.

The faint scent of fruit juice seems to emit from her now naked upper body. It looks like she put on perfume.

Following that, I quietly, but with quick motions, lower her pants.

When I removed the last piece of clothing, her lower lips adorned with a beautiful layer of gold hair opened slightly.

“How pretty.”

“P-please don't compliment a place like that!”

I was thinking of using my mouth to start, but Myla put a hand on my head.

“Um... it’s embarrassing if I’m the only one who’s naked. Please take your clothes off, Lord Hardlett.”

Right, let’s get these clothes out of the way immediately.

After I pulled my shirt off to reveal my naked upper body, a hand stretches to my side.

“This wound... was it when you defeated the Lich?”

“It was from an old blade after all. The medicine was effective so there shouldn’t be any concern of the wound festering.”

After stroking the wound for a while, Myla tenderly licks it.

I can’t hold back much longer, I’m taking out my cock.

“Ah, please wait! I’ll take care of the bottom-...”

With that comment, Myla kneels at my feet and lowers my pants and underwear.

When she did so, my dick is unleashed and springs up all the way to my stomach, accompanied by the sound of the slapping of flesh.

“What an incredible state of arousal... it’s as energetic as a 15 or 16 year old young man. Furthermore, it’s really huge like always... look, it’s practically touching your chest.”

“Fufufu, if you praise me so much, it’ll get even bigger.”

“If it gets any bigger than that, I’m really going to die. Shall I suck on it?”

“That’s tempting, but not this time.”

We decided to act like a young innocent couple this time.

I hug Myla from the back and push my finger against the entrance of her vagina.

“Aau... r-right there! The shallow area... aaaaah!”

That was only stimulation with my finger, although I know Myla’s weak points inside

and out.

It took no more than 30 seconds of fingering before she started to grind her hips.

“What a sensitive girl. Now... how about here. You’re weak here too, aren’t you?”

I knead her clitoris with my index finger and continue to pleasure her most sensitive spots.

Myla could do nothing as she squealed, falling forward limply.

Her love juices are overflowing and already making puddles on the floor.

“Make sure you don’t fall over.”

I pull my finger out, grab her ass, put my mouth against her privates and slip my tongue inside.

“Aaoooooh! Your mouth is... nnnhaa!”

Myla puts her hands on her knees and desperately tries to endure the pleasure while keeping herself from falling.

A third-party onlooker may consider this a vulgar position.

But with my face buried in her intimate areas, the only thing in my eyes are her spread out twitching asshole and her dripping wet pussy.

I’m just focusing on sucking on her naughty parts right now.

“Haa, haa, my legs can’t hold me up anymore.”

I lift up Myla when she reaches her limit and toss her onto the bed.

A small scream escapes Myla’s lips as she bounces once on the bed, then hides her face shyly when I crawl in between her legs.

“Is this kind of childish and naive sex enjoyable too?”

“I won’t be able to endure it when there’s such a skilled kid.”

We exchange another kiss with tongue.

It’s about time for penetration.

“I’m putting it in. How do you want me to do it?”

“Just get on top like this. From the front... like normal...”

So she wants sex to be simple and childish too.
Is she going to follow through all the way?

“Then, here I go. You’re not being executed, so you don’t have to make such a determined face.”

Myla puts her hand on my shoulder and shuts her eyes tight.

“A woman needs to have a certain amount of resolve in order to take a huge dick like Lord Hardlett’s!”

Now that I think about it, most girls have that expression on their faces.
Although as soon as I start thrusting, they start drooling and moaning in pleasure.

“Here I go... there... it’s going in.”

I hold her thighs and push my hips forward.

There was a squelching sound as I first entered her hole, making Myla’s brow wrinkle, but after breaking past the entrance, her overflowing juices guide my shaft smoothly inside.

“Fuuun!”

“Aaggh!!”

I push my way all the way inside until I hit the wall of flesh at the very depths of her canal.

Her closed eyes shoot open wide and her body tenses up drastically... and then she slowly loosens up.

“It reached the very back. You’re squeezing so nicely around me.”

“I trained myself after all, even so only a little bit more than half is inside... your dick is truly large beyond belief.”

Myla’s hole is quite narrow for her size, however she makes up for that with her toned muscles and strong clenching ability, so the both of us can enjoy ourselves even if I’m

rubbing the shallower area.

“Your pussy swallowed my dick and is secreting all this liquid. What a lewd hole you have.”

“It is the fate of all women to want to engulf the dick of a nice man such as yourself.”

Myla brushes her hand over my back and arm as she says that.

“You’ve got such wonderful muscles, it’s so manly and lovely.”

When Myla whispers “I love how you’re so buff and manly” to me, I get happy and start moving my hips, which breaks up her sentence.

“Hiiih! This rubbing is so amazing... feels so good! More...”

“More? Like this?”

I emphatically move my hips in large sweeping motions, slamming rather deep into her.

Myla lets out a few moans, although she glares at me unhappily.

I know this isn’t what she meant.

I just want her to tell me what she wants out loud.

“N-not like that, more... more-”

“More what? You want me to push it deeper inside?”

After hesitating for a bit, Myla appears to have resolved herself and then she shouts loudly.

“Right here! Please rub this more, harder!”

She extends her hand and presses against her own stomach, in doing so it makes her hole clench tighter, her narrowed walls causing a strong friction against my dick.

That slight stimulation must have caused her to cum a little as her head was thrown backwards and her tongue hung out of her mouth.

The area Myla is the weakest is the rough area close to the entrance and can be reached even with a finger.

If that place is rubbed with my dick, she'll fall instantly.

"Fufu, alright, I get it. Like this, right?"

I'll give her the intense friction she wanted.

Her natural moans sound like screams, then I feel a warm sensation near my crotch.

So she finally ended up squirting.

I won't let things end here though.

"Guh..."

"Hiih, it's still getting harder!"

When I tighten up my abdomen, my cock gets one stage stiffer.

I push my steel-like meat rod against her weak point and rub the edge of the tip of my dick against the interior of her genitals harshly.

"Hiiiiiiih—!! Not good, not good, not goooooood-! This really isn't goood! If you do it that rough, I'll go crazyyyy!!"

Her tone changed.

Myla, who typically uses keigo, is now screaming like some child.

Both of her arms flail around trying to get me to release her, but her legs are wrapped around my waist to prevent me from leaving.

"I'll trust your feet. How's this! This isn't over yet!"

While her legs are wrapped around my waist, I forcefully bring my body up in a half-rising posture.

In that bent position, I slam my dick down into Myla from above and continue to pleasure her.

"Aauuu—-! Nnniiii-! Aaaaaaah-!"

I fondle Myla's breasts and seal her lips with kisses, doing whatever I please in addition to my constant thrusting, and after screaming for a while, her body eventually starts twitching.

"Ah... aaaah... aaaaaaah..."

She must be experiencing a strong and genuine orgasm.

I kiss her again as she takes in a deep breath probably because of all the screaming she did.

When I did so-

“Nnnnnnnnnnnh—!!”

She let out a muffled moan due to her mouth being covered by me and squirts a huge amount of fluid incomparable to the previous times, entwining both arms and legs around my body as she reaches the peak of her climax.

“Guoh!”

I feel a strong constricting pressure at the same time, bringing me close to releasing my load again.

After enduring the tight grip from her contractions, Myla completely loses her strength and collapses on the bed, letting me to pull my dick out and determine the course of my ejaculation.

“I’m cumming Myla, take this!”

A tremendous amount of semen jets out and accurately splashes on Myla’s face, painting the entire surface of her face as well as her breasts white.

Normally, she would get upset and tell me how thoughtless such an action was, however the woman was too immersed in the feeling of her own orgasm, happily allowing her entire body to be showered with my seed.

“Fuu... that felt good.”

“My body... is all sticky... have to take a bath.”

Myla was about to get up a short while after our climax, but I’m not finished with her yet.

“What are you saying? You can take a bath after we’re finished here, right?”

“Eh? You already let out so much, so...”

I stick my still-erect dick in front of Myla’s face.

There's no way I would be satisfied with only ejaculating once.

"N-no way, my body is already at its limit..."

"Then you can just lie there. I'll do all the moving."

I drag Myla across the bed as I say that and then thrust into her from the side.

"Aauuuah! That's not fair! If you rub me there, I won't be able to-..."

I keep nudging at her weak point to prevent any resistance and change positions. Doing it while she's face down is nice, and so is thrusting up into her while she sits on top of me.

If that's the case, lifting her up and pounding her hard could be nice too.

This night is just beginning.

"Wait, my body is really going to break, s-stop-... hiiiiiih!! This cock is soo amazinnggg!!"

"Fuu... now I'm satisfied."

I look over at Myla who's lying beside me.

I gently shake the woman's shoulder while her arms and legs are spread apart.

"Myla, are you asleep?"

"No, I'm just barely conscious. I can't move my body anymore though... I can't go take a bath either."

That's fine, it's romantic just to lay together and greet the morning bathed in each other's bodily fluids.

"Peerless... cock... lady killer..."

"Thanks for the compliment."

As I stroke Myla's hair, which has become crusty from the dried semen, she musters

up the last of her energy and buries her face in my chest.
Both of us must be stinking of sex, but she doesn't care at this moment.
Hugging each other like this until morning is nice too.

And then, I hear a knock on the door.

"Aegir-sama? Have you gone to bed already?"

It's Celia's voice, she must have stayed up all-night to finish whatever work she was doing.

As I was about to reply, Myla seals my mouth with a kiss.

"You're already asleep?... how strange, the door is locked."

I normally don't lock the bedroom door.

That's because a woman may pay me a visit at night.

"This is suspicious... Aegir-sama, are you really asleep?"

I would feel sorry for her if I don't respond, however Myla tears up and shakes her head.

Hmmm, I feel bad for Celia, but let's dedicate this day to Myla.

I'll enjoy some sweets together with her tomorrow or something.

In the early morning of the next day, Celia clung to the back of the maid who came to bring water and became enraged when she saw the happily sleeping Myla, which caused a little bit of a kerfuffle, but it was ultimately nothing too significant.

-Third Person POV-

Kroll – Super Side Story: Despair

Late Night, Tristan's Room

It was late at night and all the household members and servants have fallen asleep, but one young man paid a visit to a certain room with a serious look on his face.
The young man knew that the owner of that room did not have a daytime or night

time.

In fact, he knew that the owner would not even be awake in the morning or daytime.

“Haa... why do I have to listen to you talk about your lower half?”

“T-the doctor told me “It’s impossible for someone your age”... so now I don’t have anyone else to rely on.”

Tristan’s sigh was heavier than usual.

Tristan commented uninterestedly after Kroll finished explaining his circumstances.

“It’s probably because your life energy was drained by the Lich.”¹

Tristan pulls out a book from one of the many shelves lining his room.

“When you are touched by a Lich, your life energy... in other words, your very life essence was taken from you. It becomes the source of that thing’s power, you see.”

Kroll nervously parrots what he heard.

“Life energy was drained...?”

“You would die. Life energy is the basis of all living things after all. If you run out of it, you can’t continue living.”

Kroll pictures the dried up corpses of the couple he saw in the cemetery.

“But in your case, you were saved before that happened, right? That’s why you were able to escape death.”

Tristan takes a gulp of his tea.

“S-so that means-...?”

“The place where humans are most directly linked with life is... the place where you are currently experiencing troubles. In your case, the Lich was draining your life energy for a considerable amount of time. Because of that, you may have lost functionality in that area.”

“No way!”

Kroll drops to his knees in shock.

“B-but Aegir-sama was also drained for a fair amount of time, yet he was able to return home and have several women-...”

The reverberating moaning and screaming of women in this mansion is well-known and that fact hasn’t changed even now.

“Well, each person has differing amounts of life energy. That person... is a little abnormal, so it’s better not to use him as reference in my opinion.”

When the two of them leave one another, the image of that man fucking over a dozen women from day to night comes to mind.

“Uuu... it’s true that he is at least three times my size... b-but what am I supposed to do about this?”

Tristan told him something so cruel as if it was nothing.

“It was an accidental side effect, so it might actually go back to normal after some time, however it could also never go back to what it was until you die. In my personal opinion, I think you’re out of luck if it doesn’t get better in three days. That part may have malfunctioned because your life energy was pulled out of you so suddenly.”

Kroll collapses to the floor and cries.

Tristan tries to offer some support by spreading his arms and talking to the young man gently.

“Life isn’t all about women. I haven’t been with a single female in my whole life since I was born and I’m still quite happy. If you also come to understand the enjoyment of books, tea and afternoon naps, you might not worry about this anymore.”

Kroll did not put his lips to the expensive tea placed in front of him and just continued to bawl his eyes out.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 161,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Family: Nonna (the beautiful Nonna), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Melissa (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Miti (betrothed), Maria (betrothed), Catherine (betrothed), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magical girl), Alma (servant)
Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (jealous adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (despairing, impotent), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby

Myla (happy security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)

Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)

Claire & Laurie (compiling a plan), Schwartz (lewd horse), Lilian (actress)

Mother – Marceline; Daughters – Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie (taken into custody)

Assets: -200 gold (memorial ceremony -200)

Sexual Partners: 209, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 201

Banquet and Young Queen

-Aegir POV-

A beautiful carriage stops in front of the mansion and the shadow of a person steps out once the horses come to a halt.

This scene is very reminiscent of the time Claudia came to visit, but this time, it was a much smaller girl.

“Brother~~!”

The girl aligns her feet together and jumps down the not particularly tall carriage, making sure she doesn’t fall off, then uses tiny but quick steps to run in my direction as soon as she sees me ready to greet her at the entrance.

“Welcome to my humble abode, Your Majesty.”

I made sure to be polite to the girl because there were a number of people from Malt present, however the tiny lady pays no attention and proceeds to jump into my chest with a beaming smile on her face.

This lady is the young queen of the Malt Kingdom, Celestina... although she currently treats me like her brother.

If anyone sees this smile which seems to burst with happiness and isn’t fascinated, then there must be something wrong with their heart.

Unfortunately, she didn’t come to play today, but rather as a part of some official diplomatic business.

This time of the year is the first time the Malt Kingdom under Celestina’s rule is experiencing their harvest ever since forming a friendly relationship with me and the Queen has come to my territory with a wagon packed with Malt’s most exported good in wheat as a sign of friendship and goodwill.

Malt has their own circumstances, however their harvest this year was the same as

usual, in other words they have food to spare even after all the citizens eat their fill.

Almost all the land in the Malt Kingdom consists of farmland and they don't have any other resource besides food supplies.

Thus, they need to sell their wheat after they harvest it and exchange it for a variety of goods such as iron and wood.

In addition, due to secret agreements between Celestina and I, Malt is giving me priority when conducting trade.

Those state of affairs aside though, I simply wanted to see Celestina.

Anybody who sees her smile, which is as bright as the sun, and doesn't feel calm isn't human.

"Brother, I wanted to see you! I was so lonely!"

She clings to my chest and tries to wrap her tiny arms around my back but she wasn't able to do so completely.

Not good, she's too cute.

I hug her back and pick up Celestina.

"Nice of you to come, Celestina. I was waiting for you."

"Oh brother... how I missed you so~"

Her small hands extend to my face and then her flower-like lips press against me. Hahaha, what a cute kiss.

"Your Majesty! What are you doing in front of everyone!?"

The woman who rushed out of carriage quickly took Celestina away from me. The little girl struggled in that woman's arms, telling her to let go.

"Your Majesty's lips are to be offered to the person you will someday fall in love with. You shouldn't be granting it to someone as easily as that!"

The woman's name is Monica, who remained as Celestina's attendant during hard times and continued serving as her loyal retainer. She can be a little overbearing but that might just be another side to her faithfulness.

“Boo, it’s been so long, I can act spoiled can’t I?”

“You must not. Everyone is watching, Your Majesty is the King of Malt!”

The expression of the little girl quickly becomes strict.

“That’s right... well then brother, I ask that you treat me well for the time I’m here.”

Celestina pinches her skirt and curtsies gracefully, prompting me to smile and respond in kind with Nonna and Mel quickly following suit, lowering our heads in a respectful bow.

Despite her small stature, she is still the King of a country, which naturally means Nonna and the others are lower in standing.

Nonna aside, Mel and Carla are also bowing in an acceptable manner.

Yesterday, Nonna was babbling about something in the living room until late at night, so she was trying to teach manners... to Carla in particular, I’m guessing.

“As I thought, this kind of thing doesn’t match my personality. A skirt has to be at least above the knee, it’s much sexier that way.”

“Be quiet!!”

Sparks fly between Nonna and Carla.

I’ll leave them alone.

“Is it alright if Monica doesn’t greet my brother?”

“I am your attendant, so I don’t need to go out of my way to meet him.”

“But isn’t my brother Monica’s first partner? He’s the man who you offered your virginity to, that’s why-...”

“Uwaaaaaaaah!!”

Monica tries to drown out Celestina by raising her voice.

But she was a second too late and all the mansion’s guards as well as the group of attendants from Malt all stifled their laughter.

“Kuh-...”

Don't look at me, that just now wasn't any fault of my own.

Celestina is cute, but still hasn't become a woman yet.

On that point, Monica, whose body was turned into a full-fledged woman, is emitting a more lewd scent than before.

If I flip up her clothes and insert my dick in her hole... it'll definitely get wet whether she likes it or not.

When I pump my hips while sucking on her relatively large breasts, her screams would change into moans, and then lastly she would definitely wrap her legs around my waist.

And when I release all my semen inside her... Monica's uterus will be filled with my seed and she will definitely bear my child.

"What are you grinning about?"

I suddenly realize that Nonna, who was beside me, brought her face in front of me. Not good, I went into my own world of imaginations.

I try to feign innocence but notice the pain in my crotch.

At this rate, my pants will be torn and more importantly, I wouldn't be able to make an excuse for my bulge.

In any case, if I were to get such a raging hard-on in front of the Queen of Malt and her followers, I'll be hard-pressed for an excuse.

It would seem like I was lusting after Celestina.

I don't have such carnal desire for a cute girl like her.

I had her suck on my meat rod and I splashed my seed on her, but I certainly don't have any indecent thoughts.

"Well then Aegir-sama, let's show Her Majesty Celestina to the banquet hall."

Mel cuts in between me and the party from Malt with perfect timing.

It didn't take long for Nonna to realize as well, laughing with a 'hohoho' while taking my arm in order to hide my erect dick.

"Your Majesty, you should change into your party dress. Let's head back to our room."

Celestina's arm was also taken by Monica and they left to the designated changeroom.

In the end, no one from Malt figured out my situation and they all returned to their respective rooms after complimenting Nonna and I about how well we get along as a couple.

So I guess I managed not to embarrass myself this time.

“So, why did your dick suddenly get hard?”

“Who did you imagine yourself fucking? Did you picture yourself making that cute little girl suffer with you huge cock or something?”

Hm, Nonna and Mel are looking at me so coldly.

Carla is looking at me with a strained smile.

“I told you I’m not interested in young girls. The one I was picturing was the female attendant beside Celestina. When I think about how long it’s been since I indulged in that body, it automatically got hard.”

I realized after I spoke.

What am I saying in front of my wives?

“...so you think of violating the attendant of the Queen of another nation like it’s the most natural thing?”

“I guess I should have expected you to declare something like that so boldly in front of us...”

Nonna and Mel’s eyes narrow as they flick the bulge in my pants with their finger from both sides.

Stop that, any stimulation to that area and it’ll explode spontaneously

“Regardless, we won’t only be having Malt come today, but almost all the nearby nobles as well. This isn’t the right time to be releasing your seed.”

We will be holding a banquet this time not just to verify the amicable relationship with Malt, but also to gather the surrounding feudal lords and celebrate the harvest.

Nonna was the one who planned it.

This large-scale banquet, similar to ones held in the capital, makes me think a little that her wasteful spending habits have returned.

“It is necessary to make clear to everyone that Aegir-sama holds the most power in

the southern region. A harvest festival is an event that is held in all territories, but it would be plain to see who the most influential person is if we invite the nearby nobles to our own territory.”

If the feudal lord deliberately goes out to attend a harvest festival – which is normally held within his own territory – on the invitation of another person, it would be the same as declaring how low his status is.

“This might seem like pointless pretentiousness, but this kind of thing is important when it comes to our relationship with nobles. If everyone gathers on Aegir-sama’s orders, you will have a larger influence in the capital.”

How difficult, things I can’t see like rumors and influence are not my strong suit. Meanwhile, Nonna’s breasts are an amazing sight, they’re wonderful things.

A grand banquet will be held in conjunction with the harvest festival. It was all planned by Nonna, but the ones who will be using it is Adolph and Leopolt.

“Currently, the trade route is restricted to Radhalde’s territory and a part of the road due to tariffs and the like. There isn’t any shortage of disputes regarding the use of irrigation and forests that span across the territory, lakes and even development within the territory... if Hardlett-sama strengthens the influence on the surrounding area, it will be possible to use your ruling to bulldoze our way through most situations, you see.”

I passed off the domestic affairs duties so I don’t mind if you do whatever you want. However, even without doing all that troublesome thinking, we just have to mobilize the army and threaten the individuals who cause a huge dispute.

“Taking a close look... at all the expressions of the gathered cast of members and the personnel they brought along, I can make a rough guess about their standing and ability. This is a good opportunity to judge whether they will, in times of emergency, be a threat, a capable ally, or just useless trash.”

I see, but take care of the difficult parts.

The ball is a place swirling with conspiracies and ulterior motives, but the servants of

the mansion who actually entertain the guests are making a big fuss.

It is different than the relatively regular tea parties held by Nonna and banquets frequented by nearby nobles.

Replies to confirm their attendance from feudal lords who are three full days away by horse are also coming in one after the other.

In addition, it isn't uncommon for the feudal lord to come his wife and eldest son.

If that's the case, then the hospitality has to be something special.

Sebastian's back is perfectly straight and he's moving quietly yet with tremendous speed.

Rita, as the head maid, is also running around everywhere but still doesn't seem to have enough hands to do everything, so the former maids in the annex... the ones whose bellies I've filled with my seed, are also helping out by doing simple preparation work.

"Please light the torches around the area where the new home is being constructed."

"What will lighting up the construction site even do?"

"The Madam has told us to display the Master's prestige during this banquet."

Sebastian replies with his usual immaculate behavior.

The new mansion, huh... well, an unnecessary amount of money was spent to make it big after all, plus it might seem a little curious that the walls and floor are nice and clean, but it seems uncool to act like some rich upstart.

"I think it's better than that though."

Celia peeks her head out.

Oh that's where you've been, I just can't seem to calm down when her head isn't within my reach.

"Let's see here... aah, indeed that is the case."

The nobles who came from far away are staying in Rafen until Celestina, the guest of honor, comes.

Grains, centered around a ridiculous amount of wheat, were lined up in the city as if to show off to them.

The harvest is already coming to an end and the farming villages near Rafen are taking turns to bringing in their tax.

Normally, they would be immediately transported to the capital or carried into storehouses, but this time they are purposely being left out in piles.

“This is a staggering amount. According to Adolph, there is still a third which hasn’t arrived yet.”

“I also went around to the farming village and the chief was smiling when he offered the crops to the tax collector. It looks like they have plenty to spare.”

The harvest tax is determined based on a percentage of the total amount unless there are special circumstances.

If the village had a bountiful harvest, they would have to offer more tax, but naturally they would be able to keep more for themselves too.

There must have been enough for them this year to live comfortably yet also create sufficient reserves.

“Our territory had a large harvest. But the area near the river is...”

“As expected, they’re experiencing long periods of rain.”

It was exactly what Adolph was worried about, the heavy rain in the area near the river caused a considerable amount of their crops to go bad.

“If we look at the amount after the rain ends, it seems like they’ll have a poor harvest. The inland areas aside from ours isn’t favorable either...”

“Well, I wonder how things will turn out.”

I’m a little worried, but I’ll leave Adolph to think of a solution.

Now, the sun is starting to set.

The nobles should be coming soon.

I can’t run away so I might as well get ready.

“I can finally see Aegir-sama’s formal wear after so long. You’re cool on the battlefield, but the formal wear is nice in a different way.”

If you praise me that much, it will get my dick hard.
I stroke Celia's head and squeeze her cheeks to hide my embarrassment.

"Fgahfgah... please stop! Hauhau... nevermind, just a little more, au, not my ass!"

Celestina is nice, but Celia is also cute.
I won't ever let her go.

"...Now then, everyone, please enjoy the party."

I was able to successfully deliver the opening statement to begin the party while Nonna teaches me what words to say as she clings to my arm to show off our intimate relationship.

"Geez! Even the stupid Carla was able to remember how to greet, Aegir-sama needs to take this seriously too!"

"Shaddup! Don't call me stupid!"

It seems like she's upset that I couldn't memorize the greeting at all and just parroted Nonna's words like an idiot.

People have things that they're good at and things that they aren't good at.

Just as Maria could never attain big tits, I'm not the type of person who can dance gracefully or sport fancy clothing.

In fact, I would rather wear nothing and swing my hips on top of a woman...

"It is such an honor to meet Lord Hardlett today."

The person who interrupted my delusions was a bearded middle-aged man of medium build.

Let's see... who is this old man?

I'll ask Nonna.

"It's Count Monashi. He holds territory directly west of Rafen. His territory is quite vast, though that's the only redeeming quality..."

Ah, I get it, it's just like how my territory used to be.

"I invited his wife to tea parties many times... and it seems they don't have much money to spare."

Nonna continues smiling to the Count as she mutters quietly without moving her mouth.

So I guess you learn this strange special skill if you socialize.

"It is our pleasure, nice of you to come even when the harvest in your own territory isn't doing the greatest."

There is a hierarchy between nobles from Knight rank to Marquess, but they're all conferred by the King, so in essence we all have the same standing and we have to maintain a certain level of respect with each other publicly.

I hide my disinterest and shake his hand.

I wonder if he brought a pretty daughter with him... no? How boring.

"Wow, I have to say, Lord Hardlett has such a rugged hand, befitting all the rumors around the nation praising you for what a great man you are."

So that's sarcasm, it looks like my muscles have increased because of the fight with the city state and my formal wear is feeling tight.

If I tense up, it feels like I'll tear these clothes.

"Hahaha, if Count Monashi was a woman, I might have paid you a visit."

"A woman? Whatever it is, this bountiful harvest from Lord Hardlett's territory... and these crops overflowing all over the city, I'm so envious."

"What about Count Monashi and your vast lands, do you not have a decent harvest yourself?"

The atmosphere around the Count suddenly got darker.

"I can't say the crop yield in my territory is poor. Every year is a reasonably small amount... however the land conditions are extremely suboptimal, either getting submerged due to frequent flooding or getting so dry that nothing can be grown, almost no area has the perfect environment. My household is a relatively traditional

one, but no matter what my ancestors do, they end up being poor... believing I would end up dying, I distinguished myself in battle and earned the title of Count as well as an enormous expanse of land, yet I experienced such a failure again..."

As the Count grumbles, I think to myself that was a bad question to ask. Well, there's good food and drinks here so I hope he enjoys himself and forgets about that depressing stuff.

"Please wait, Lord Hardlett, I will introduce to you these good friends of mine who came to my territory today!"

I don't really feel the need to meet them, but I can't run away now that Nonna's already greeting them.

Two men appeared, both looking in their thirties and younger than Count Monashi. I don't have much interest in them past this point, although I'm getting this seedy feeling from them.

I don't know what it is about them, but their entire bodies seem to be exuding misfortune.

"Nice to meet you Hardlett-dono. I am Viscount Binbo."

"I'm also glad to meet you, I'm Baron Gokhin."

"Fumu..."

They look like people who don't seem to have any luck with money. Is this what they call 'birds of a feather flock together'?

"No really, my wife and daughter have been taken care of by your wife all this time, and I truly apologize for not being able to thank you in person until now."

"For letting my wife stuff herself with three days' worth of food in the banquet held by your wife-... no, nevermind."

Nonna appears to be filled with mixed feelings.

"Baroness Gokhin... she is usually a person of class, but her eyes change whenever she sees food."

I don't think there would be any meaning in talking to them any further and try to step

away, but the three of them desperately bring up more topics to discuss.

The majority of comments were meaningless words of praise, saying how the abundant harvest in my territory was incredible or how maintaining such a powerful army was amazing, but unlike regular people who pour flattery on me, these guys appear ghastly and I can't seem to discontinue the conversation.

Meanwhile, people start to murmur around me.

"How long are they going to keep talking?"

"Count Monashi and his followers are well-known for always being poor, I'm sure they're just pestering him for cash."

"How shameless, even merchants know not to ask for loans out in the open."

The soft voices don't seem to be supporting Count Monashi.

I can't really make out what they're saying, but Nonna's super sharp hearing allows her to pick up those remarks, so I'll ask her about it later.

"Haha... detaining the organizer anymore than this would be discourteous..."

"You're right. Then we'll leave it at that..."

It seems the criticizing comments got to them and they step back from me with a bitter look on their faces.

I felt the tiniest bit sorry for them because of the atmosphere of misfortune around their bodies.

I was essentially the one who invited them, although it was Nonna and Leopolt who chose the people to invite, Sebastian who wrote the invitations, and Celia who stamped my seal of approval.

"Please enjoy yourselves today. Our territories are close to each other so I'm sure we'll have plenty of chances to talk after today."

The three of them appear to get slightly happier.

"Ooh! So will we be meeting again!?"

Crap, I said something unnecessary.

I should really tell them I will be absent a lot of the times.

"...anyways, I'm not the type of person who stays in one place for too long, so I will be

away from my territory quite often and be absent..."

"That's absolutely fine! I could just set up a tent outside Rafen and wait!"

That's scary, please don't.

And also, at least stay at an inn, how poor are you?

If Myla and her security unit mistakes you for a homeless hoodlum, she'll take you down.

The three of them leave looking satisfied, while I breathe out a deep sigh.

However, the tiring activities don't end.

Nonna whispers in my ear with an amazed look on her face.

"Don't blame me after what you said, all this time they thought of Aegir-sama as "a battle-crazed new noble, someone who had no interest in exchanging culture or socializing with nobles, and is terrifying when upset", which is why very few nobles invited you to anything or paid you a visit. If you say you're going to mingle with a noble who's not particularly close to you in front of all these people-..."

The mood in the air seems to change.

"Lord Hardlett! Let my eldest daughter attend your wife's tea party one time!!"

"My younger brother is well-built and he's aiming to become a knight, please consider using him!"

"My daughter is about suitable age for marriage, she has the etiquette necessary to serve even a Margrave..."

As soon as Nonna left my side, the guests flock around me all at once.

It was as if they were zombies, reminding me of the earlier incident in the cemetery. Maybe I'll talk to the last guy for more details.

In the end, I couldn't escape, the nobles gathered around me in more number and with more vigor than usual, and because I invited all of them, I had no choice but to continuously entertain each and every one of them.

The one savior who helped me out of that situation was the little goddess.

"Broth-... I mean, Margrave Hardlett, thank you for inviting me to this party."

The guest of honor of this banquet is without a doubt, the Queen of the Malt Kingdom, Celestina, and the appearance of the King of that nation, despite it being a small one, would naturally cause the other nobles to step away from me and bow respectfully.

As expected of the girl of royal status, she's wearing a gorgeous and dazzling dress. However, the dress which showed off much of her skin didn't make her seem bewitching in any way, only drawing out the cuteness of the healthy girl.

The makeup that was probably applied by Monica makes the kid, who is trying to look taller, seem lovely, while the jewel-studded tiara and necklace seem to fit awkwardly on Celestina's tiny body.

Even so, her natural smile and cuteness turns all of that into positive points.

"No, no, I should have been the one to pay Your Majesty a visit, so please forgive my rudeness for asking you to make all this effort to travel here."

Indeed, it isn't possible for me to call Celestina cute and give her a kiss in this formal setting.

If I don't give her the proper respect, the other nobles will also ridicule her.

I have to be patient until the end of the party, and then I hug her and rub her cheeks as much as I want later.

I try to appeal to Celestina with my eyes, telling her to be patient and to act important as a Queen should.

She smiles back like an angel, so I look over to Monica.

"Aegir-dono has looked after me, this much is to be expected."

I can see Monica whispering "it's Hardlett-dono!"

But that display was already enough to start conversations.

"Did you see that, the Margrave who is said to be a fierce god is showing respect."

"This is the child King who stood on the throne after the war, I thought she was just a figurehead..."

I couldn't hear the soft whispers of the nobles, but Nonna was able to and she told me what they said.

Umu, now they shouldn't make fun of Celestina.

“Lord Hardlett is backing her... is he using her as a puppet?”

“If that’s the case, they wouldn’t have come out in the open so untactfully. We are talking about the Margrave who has a violent disposition. Lowering his head to a child... do you think his pride would allow that?”

Unfortunately, I don’t feel any shame at all in showing respect to women or young girls. It would be the same no matter if it was a prostitute or a city girl.

The important thing is how I can spread open a woman’s legs and pump my seed in them.

“No, wait... we know how lustful the Margrave is, I’m sure he won’t show any mercy to even young girls... he might have turned her into his sex slave already.”

“I see... already made into his own possession, that’s why he doesn’t feel any shame.”

Nonna’s whispers are starting to sound heavier.

Don’t tell me that she also believes I would do something like that.

I won’t lay my hands on a kid, the most I would do is rubbing my dick on her stomach.

“Then if that’s true, we can’t look down on that King.”

“Umu, if we aren’t careful, we will incur Lord Hardlett’s wrath.”

“The Margrave’s personal army exceeds 10,000 in strength. I hear that they’re powerful enough to take down a small nation by themselves.”

Good, this is the right direction.

“We wouldn’t be a match even if we grouped together. In addition, he is friends with Military Affairs Commissioner Radhalde and Government Affairs Commissioner Baldwin from the capital... the Kingdom won’t save us.”

“Our domain would instantly be trampled and all the women would bear the Margrave’s child.”

“I hear that he loves stealing mature wives more than anything with that large penis of his.”

No, you’re going off in a strange direction now, stop.

In any case, they won’t be messing with Celestina or the Malt Kingdom now.

So this banquet had some meaning after all.

That guy was... Viscount something or other?

With about 10,000 citizens, that means 5000 women... excluding the children and

elderly, that leaves roughly 3000, which means if I had 20 partners every night, it would take me five months to go through all of them.

It might be tough, but I should be able to complete it if I tried.

“Buuu.”

She must have sensed that I was thinking some reprehensible thoughts again as I feel Nonna headbutt me in the back.

I don't mind the headbutt, but your breasts hit me every time due to your physique. It would cause a panic if I suddenly got a boner, so don't do it anymore.

“It's finally over~ I can take a bath with brother~!”

The naked Celestina jumps into the bathtub.

The ball has safely come to an end, and although having to appear in future socializing within my own territory sounds troublesome, I'm not thinking about that at the moment.

I'm just focusing on healing myself in this water after such a long-lasting formal atmosphere.

I have no problems with the cute Celestina coming in.

“I was so nervous, and my shoulders are stiff... but I did my best!”

“Yeah, Celestina did well. You were a splendid King.”

“You mean it? Another dispute won't arise because of me?”

I slip into the bathtub and embrace the naked body of the anxious Celestina.

“You looked like a fine King to me. Don't worry, everyone acknowledged you.”

Unfortunately, I honestly don't believe a single person saw the previous King in her from the attitude she displayed in the banquet.

However, she doesn't seem like the naive child she once was.

With me standing behind her, it should eliminate any strange schemes against her.

“Besides, I'll protect you if anything happens. You don't need to worry.”

While saying that, I slip my hands underneath her armpits from the front and pick Celestina up.

“So high~! Ahaha, this is fun!”

The cheerfully laughing girl puts a smile on my face too.

Hmm, it's still a hairless slit, seems like it'll be quite a while before she becomes a woman.

I lower the frolicking girl back into the tub and rest her on my lap.

Since becoming the Queen again, the girl has did her utmost, so I can at least let her relax now.

As I gently stroke her hair and tickle her body playfully, Monica comes in wearing bathing attire.

“Your Majesty, didn't I tell you that entering a bath with another man is dangerous...”

When she saw us fooling around, her movements froze.

She hugs her own trembling body and her mouth was left gaping open, unable to make any sound.

The first thing that came out of that woman's mouth was an extremely loud cry.

“Fuuhnyooo—!!”

“Funyo? Monica, what are you doing? You're making such a strange face.”

“You should take all that stuff off and join us in the bath naked. Hurry up and show me your boobs.”

Instead of replying, Monica falls to her knees disappointedly.

“F-finally, Her Majesty was violated! Her young slit was pierced... by a lustful man's... gigantic club-like dick... no, it was destroyed!!”

I wonder what she's talking about.

“T-take it out immediately! Call for a doctor! We have to treat Her Majesty's hole right away! Aah, oh God, I pray that Her Majesty's hole returns to its pristine conditions and that inexcusable lecherous man's dick be torn off!”

Monica prays up to the bathroom ceiling as tears stream down her face.
She must have mistakenly interpreted this position where Celestina is sitting on my lap as me having penetrated her.
Hahaha, of course I would never do that.

I slowly rise up from the tub and show her that I haven't entered Celestina.
Look, it hasn't even gotten hard.
Oh no, Celestina is at just the right height for my dick to rest perfectly on her head.

"Something soft and big is on my head~"

Normally, Monica would scream as soon as she saw something like that, but she didn't have time for that now.
She's muttering something as if trying to persuade herself.

"There's no blood... which means it didn't go in...? Thank goodness, Her Majesty's membrane is... still safe..."

After confirming I didn't insert my dick into Celestina, Monica breathed long sighs of relief and slumps limply, although there is now a different problem.
She may be wearing bathing attire, but a young female is laying exhausted at my feet in the bathroom.
This is practically an indirect declaration of intent to be fucked.

"Celestina, I'll be making love with Monica soon... do you want to watch how we make babies?"

"Yup! Monica also loves brother, so I would certainly like to see the two of you create a child."

"Eh? Eh? Please wait! Making a baby is-... I still need to remain at Her Majesty's side!"

"It'll be fine, why would I keep you at a distance after Monica gets pregnant with brother's child? We'll remain together after this too."

"That's how it is. Celestina, undo that string over there. Undo this as well and expose only her crotch."

"S-stop it, I can't move after my hips gave out from being relieved! I said you can't!"

Aaah, it's getting bigger and bigger! There's no way something like that will ever fit inside..."

"This place of yours isn't saying no though. Look Celestina, isn't it dripping with juice as if saying that it craves a man?"

"You're right... Monica's juices are overflowing."

"Don't look, Your Majesty! And also, don't put anything inside, Hardlett-sama! T-thick... aaaaaaaah!! So tiiiiiiiiight!!"

After that, I gave Monica what her body desired, inserting my cock into her vagina, giving her plenty of loving, and finally pouring a huge load of semen straight into her womb.

Celestina watched the entire thing with great interest.

"Taking a bath with brother and Monica is the best~"

"We still have to talk about trade and various topics tomorrow. Celestina will be here for a while, right? During that time, we'll take baths together every day."

"Uuu, if I get filled with seed everyday for two weeks... I'll definitely get pregnant..."

I treat the smiling Celestina with tender love and care while Monica cries.

But I know.

In the final moment before I ejaculated, her thighs gently wrapped themselves around my hips as if the girl was instinctively seeking for my semen and looking to bear my child.

To comply with her desires, I'll need to ensure she gets pregnant during the two weeks Celestina plans to stay here.

-Third Person POV-

Night, Goldonia Capital – Military Affairs Commissioner's Office: Erich

"This is the information from the Royal Institution."

The secretary hands Erich the documents regarding the Royal Institution. Being the Commissioner of Military Affairs, he was second only to the King and is constantly busy with managing everything related to the military. His workload from everyday life and professional duties is enormous enough, yet he had to spare some energy to deal with the battle for influence with the opposing Minister of Domestic Affairs, Marquess Kenneth Baldwin.

Under such circumstances, he couldn't visit the school frequently enough, despite it gradually becoming an important existence. That's why he not only had the principal report to him daily, he also had his subordinates do independent investigations, documenting and confirming the school's current situation.

"Fumu, this month's dropout numbers... have gotten a lot worse."

While Erich wrinkles his brow, he didn't make a great fuss. The primary objective of the school is to raise military commanders and the nurturing of domestic affairs official was ultimately secondary.

With harsh classes and exercises crammed into the curriculum, a certain number of dropouts was forecasted. Many people dropped out after enrolling into the school with half-hearted determination and later running away or retired after causing an accident during training carelessly. Some people have also died, although it is rare.

Thus, it was within expectations that there would be a number of dropouts every month, and it wouldn't be surprising if there were more than that. However doubt appears on Erich's face as he examines the detailed information.

"The dropouts from the commander prospect team... there are a lot of them, but it's understandable. But why are there so many from the domestic affairs team?"

The lessons taken by the prospective domestic affairs officials are mainly classroom lectures and by no means considered harsh training. In the previous year before the class became larger, only one person dropped out and that was due to illness.

"On top of that, many of them are hoping to re-enroll next year... what is this, re-

enrolling to get Hardlett's recommendation letter? This seems to be the case for a few people from the commander team too... if they want to re-enroll, then what is the cause for their dropout?"

Erich's voice naturally got louder.

The secretary heard him and looked down slightly before sighing.

"Verdile, I believe you to be an excellent secretary. Explain to me what happened!"

"Understood... the reason they dropped out, well strictly speaking not a single one of them are male. They're all females."

After he heard that, Erich could pretty much understand everything. Beads of sweat drip down from his forehead and veins start to bulge out due to his anger.

"The reason the girls are dropping out is because they got pregnant. I believe all of them got pregnant around the same time, and when their stomach started to noticeably get bigger, they found it hard to attend class and live in the dorms."

"....."

Erich collapses on his desk and doesn't say a word.

"Almost all of them are looking to re-enroll after they've given birth. The reason is unknown for the girls who already possess Lord Hardlett's recommendation letter. I believe the Military Affairs Commissioner should question them directly."

The Commissioner slowly raises himself up from the desk and speaks in a quiet yet impactful voice.

"That's right... this is my fault. It was my mistake to throw a sex beast into a place with young women."

Erich takes out his stationary and starts penning a letter to Rafen with a trembling hand, repeatedly rewriting any messy characters.

"I have one more piece of information."

"...what is it?"

“Two lecturers also expressed their desire to temporarily be relieved of their duties. The reason is... pregnancy.”

The expensive-looking pen snapped and the ink spilled everywhere. Erich chucks the broken pen and the messed up paper in the wastebasket, then stands up violently enough to flip his chair over.

“What does my schedule look like from now?”

“Tomorrow, you have a lunch meeting with Count Horoom, and a ball held by Lord Mindo at night, the day after you have to inspect the training of the 10th corps...”

“Cancel all of it! Send a representative to apologize to Horoom and Mindo. If any unforeseen circumstances occur, you deal with it and write a report after the fact.”

Erich throws off his house coat and puts on an easy-to-move-in military uniform.

“Understood. And just to confirm, where will you be going?”

“Rafen of course! I can’t calm down until I yell at that sex maniac!!”

Erich kicks the ass of his attendant, who carelessly fell asleep as the night wore on, and ordered him to get the carriage ready.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 161,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 10 000 gold (Tax Revenue +12 000) (Grand Banquet -1500) (Small Gifts to Servants -300)

Autumn Income and Expenditures

Income

Mine Tax: 45 000 gold

Trade Tax: 30 000 gold

Total Income: 75 000 gold

(Wheat tax is payment in kind, not converted into money)

Expenses

Mansion Maintenance: 3500 gold

Security Maintenance: 4500 gold

Army Wages: 40 000 gold

Military Facilities and Other Miscellaneous Expenses: 5000 gold

Paid Labor: 10 000 gold

(Also includes temporary laborers for aqueduct)

Total Expenses: 63 000 gold

Net Income: +12 000 gold

Chapter 202

Unfortunate People

-Aegir POV-

When the banquet finished, the nobles took a souvenir item with them and returned home.

Several nobles took the time to curiously tour around the developed city of Rafen, but those who remained are nobles, who have their own territory, and their vassal nobles, who probably have to check on the harvest or tax of their own domains. They likely won't stay for too long.

The only ones who are staying for a longer period are Celestina and her party who have been invited from the Kingdom of Malt.

Unfortunately, Celestina isn't an important enough person who would cause trouble for the Kingdom's work with her absence.

"You can really hear it all through the night... I'm sure there is no ill intent but I can't sleep like this."

I wake up and stretch before opening the window.

The city of Rafen is still filled with great noise from the hustle and bustle even when it's about the time when the sun rises.

The nobles finished their party after one night, but the citizens aren't finished with their festival yet.

The harvest festival is one of the larger festivals that happen periodically and with the fact that the harvest this year is more plentiful than last year, the citizens are livelier than usual.

This commotion will probably continue in more or less all the villages and cities within my territory.

I tilt over the jug of water to fill up my glass, but there was nothing left inside. As I was thinking of calling a maid, I look beside me and decide against it.

“Nnyuu... brother... carry... me...”

Beside me on the right, Celestina is rolled up into almost a ball and is sleeping soundly. She stayed up late last night watching the lights from the festival through the window. Since she's still a kid, I should let her sleep for a while longer.

“A... ah... Hardlett-sama... with something as thick as an arm... I-I'll die... aahhuu”

Beside me on the left, Monica is sleeping soundly with her legs spread apart. Yesterday after Celestina fell asleep, I made love to her while muffling her moans. If we took too long, the petite Queen might wake up, so we had a short but intense session.

Celestina grumbled and insisted on sleeping with me no matter what, so Monica said she would watch over her to make sure she doesn't get violated by me. However it seems that she was the one who enjoyed herself instead.

She didn't tell me to stop even when I was about to ejaculate inside her without the use of any contraceptive.

I filled her stomach to the brim during our lovemaking in the bath and in bed.

She might have resigned herself to the fact that getting pregnant was unavoidable.

“Uuuuun...” “Monicaa...”

When Celestina and Monica get closer to each other, the two of them hug each other quite naturally, making them appear to be sisters who get along really well. It should be fine to let them remain asleep.

“Good morning. Aegir-sama.”

I simply throw a robe on my shoulders and leave the room only to see Celia waiting for me.

Your work is appreciated, so early in the morning.

“Wah, your cock is sticking out! Aegir-sama's is big so it can be seen if you don't close up the front properly!”

Celia blushes and quickly ties up the front of my clothes.

Sorry for causing you trouble, it gets big in the morning after all.

Seeing the cute Celia in the morning really cheers me up.

Although, I would really feel lucky to be born a man if the other girls get jealous and start fighting to greet me like this.

“Leopolt-san is calling for you. He wants you to head over to the office after you wake up.”

“...it’s all messed up.”

The girls flocking towards me in my dreams have all turned into Leopolt.

“Can’t he at least wait until after I have breakfast?”

“The servants have been cleaning up until dawn... if you want, I can get them to prepare a quick meal.”

“No, nevermind.”

I can’t just decide to wake up early for today and then slam the table, asking whether the food is ready.

Let’s just get the annoying stuff out of the way first.

“Besides, it might not all be bad things.”

I rub Celia’s head with both hands, messing up her styled hair and making her scream a little as a result.

“Has there been a single time when I was summoned by Leopolt where I smiled at what was said?”

“.....”

Celia silently fixes her hair.

There, see?

Office

“Hello there...”

“It was good news.”

I came into the office feeling gloomy but I saw Rebecca sitting inside... she’s an honorary Baron who I heard got promoted to Head Information Officer.

“Nice of you to come!”

As I moved in to hug and kiss her, a hand was thrust out at me in resistance.

“What are you doing all of a sudden!?”

“Aegir-sama~~ Please stop-”

If even Celia is pulling me back, then I guess I have no choice.

“Haa, haa... such a womanizer as usual, aren’t you... I don’t know what you find attractive about a stocky woman like me.”

“You have a tight ass which is quite nice to touch. It’s so bouncy and springy and I can’t get enough of it.”

As she said herself, Rebecca’s body isn’t too curvaceous and I can’t really distinguish her boobs with her clothes on.

She has a nice face and most of all, her strong-willed attitude plus the shrewdness she shows me occasionally, is irresistible.

One day, I’ll pin her down and make her moan.

“We aren’t getting anywhere, so I’ll explain. In the early morning of today, the security unit specially assigned to guard the transportation of the harvest tax sighted a suspicious person, who claimed to be a Goldonian noble when arrested, and was then brought here.”

“Captured again... I believe the same thing happened to me if I remember correctly.”

Rebecca awkwardly averts her eyes.

Her face is slightly red, so it means she's embarrassed about it after all.

Rebecca and I are cooperating in various ways for our mutual benefit.

The girl with a strong desire to move up in the world is using the information I provide her to prove her competence to the King.

In that way, I'm also able to know how much the Kingdom understands my circumstances and I can keep them from knowing the secrets I want to remain hidden. If there was information she needed, I showed her, so she doesn't have to sneak around.

"I-I'm an information officer of the Kingdom, not some idiot who readily brings you information all the time."

Rebecca and I just cooperate with each other, we don't share the same destiny or anything.

It isn't strange for her to use her relationship with me to sniff around for anything that could give her an advantage.

Or perhaps she was told to investigate the amount of harvest which will become the tax to the Kingdom and ensure I'm not leaving anything out.

"Uuuu... it was outside of expectations for the guards to go outside the city walls. No wonder the road was so safe."

They don't fall under the jurisdiction of Myla and her security unit.

Since they can move relatively freely, it was certainly possible for them to go quite a distance outside the city and meet the transport party if they knew important cargo was scheduled to arrive.

If they had information about a suspicious individual, they would even search the outskirts to find them.

"Excuse me for being rude, but I don't believe you are suited to being a spy."

"...I am aware. I am more inclined to overseeing and managing than actually doing on-site operations."

She has indeed proven herself to be capable of handling information.

It might really be better to let other people run around and gather the information.

“So, what do you want to investigate? It might be something I can help answer.”

“Firstly, the incident regarding Orthodox Magrado and the arrest of the main culprit Maximilian. Just the other day, the execution took place and His Majesty sends his abundant praises for Lord Hardlett’s loyalty and accomplishments. I believe the official statements and rewards will be sent by the Commissioner of Government Affairs, but I just wanted to let you know in advance.”

If that was the case, then just say it outright, I thought your main objective had something to do with the transportation of grain because you were looking at that.

“Next is... regarding the current state of affairs of this year’s harvest.”

Celia makes an unhappy face, while I smile and look at the thighs coming out of Rebecca’s short pants.

Leopolt’s expression doesn’t change, remaining as neutral as ever.

“A rough estimate should have been put together and sent to you ahead of time, was it not?”

I had Adolph put everything together, thinking that if she knew understood the harvest situation for the land up to the remote southern regions, her standing as information officer would also rise.

Naturally, I would be getting compensation.

“Yes, but I need to confirm whether the estimate matches the current situation or not.”

How sad... don’t you trust me?

After all we’ve been through together, I would have liked it if you believed in me more, and you could have worn thinner clothes too.

In actual fact, the amount was adjusted down slightly from the estimate listed in the document Adolph handed me before it was sent, but the number was ultimately a rough approximation and there might have been fluctuations or miscounts.

“As expected, it’s impossible to aggregate all the tax right after you ask me to. There are still some in transit from faraway villages as well.”

“Well, that’s... -I guess you’re right...”

That's a lie.

The arrangements Adolph had composed for the tax collection was extremely detailed and the total amount of harvest as well as the amount required to be sent as tax were determined and calculated as soon as the harvest was completed.

If there was even one less bag, he would know immediately, meaning the village chief could not deceive him and the tax collector couldn't steal anything as it was being transported.

"...Understood. I will trust you this time."

Rebecca didn't press the issue any further, then glares at me when she catches me looking at her thighs.

She must have moved around vigorously during the small trouble with the security unit, my gaze was just naturally drawn to her sweaty thighs.

"Ahem! Well, I also just intended to come to Rafen and only look around before going back. Now, His Majesty won't take any excuses so I will be staying here for some time. This is of course just on paper, while I'm investigating behind the scenes, so please make sure no other nobles meet up with me."

"You are welcome to. Please stay as long as you like."

Rebecca's face softens slightly but tenses up immediately after.

"I will be staying at an inn in the city... I won't hand over my body so easily."

With our relationship, you could at least let me put the tip in.

Rebecca breathes out a sigh and drinks a prepared glass of water.

"As for the compensation, if you have some information you desire, I will answer everything I am able to."

In that case, I have something I wanted to ask for a while now.

"When you masturbate-" "Lady Blaze, do you have an accurate grasp of the situation in the Federation?"

That stupid Leopolt interrupted me as I asked my precious question. Rebecca didn't suspect anything and answered him instead. How unreasonable.

"...if you're asking this question, I'm guessing you already know about it? Well, it's not something which can be hidden after all. Unfortunately, our information network does not reach all the way to the west of the Federation either. Thus our information comes from analysing the stories from the merchants and making a decision of whether what they're saying is true or false... and it seems like the Garland Empire has already advanced a large army up to the western plains. The Olga Federation has also begun to unite the army of their vassal states to establish the Federation's army and are preparing for a large war nearby... is what I hear."

What Leopolt asked about was the war between the Federation and the Empire. This information is already flying around among the merchants and isn't anything shocking.

That is way out of the reach of our information network, so he must have thought Rebecca, who is the chief of the engine of the Kingdom's information, would know other pertinent news.

"Do you know anything about their numbers?"

"This is the information from the merchants after all... we are also prioritizing the southern nations or the disturbing secret messages written in our country. We don't have the personnel to monitor until the ends of the earth or the money to pay for that information. We just know that they want to breakthrough the national borders of the Federation. They certainly should have at least hundreds of thousands."

We didn't learn anything new.

Leopolt didn't look like he had much expectations either and took a seat after saying "is that so".

I can tell, his eyes are ones which have lost interest.

"For the time being, trade with the Federation won't be reduced directly. It looks like the price is going up slowly but I'm not a merchant. It's outside my area of expertise."

So it means for the time being, the effect on Goldonia would be small.

Merchants and prices are outside my specialty as well, so I'll call Adolph over.

“The situation is fluctuating, but if I were to state my personal opinion, wouldn’t the current state of affairs continue while the two nations fight each other in the buffer zone, the western plains?”

Leopolt just nods slightly.

He must be thinking that what was said was only her opinion and not anything concrete, so isn’t worth listening to at all.

What an idiot, if he listens carefully, the chance to be intimate with her may be created.

I’m sure... she would answer my question regarding her masturbation.

Oh well, it’s not too important but I’ll ask about that.

“Perhaps you may know about him. Mo-... mon-... moneyless... 1”“Count Monashi.”“Right, do you know the nobles close to him?”

Celia follows up without any delay.

Sorry, I have trouble remembering the names of men.

Those three unfortunate nobles don’t seem important no matter how I look at it, and it’s not highly classified information or anything.

“Count Monashi? Now that you bring it up, he is a noble with domain which borders the west side of Lord Hardlett’s territory, right? Close you say?”

Rebecca’s eyes narrow a tiny bit.

She must not have much information about the relationship between him and I.

“I have no clue, even his name doesn’t ring a bell.”

Rebecca’s narrowed eyes return to normal.

“...Is that so? The Monashi household was a Baron family who served in the government of the Kingdom for generations, but was later granted Count standing and land for the many achievements earned during the repeated wars.”

Being promoted from Baron to Count is a huge leap, though I’ve never heard of his name.

“His merits were not as spectacular as Lord Hardlett’s or Commissioner Radhalde’s. The policy for distributing both peerage and vast territory in the difficult-to-see

remote regions is more directed at individuals who are mediocre yet loyal rather than those who are exceedingly competent and ambitious.”

“His Majesty may have a few tendencies, but I thought he would appoint those he can use to a proper post.”

“Unlike Lord Hardlett, he had a troublesome territory and the remote area he was in wasn’t on national borders. Honestly speaking, it wouldn’t have made a huge difference who did it.”

That’s a terrible way to put it.

“We got a little off topic. But regarding Count Monashi, he proceeded to enthusiastically develop his territory after receiving the large area. Since he was a bureaucrat, he had experience in domestic affairs and he wasn’t an ignorant man, but...”

He doesn’t look like someone who has succeeded.

“He was unfortunate.”

“Unfortunate? What the heck, so he’s just like how he appears!”

I unconsciously revert to using my usual tone.

“When he cleared the forest to conduct the construction of the road, he ran into an Orc’s nest and everything turned into a catastrophe.”

“That’s quite unfortunate...”

Adolph, who I called over, lets out an amazed voice as soon as he shows up in the office. I also let out a strange sound.

“On the day after the completion of the bridge he paid a huge sum of money to build and which spans two large cities separated by a river, there was a heavy rainfall that only occurs once every few decades that caused a flash flood and flushed it away.”

“Aah... how horrible.”

Even Celia sounds like she feels sorry for him.

“He tried to cultivate dry land and dug into a well, but poisonous water gushed out and all the crops ended up withering...”

“That’s enough.”

If I hear anymore, his bad luck might rub off on me.

“Luck is important after all... knowledge won’t help you when it comes to things like weather.”

I agree with Adolph, there are some things in this world you can’t do anything about. Rebecca smiles bitterly and opens up a notebook.

“Regarding his two followers, Viscount Binbo and Baron Gokhin, they were both bestowed adjacent land at the same time. For some reason or another, the three households were greatly impressed with each other and a small faction centering around Count Monashi was established.”

“They hardly had influence or popularity in the capital though.” – She added later.

“The remaining two are nobles who were in the military, individuals who were promoted due to their achievements in battle... they both have similarly bad luck like Count Monashi, although they don’t have the knowledge or experience to manage their territories so it feels more like they reaped what they sowed.”

Celia, hide behind me.

The misfortune will come flying this way, Adolph and Leopolt, act as our shields.

“Viscount Binbo is a small feudal lord with a relatively large city of 3000 citizens in the center of his territory. In the beginning, it seems he was financially stable and so he lightened taxes and continuously donated to charity.”

“It may seem like he’s a benevolent ruler, but his money will quickly run out.”

Adolph spits out the comment.

“That’s exactly what happened. After repeatedly piling up debts with the merchants, he finally said enough is enough and hastily switched to heavy taxes in an attempt to get back into the black.”

Of course Adolph let out a grim voice.

“Going from light taxes to heavy taxes so quickly... it might be just a simple increase in taxes, but the shock to the citizens is huge. The total income of the citizens remains the same, yet he chose the worst option which only earned him the people’s antipathy. The basic principle when it comes to changing tax is to lower it all at once but raise it gradually.”

Let’s say their tax goes from 10 to 5 and then to 15.

The people are earning the same income during the change so it will seem like their tax suddenly increased three times more than before.

“And then, naturally?”

“Most of the merchants and wealthy individuals ran away, leaving behind people he could no longer take taxes from. Farming villages and cities started declining, crops wouldn’t sell and there was a huge fuss, leaving him no choice but to live a life of begging for money.”

I don’t want to say it’s his own fault since other kinds of misfortune happened to him too.

“Baron Gokhin was even more miserable.”

“I’m getting depressed just listening to it.”

“Despite being a Baron, his territory wasn’t all that large, and it seemed like he didn’t have much luxury to begin with... however he discovered good and fertile land, perfect for farming.”

Heeh, good for him.

“And so the kind-hearted Baron had his citizens move from the poor land so they could till that fertile land.”

“W-wait a minute. Migrating there, so in other words-...”

Adolph looks like he couldn’t believe what he just heard.

“It is just like I said, the people were chased out of their former village and were made to live on that fertile land.”

“He made them abandon the village they’ve lived in for many generations?”

“Yes, I guess he couldn’t bare to watch his citizens struggle on the inadequate land and wished better for them.”

Outrageous, there’s a limit to how much of an idiot a person can be.
It doesn’t sound like luck had anything to do with this guy’s misfortune.

“Even so, the people built a village and fields. They literally struggled on the verge of death. It seemed like the Baron went to support them as well, but-...”

“He must have gotten stares filled with killing intent even though he believed he did something good.”

Well, this story just sounds like one of an idiot feudal lord and his hard-working people... but I’m sure there’s a punchline which hasn’t been mentioned yet, no?

“Just before the summer of this year, there was a flood that completely-...”

“I thought as much.”

In the end, the migrated citizens fled all at once to neighboring territories, leaving the completely flooded bountiful land and the empty, desolated land of their former village.

“Now, the Baron struggles just to find something to eat, and there are rumors that his son is working abroad while hiding his status. Anyhow, it seems like both Viscount Binbo and Baron Gokhin have many kids... each of them having more than 10.”

Wow, they worked pretty hard.
Maybe I should raise my evaluation of them a little bit.

“Still, you seem to know quite a bit about some small nobles of such a remote region.”

With such limited personnel and funds, why did she investigate into them in such detail?

“It’s because they were suspected at one time. They frequently asked nobles and influential people from the capital as well as the areas around their own territories, so it was thought they were assembling conspirators...”

“And so, eventually?”

“When it was discovered they were running around asking for loans, I canceled the investigation.”

Fumu, they might be fools, but this trio seems pretty harmless.

The reason they were so desperate at the banquet must be because they wanted to borrow money.

Looks like I didn’t have to pay them any special attention.

“Lady Blaze, may I ask something too?”

“What is it?”

Adolph calls out to Rebecca.

It’s already a given that she’s going to become my woman, so anything besides work is off-limits, you hear.

“What does the harvest look like for all of Goldonia this autumn?”

“Hmm...”

Rebecca’s expression stiffens.

It doesn’t seem she can speak about that as easy as she did with what she had said up till now.

After casting her eyes down for a while and tapping the desk, she exhaled.

“I cannot say anything exact. I can only say that, as a whole, it isn’t good.”

She turns her eyes away, not wanting to say anything more.

“I’m really sorry for all these questions so early in the morning. Please take it easy. If you like, please stay with me in my bedroom...”

“No thanks, I will find an accommodation on my own.”

Rebecca stands up indifferently.

I glance over at Adolph and signal him with my eyes, then hand her a stack of documents.

He's shaking his head in resignation but this is my decision.

She answered our questions sincerely.

It would break my heart to deceive her and it definitely won't benefit my future relationship with her.

“And this is?”

“The estimated amount of harvest sent to you was slightly out of date. The domestic affairs official has just brought in the latest information. It was a more abundant harvest than expected.”

Rebecca stares straight into my eyes.

She must be trying to find the hidden meaning behind handing her the real information.

“...I will take this incremental difference as my weapon.”

“Yes, do as you wish.”

It's better to capture her heart more than to save just a little bit of tax.

If I win her over enough to influence our fate like I did with Claire, we wouldn't need to go through this weird probing of each other's real intentions all the time.

And then her tiny unshapely body will inevitably become mine.

Adolph was unhappy that the false ledger he created went to waste, but he understood the meaning of winning the woman over, so he didn't complain. Leopolt also gave a slight nod of approval.

Celia didn't seem to like how I looked at Rebecca's body like I was licking her all over and naturally got irritated.

“Well, I guess my work here is done.”

I wanted her to have breakfast with me, but Rebecca got ready to go home after finishing her job.

“I don’t want to be seen entering and leaving your mansion so openly. Let me leave discreetly through the back door.”

“Alright.”

That’s convenient for me too.

I nonchalantly wrapped my arm around her waist to escort her while she follows obediently, making sure my hand doesn’t reach for her ass.

I want to make this body mine, but I can’t rush it.

There were opportunities for me in the past to take her by force.

But I ultimately want to melt her heart and take the virginity she protected for 23 years consensually.

“Um, we’re at the exit already. I can leave on my own from here.”

Looks like I led her out the back door and into the courtyard by accident.

“Then, a parting gift...”

“Fine, fine.”

The fed up Rebecca pecks her lips against mine, but I hug her and twist my tongue into her mouth for a deeper kiss.

“Nnnnnh—!! Nnm—!! Eei!”

“Guh...”

I wanted to give her a lovely farewell, but she bit my tongue and kneed me in the crotch.

This is all after I acted so sincerely with her too.

“This and that are different things! If it’s a light kiss then... I don’t mind, but you’d better watch your manners if you do anything more. People may be watching in a public place like this. Besides, if you get too intense, I-...”

“You will get your pants wet?”

Rebecca sends me a sharp glare.

“That’s right! Are you telling me to look for an inn while trying to hide my soaking wet pants?”

“I apologize... so don’t get so upset, I just wanted you so badly that I couldn’t see anything but you.”

When I lowered my head and apologized, Rebecca looked surprised.

“I’m sure the other nobles can’t even imagine seeing Lord Hardlett bow to someone like me. The impression people have of you in the capital are so amazing from the rumors I hear after all.”

That’s because Rebecca is a woman and I’m aiming for her.
It wouldn’t be the same if you were a guy.

“I am your ally, so feel free to rely on me in times of need.”

“And in return you’ll pull me into bed, which is why I’ll try not to rely on you so much.”

I smile and exchange a light kiss with her this time.

I was wondering what kind of unpleasant business I’d have to deal with when Leopolt called me, but I’m feeling quite refreshed to start the morning.
It’s looking to be a good day today.

I was not wrong with that premonition.

After partaking in a late breakfast, Miti runs joyfully to me as I was lounging around in the living room.

“A letter arrived from Mother Dorothea.”

She carefully opens the letter which arrived from the capital.

Alma and Kroll are like Dorothea’s children too so they come running to read it together.

I thought Kroll and Alma were sticking close together, but they quickly separate.

How strange, I knew Alma seemed strange recently, but Kroll is also awkwardly pulling himself away.

Did something happen between them... well, it doesn't matter.

"Pete hasn't wet the bed for a month, it said~"

"It looks like a lot of seeds were taken from the sunflowers in the garden this year."

"Moko can independently operate a vegetable stand now, huh... he's weak-willed, so I wonder if he'll be okay."

There is a gap between Kroll and Alma, but the three of them are chatting excitedly as they read the letter with smiles on their faces.

Only those that grew up with them might understand what they're talking about, so it's probably better if I stay out of it and take a nap.

The letter probably didn't just contain the current state of affairs of the kids in the capital but also caring words towards Miti and the others.

They were clamoring noisily in one moment, then tearing up and sniffing the next. It might be nice to occasionally tell them to go to the capital and do some chores.

The three of them finished reading the letter and closed the paper carefully before coming over to me.

"It looks like this part is addressed to Master."

"From Dorothea to me?"

I wonder if it has to do with repairing some place in the mansion or running low on money for food.

Normally, it would be fine just to tell Sebastian, but the upright girl openly tells everything to me too.

When I look at the contents, a smile appears on my face.

"Umm, if it isn't too much of a bother, could you let us know what it says?"

She must have guessed it wasn't anything serious after looking at my face. She's right, it wasn't anything bad.

“It seems Dorothea is pregnant with my child. It looks like her stomach is already quite big. Fufufu, I got a woman who is over 40 years old pregnant.”

“Heeh, so mother is pregnant.”

Miti and Alma smile.

But neither of them made a move.

“What’s wrong, you stopped moving all of a sudden.”

““”“

I try calling out to them but they don’t react, standing still with a smile on their faces. The silence continued for a while...

““Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh!!?”“

The screams of two girls resound in my head.

Although I wouldn’t have minded if they were moans instead.

“What’s the matter!?”

Look, you made Celia rush over.

“M-mother has gotten pregnant!? Why? Master’s child!?”

“You planted your seed in mother!? She’s already 44 years old...”

Miti and Alma grab me at the same time.

“Well, that’s because I’m a man and Dorothea’s a woman. When we get intimate, my dick goes in her and semen shoots out. That’s how children are made.”

“That’s not what I mean!! What are you doing!!?”

“Mother is carrying such a big load in her stomach by herself in the capital... this is serious!”

I lose to the pressure of the two girls and fall over on the sofa.

Celia must have guessed what was in the letter and watches on in astonishment.

“...to put your dick inside... haha, you gotta get it hard. You can't call yourself a man if you can't...”

Now that I think about it, Kroll has been quiet all this time.
Even now, he's mumbling something

“In any case, this is serious! Alma, call Melissa-san over here!”

It seems like it's become a big deal now.

If she conceived my child, then I would help her as much as I can, I don't think it's as big a deal as they make it out to be.

“I think it's because Aegir-sama is sowing his seed everywhere. It's actually... quite a big deal.”

“Is that so?”

“That's how it is.”

I pet Celia's head while waiting for the inevitable wave of women to come crashing into me at any time now.

In the meantime, Kroll sinks to the floor and gazes downward.

“For me, something like creating a child is already-... no, I can't even satisfy a woman. Alma's also been treating me coldly lately because she found out that I'm useless now...”

So I guess a lot of things happened in places I'm unaware of.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 161,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 10 000 gold

Sexual Partners: 209, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 203

Marriage Troubles Once Again

-Aegir POV-

“How horrible of you! Getting mama pregnant and leaving her by herself like this! Mama is certainly feeling troubled right now.”

Miti stands imposingly in front of me and berates me.

Melissa and Alma, who are quite close to Dorothea, support Miti and also sends cold gazes at me.

The only one willing to defend me is the cute Celia.

The other girls are surrounding us and observing.

“Umumu... I actually didn't realize until this letter arrived.”

“But you slept with Mama, didn't you? Master should already know that going around pouring your thick seed in whoever you please will create babies!”

My dick twitches in response when Miti praises my seed for being thick, but right now I have to restrain myself.

Nevertheless, she said it was fine if she got pregnant, so it didn't matter if my seed was thick or not, Dorothea definitely didn't shake her head.

It will make things worse if I give any kind of excuse though so I'll remain quiet.

“Mama will have to take care of the children with a large belly... Mama is already past 40 years old!! She's definitely enduring all the hardships and trying her best not to inconvenience Master!”

The normally docile Miti is frantically snapping at me.

Well, I'm also worried about Dorothea after hearing about what happened.

“But if Dorothea-san said so sooner, Aegir-sama would have helped for sure, isn't it a mistake for her to accept the child yet stay silent about it?”

Celia provides supporting fire, but Miti, despite being afraid of Celia, retaliates with tears in her eyes.

“Master should know what Mama’s personality is like! She doesn’t want to cause Master any trouble so she endured until there was nothing else she could do on her own! I’m sure she’s more worried than ever after getting pregnant at such an unsuitable age.”

“Ahem!”

Mel clears her throat to interrupt the agitated Miti.

Her expression didn’t change much but quite a few wrinkles appeared on her forehead.

Maybe talking about the right age or the inappropriate age was a bit too much.

If Miti continued on that subject, something terrifying might have happened to her.

“In any case, we need to send some people to help Dorothea in the capital. I’ll pay the servants extra and let someone go.”

“Ah wait, I’ll go.”

The one who raised their hand was Melissa.

Woah now, even though I brought you here with me from the capital, you’re going to leave me again?

“I owe Dorothea-san for taking care of me in many ways. I also think Dorothea-san and the kids would feel uneasy if it was someone they aren’t familiar with.”

“I guess that’s true...”

Melissa is a valuable woman who keeps everything at peace when she’s with us, plus she’s popular and highly respected amongst the other females.

Catherine and Maria especially rely on her to take care of their lower halves.

“If Aegir-san really doesn’t want me to go, then I won’t... but I actually also want to create a place to help out any troubled kids here in Rafen too. I’ve been talking with Dorothea-san about different things, so could you grant me this request?”

“Hmmm.”

It can't be helped if you say that much.

Rafen has already become a large city with 25 000 people.

Things like parents dying, kids being abandoned and disappearing, and orphans being born all happen at roughly a fixed rate.

Adolph suggested to create an orphanage to provide them the bare minimum and keep them from starving to death, but the place was surrounded in a rather gloomy atmosphere compared to the one Dorothea's managing.

So I guess you need to do more than giving these parentless kids food to eat and a bed to sleep on.

"You'll continue to be my woman?"

"Of course. I am Aegir-san's woman."

Then that's fine.

If Melissa will become an even better woman, like Dorothea who is filled with love and affection, then it's worth letting her leave to the capital for a while.

"No way, Melissaaa..." "Ma'am¹..."

Maria, and for some reason, the maids also look on in worry.

Looks like Melissa also lent them a hand too.

"It might be tough if you go alone though, you'll need at least one more person. Maybe Kroll can provide some muscle, or maybe it would be better if Miti or Alma went to act as an older sister."

Alma exclaimed unenthusiastically at Kroll.

"Does Kroll want to go?"

"I'm worried about Mother Dorothea... but I also have people here that I gotta protect."

"Kay, that's perfect. Then I'll go with Melissa-san."

"Eh? Alma...?"

There seems to be a rather deep ditch created in their relationship.

However, helping Dorothea comes first right now.
It might be better to let Miti go along as well if Alma is going.

“Then how about Miti? It might be for half a year, but you’ll be going back to your home after such a long absence.”

She would definitely want to be by Dorothea’s side when she gets weak and Dorothea will also be happy if she sees Miti again.

But the one who responded was Melissa.

“She can’t. Miti is engaged to Aegir-san so it isn’t good for her to be separated. If a weird rumor spreads, then it’ll affect Miti’s standing, you know.”

Hm?

“Engaged?”

I automatically spit my thoughts out.

“Eh...? Don’t tell me... you... forgot...”

Miti staggers and then sits down on the spot.
Not good, I screwed up.

“A-Aegir-san!!”

After hearing Miti’s pitiful squeaking, Melissa once again raises her voice angrily.
Too much time passed since I agreed to make her my betrothed so I forgot by mistake.
Ever since making her my woman, I intended to love her regardless of whether she was a concubine or a lover, so I didn’t really pay attention to that stuff.

But I guess it mattered a lot to Miti.
Tears start welling up in her quickly blinking eyes.

“U... uue... uuwaaaaaaaaaahh—n!!”
“Aegir-san, you idiot!!”

Miti cries out and Melissa curses at me.

“You’re horrible!” “Miti was looking forward to it.” “She desperately learned about ‘that’ at night too...” “My neck... it hurts.”

I receive a storm of booing from the other girls, and even Celia and Leah look at me in astonishment.

...Casie is gradually becoming more visible.

I hastily hug the girl, who rampages in my arms unbelievably more than usual.

“I’m sorry! I forgot accidentally.”

“Waaaaaaaahn! So you don’t care about me! Fine, then I’ll go back home! I’ll go back to where Mama is!”

I’ve done it now, it doesn’t look like I can soothe her easily.

I want to relocate to a different place, but if I take her to my room now, it might harden her heart unnecessarily.

It’s best if I resolve it here.

“Let me go, let me gooo-!”

“Let’s talk about it first.”

I carry Miti and sit her on the sofa, then bring my face close to her so we can chat.

“I really value you, Miti.”

“Lies! If you really treasured me, you wouldn’t forget your promise to make me your bride! You just wanted my body so you just said anything you could to please me, didn’t you!”

“Of course I want your body too. But I don’t only want that... I want all of you, Miti.”

Miti turns red for a brief moment, but quickly raises her voice again.

“Then why did you forget something so important like the promise to marry me...”

I hug her close to my chest and rub the top of her head to discourage her from

continuing.

She often gets more and more agitated from her own angry yelling after all.

“Marriage isn’t the most important, right? The most important thing is love!”

She bites me right as I say that... but I can’t stop now.

“To me, the most important thing is my love for you, it doesn’t matter if you’re my wife or my lover. Miti is my precious, precious woman.”

Her grip on me loosens just a little bit.

“I lay my hands on women all the time, right?”

Since I’m hugging her, I can’t see Miti’s face, but I can tell she’s nodding.

“I am sheltering several dozen women right now.”

She bites me again. That’s my nipple, so please don’t.

“That’s why I can’t say I’ll only look at you. However... I will always look after you forever. I won’t betray you.”

“You just said whatever is convenient for you...”

That’s right, but this is what happens when I speak without hiding anything.

“I’m probably thick-headed and inattentive. That’s why if you’re unhappy, speak up and I’ll make it better.”

“You won’t... throw me away? You won’t forget about me?”

Miti’s last words are filled with emotion.

Because she’s an orphan, her fear of being abandoned is greater than a regular person. However, she doesn’t have to worry about any of that now that she’s with me.

“What are you saying, I won’t abandon any of my women. I won’t let you go until you say you want to leave.”

“...I won't say anything like that.”

Miti finally lifts her head up.

Her face looks like a mess after crying, but no more tears are falling.

She's calmed down a little bit.

Now, I can finally whisper words of love to her.

“That night at the lake when you said you would marry me, I was extremely happy, and I loved Master more and more ever since that day... and in my heart, it felt like I was becoming more and more like a wife... that's how I felt.”

In my eyes, all of you girls are my beloved women, whether you're a concubine or a lover.

But marriage and being engaged must have a tremendous amount of meaning to Miti. I should have known she was like that from way back, but I guess I must have underestimated a woman's love a little bit.

“I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I forgot even though Miti was thinking about me in such a way, please forgive me.”

I lift her chin slightly and give her lips a light peck.

She didn't resist.

“You're a horrible person to shelter all those girls... you're so horrible... but I can't stop loving you.”

Miti once again buries her face in my chest, and this time she doesn't bite me.

Now I'll capture her heart completely.

“Miti, I know it might not be enough to apologize, so tell me if you have anything you want me to do. Anything is fine, whether you want to bite me or make love to you passionately. You can ask for jewels or gold handiwork too.”

I hug her tighter than before, so much so that Miti's delicate body would feel the slight pain.

“I recommend the intense lovemaking session. You'll feel so good you won't be able to tell whether it's day or night.”

Miti tries to hold back laughter.
There's her smile... everything is fine now.

"So in the end, it all leads to sex, you're such a pervert, Master."

Miti jokes and lightly hits my chest.

"You won't forget anymore, right? This is as important to me as the familial bonds with my mom and my siblings."

"I understand. But instead of not forgetting, I have a better way to remember."

I hold the tiny Miti sideways and lift her up, declaring before everyone.

"Tomorrow morning, I will announce our marriage in front of the citizens."

Fortunately, the harvest festival is still continuing.
If I announce the news in the central plaza, pretty much everybody will hear it.

""""Eeeeeeeeeeeh!!""""

Miti wasn't the only one taken aback, Celia and Nonna were flipping out too.
Casie's face was becoming quite frightening, but her expression made a complete turn around after hearing my sudden statement and she's in a panic unsure of what to do now.

In the end, there was an imaginary line which split her face in half, where one side had a smile and the other side was in the middle of turning into a vengeful spirit.
It's kind of disturbing, so pick one or the other.

"N-no way, tomorrow is too sudden! Before, you said I would be your wife once I got pregnant..."

"The sooner the better. Or do you not want to. Should I have said a later date?"

"Ah... that's... haauuu..."

"Be my wife, Miti."

I bring my face close to her while carrying her.
However, I don't kiss her. I wait for her response.

"Aaaaah... I- I..."

Shaken after my sudden words, Miti's eyes slowly melted and welled up with tears different from earlier.
Her heart has completely fallen.

"I will be Master's... wife. I will give you everything."

She presses her lips against mine as soon as she finished speaking.
All the girls around us cheer and shout.

"You were arguing in the beginning too, how did it become like this? As expected of Aegir I guess."

Turning emergency situations into opportunities is a man's weapon, Carla.

"If getting pregnant is the condition to get married, then it's only a matter of time. She's gone ahead of Kuu and Ruu now. If only they would not run away and squeeze it in between their legs... and then it would be nice if they got pregnant quickly."

It looks like Mel wants Kuu and Ruu to bear my children too.
When that happens, she would be called a grandma, so wouldn't she get angry?

"If it's Miti, I don't mind. But after becoming a concubine, I'll have to pound you with the manners and etiquette necessary to be one!"

Nonna cuts in.
Don't be so hard on her though.

"Sis... how nice, if only I fell in love with such a lovely and dependable person..."
"A-Alma?"

None of the girls express their disapproval.
The kind and diligent Miti is loved by everyone.
There shouldn't be anyone who would complain...

““Please wait!!”“

The door slams open.

“Maria? Catherine?”

I thought they were in the room all this time, but they disappeared before I even realized, Maria returning with her son Claude in her arms while Catherine pulls along Rose and Antonio in each hand

““You didn’t forget, did you!?”“

Of course not, so wait a second, it feels like I’ll remember really soon.

““You promised to marry us too!!”“

The encroaching women push me to the floor.

Then, the two of them speak in a feeble voice.

“Claude... you see, papa here, he said he wouldn’t become your papa. Sorry, only mama will be with you now.”

“Rose, Antonio, listen carefully. Your mother will be going through some tough times now... I may be looked down upon by a concubine who’s younger than me. Even so, I won’t hold it against your father. He has something in mind... he isn’t inhumane enough to leave your mother and you precious babies alone just because he simply forgot.”

They make sidelong glances at me as they speak dramatically.

The children must also realize their mothers’ intents and are probably fake crying.

“Alright, I’ll make you two my wives!”

It might be false tears, but it is still shameful for a man to make his own woman cry in front of him.

I don’t care how many of you there are, bring it on.

I grab both Catherine and Maria and hug them tightly.

Miti stares blankly but eventually gets pulled in too.

This is good, tomorrow I'll make all three of them my wives.
Now, take my hand.

"As I thought, Master is too lustful—!!"

Sorry Miti, being a womanizer is engraved into my soul.
There's nothing I can do about it.

"Thanks for everything... and I'm sorry for betraying you."

"...it's nothing really... you didn't betray me at all."

"I will not forget the days you embraced me. However... I'll become that person's wife.
Thanks for taking care of me."

"...right, I said it's fine, forget about it."

When everything calmed down, Catherine and Maria start prostrating and apologizing in tears.

All of it was directed at...

"Hurry up and lift your heads already, actually why are you apologizing to me anyways, I don't get it... help me out here Aegir-san."

"Hahaha, so Melissa did a good job with the dildo."

Melissa holds her head.

Oh yeah, we were initially talking about sending Melissa to the capital to help Dorothea.

How did things turn out this way?

And thus, it was decided that Melissa will be going to the capital to help out until after Dorothea recovers from giving birth, accompanied by Alma as well.

I ordered Kroll to go even though he babbled something about protecting 'them'... but Alma coldly replied "Don't need him".

What really happened between the two of you?

A naked couple enters the bedroom, one of which is me, the master of the house, and the other is the wife-to-be Miti.

I wrap my arm around the waist of the girl who tensed up a little bit and guide her to the bed as if escorting her to a ball.

“You don’t have to be nervous, this is what we always do, isn’t it?”

I didn’t sleep with Miti just ten or twenty times.

I know every corner of her body like the back of my hand and there aren’t many places on her body I haven’t put my mouth on.

“Uuu, facing each other like this again formally, I just-... Master is- nmu!”

I push a finger against Miti’s lips.

“Miti will become my wife tomorrow. I don’t have a strange fetish to be called Master or anything.”

“...then how should I address you?”

“You can use my name, can’t you?”

Miti hesitates and then mutters timidly.

“A- Ae-Aegir... -san.....”

“What is it, Miti?”

“Uwaaaaah!! This is impossible! I can’t explain it, but it’s just impossible!!”

Miti buries her face in the bed cover, exposing her cute little ass and genitals.

“If it’s hard to say, then I guess it’s fine to do as you’ve always done. First I’ll make your body my wife.”

“Fueeh!?”

I pounce on the futon in front of me... in other words, I push up against Miti whose ass

is pointed at me.

Careful not to lean my entire weight on her, I get on top and rest my dick on her ass.

“I’ve always said it, but I’m saying it again. It’s way too big, it’s already like a thick log when it’s still soft.”

“Fufufu, it’ll continue to get bigger and bigger.”

I rock my hips back and forth, rubbing against Miti’s ass, and my dick gradually gets bigger in size.

With our bodies stuck together and my growing cock, Miti’s body starts to heat up.

“It’s big... it’s really big... I remember now. This huge cock forcefully violated me and robbed me of my virginity.”

“I was drunk back then. Sorry... I’ve just been constantly apologizing to you, Miti.”

“That’s certainly the case. When I become your wife, I’m going to act selfishly and make up for all of it.”

Miti smiles, I know she’s kind-hearted by nature so she’s really just joking when she says she’ll act selfishly.

It’s about time we made love now.

“Ah, let me do it first.”

Miti stops me from pinning her face up and brings her head in between my legs.

I was going to be the one to spoil her tonight, but if she wants to do it, I’ll gladly accept her offer.

“Here I go. Nnmo...”

She gets on all fours and grabs my dick with both hands, sucking on the tip almost as if she’s cleaning it up.

I’ll leave her to it, make love to it.

“Nnn.”

Once she roughly got the entire tip wet, Miti lowers herself to my balls and slowly

works her way up again.

It seemed like she was just licking at first, but she flicks her tongue carefully around every nook and cranny, giving me this gentle and comforting stimulation.

As the tip expands, she provides further stimulation on my frenulum, focusing on the edge then dragging her tongue along the tip.

“Nngh!”

“Oooh...”

She sucks intensely for a brief moment as soon as her mouth reaches the tip, making me let out a groan.

My dick reacts and pulses once.

“Miti, you’ve gotten better. I thought you were going to suck the juices right out of my dick.”

I brush her hair softly while praising her and she smiles happily.

The way she uses her tongue is similar to Melissa, however the way she sucks and bites lightly is similar to Rita.

She may have learned from both of them.

Miti repeats her actions several more times, eventually swallowing me deeper when she notices me starting to tense up.

She must be trying to get me to ejaculate in her mouth.

“Hey now, I want my first shot of thick semen to go in here.”

I push Miti over and hold her down face up.

“You’re right. After becoming a wife...”

“Yeah, let’s make lots of babies.”

I rain kisses on her lips then to her neck, then work my way from her shoulder to her breasts, all the while Miti writhes with an embarrassed yet somewhat happy look on her face.

She’s already 18, an age where her body should be fully developed as a woman, but

rather than being delicate and beautiful, it's more appropriate to call her body cute or adorable.

Proceeding to caress her crotch as well, I grab her thighs and pull them apart.

"Aaah! T-this is embarrassing!"

When her legs get spread, Miti covers her face with her hands and shakes her head repeatedly.

If you do that, it makes me not want to do it anymore.

"This is to repay you for earlier. I'll lick you all over from your vagina to your ass, so prepare yourself."

"Hieeh... it's dirty... aaah! Nnkyaah!"

I enjoy Miti's pleasing screams as I suck on her pussy and ass.

Of course I don't forget to rub her thighs and knead her clitoris.

The fellatio she performed on me earlier was wonderful, so I have to return the favor and get her just as turned on.

"Haa... haa..."

I made Miti cum about three times with my tongue and now she's laying down, feeling a little exhausted.

It goes without saying her crotch is soaking wet.

Now I should be able to put my overly huge dick inside rather easily.

"Do you have a preferred position?"

"If I can see your face... then anything is fine..."

"Sure, then how about this?"

I bring my body up half way and stand on my knees, then hold Miti's waist up.

Her lightweight body was easily picked up and after adjusting the position of her hole to match with my dick, I let go of her body so my shaft slowly slides into her.

"Aaggh! Guuuuuh!!"

The thorough pleasuring of her vagina should have loosened her up, but it actually must have gotten me aroused and just as hard and big as usual.
Her hole stretches and she lets out a strained cry.

“Bear with it a little, the thickest part is going in.”

“Guuh... k-kiss... kiss me!”

Granting her wish, I kiss her passionately while her body continues to slide down, until her hole finally envelopes my thick tip and lets me feel the rubbing from the grooves of her inner walls as well as the sensation of reaching her deepest parts.

“Nnh... it’s inside you.”

“Aaauuuuu...”

Miti wraps her arms around me.

Every part of this cute young girl belongs to me now.

When I think about it like that, my dick swells up even more.

“S-so tight... and thicccck...”

“It’ll be fine, I might cum soon because of your blowjob. I can already... feel the semen welling up in my balls. It won’t be long until it explodes out.”

I pump my hips in the seated position while grabbing Miti’s breasts and sucking her neck.

I hate to admit it, but my pre-cum is gradually overflowing into her insides.

I’m pretty sure my thick seed will be released not too long from now.

“Ah, ah, aaaaaah—!!”

Unable to hold it any longer, I thrust with more vigor than before.

However I can’t cum before my new wife.

It might just be pride, but I should let Miti climax first.

“Miti, lick my finger.”

I extend my index finger in front of Miti’s face.

“Like this?”

She imagines the finger as my cock and thoroughly swirls her tongue around it, getting the digit wet with her saliva.

That’s good.

I redirect the finger behind her... and put it up against her asshole.

“Don’t tell me!!”

She realized a little too late.

The lubricated finger pushes into her asshole which was loosened from the pleasure she’s currently feeling.

“Hiiiiiiiiiih–!! My ass.”

Her reflexive scream was not an indication of pleasure, but because I’m pushing into her ass while my dick is still inside her vagina, it allows me to rub her weak point better.

Before her scream could end, her body already starts to contract from reaching a true climax.

“C-cumming! I’m cumming! Master as well... cum with me too!”

“Yeah, I’ll cum together with you. But before that...”

I bring Miti’s head close and whisper as gently as possible.

“Miti will be mine tomorrow. And right now, your womb and the eggs in there already belong to me. Close your eyes and imagine it, picture my seed flowing into your womb.”

“Your seed... my eggs... getting pregnant... a baby...”

My words remind Miti about a bunch of different things as she remains on the verge of orgasm and then she trembles once before hugging me tightly.

Following that, she lets out a sharp yet short scream.

“—!!”

“You came, didn’t you.”

She can’t respond anymore.

Miti’s looking silently at an empty space, panting long and hard, saliva dripping from her mouth.

But the death-grip from her pussy and ass tell me the truth of her climax.

“I will too... hmmp!”

I pull back until I’m almost entirely out of her hole before slamming it all the way back in.

At the same time, my cock twitches and the hot, thick semen gushes into Miti’s tight canals.

“Aaaaah...”

My ejaculation acted as Miti’s final trigger that made Miti completely lose strength and collapse.

But I don’t stop cumming.

I had yet to ejaculate today before this moment and Miti also provided such dedicated foreplay.

In my experience, those factors will add up to extend my ejaculation for roughly five minutes.

Miti’s hole is narrow and tight, with no gaps in between her walls and my rod.

My seed will definitely pool in her baby room and inflate her stomach to make her look pregnant.

“We’ll sleep like this today to let the seed enter your womb by tomorrow. And then you’ll get pregnant.”

“Yes... Master... I will bear your child. Master’s children...”

We change positions to cowgirl, but because Miti doesn’t have the strength to remain upright, she lays on top of me.

Miti must have fallen asleep or became unconscious while listening to the sound of my semen shooting out from my dick and into her vagina. After my ejaculation ended, I also fall asleep with the sensation of her pregnant-like stomach on me.

The Next Morning, Early in the Morning

“A letter from Clara has arrived.”

Leopolt and the others gather with me in the office to read her letter, and while I normally would read it alone in my room while laying around, I can't do so because of recent circumstances.

To us, this letter is one of the only sources of information from the Federation.

Currently at this moment, Sebastian is the one making preparations, even though I should be preparing to announce to all the citizens of my intentions to make Miti, Maria, and Catherine my concubines.

But then this urgent letter came from the Malordol household in the morning.

Celia looks on nervously, Leopolt has a sharp look different from his usual uncaring expression, Adolph brings stacks of documents so he's ready to analyze whatever news he hears, and Tristan is nodding off.

I don't mind, so go ahead and kick him Celia.

The words pop out as soon as the letter was opened, and despite it being another person's problem, a voice filled with mixed feelings leaks out.

“...what does it say?”

I hand Celia the letter.

She gives it a glance and ends up with a similarly complicated look on her face, answering the silent pressure from Leopolt and Adolph.

“The Olga Federation has united with their vassals' armies, formed an army of close to 1 million soldiers and sortied to the western plains. There, they clashed with the army of the Garland Empire.”

Celia takes in a deep breath.

“The Federation was defeated in the engagement at the western plains. They completely retreated from the western plains and are trying to reorganize their army within their own territory... The Olga Federation has lost.”

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 162,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000². Lintbloom: 4000.

Family: Nonna (the beautiful Nonna), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Miti (concubine), Maria (concubine), Catherine (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magical girl)

Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital), Melissa (lover, leaving for the capital), Alma (leaving for the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (jealous adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (impotent), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby

Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)

Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)

Claire & Laurie (compiling a plan), Schwartz (lewd horse), Lilian (actress)

Mother – Marceline; Daughters – Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie (taken into custody)

Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 10 000 gold

Sexual Partners: 209, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 204

Battle of the Western Plains

-Third Person POV-

Late Summer, Central Region of the Western Plains

The western plains continue to experience sweltering hot weather and depending on the day also an unpleasant level of humidity, however, the strong wind blowing from the sea made it slightly more bearable today.

This was especially true for the soldiers standing under the blazing sun in their iron armor, who thought the breeze was like an angel's breath.

"So they're finally here..."

The name of the man who muttered softly was Ivan Galchenko, the Supreme Commander of the Federation Army gathered here.

He is slightly above the age of 50 and the white hairs in his head are especially prominent.

However, his overflowing spirit¹ from just sitting quietly is not one belonging to a typical elderly man who is tired of living.

This veteran soldier radiated a dignified air one level above all the other sharp and able-bodied men lined up around him.

"Sir! The fools have come."

The western plains spread out before his eyes and the entirety of the squirming Garland Empire Army comes into view as he gazes upon the unobstructed horizon.

"I assume the preparations to intercept are complete?"

"Of course, Commander Galchenko Your Excellency. The troops under you have already made preparations to fight a defensive battle."

"Umu... they're very well-trained."

The Federation army is under direct control of the Royal Government and is mostly composed of the soldiers from the armies of State Governments and nobles around the district, with the exception the elites guarding the capital.

Normally, just gathering the armies of the vassals would not make for a decent military force.

However, the State forces and the vassals' armies were formed under the assumption that they would fight and train together as the Federation's army during wartimes in the first place.

The army is fundamentally different from a simple mishmash of soldiers.

"A force of 800 000... but from what I can see, the enemy's forces are even larger."

The 800 000 of the Federation army has set up camp in the center of the western plains filled with nothing but grasslands, but the enemy marching slowly towards them appears to be even greater in number.

"According to the reports from our spies, it seems they have mobilized more than 2 million this time."

As expected, even Galchenko sighs at that fact.

"They gathered all 2 million in one place at the same time... how foolish."

"Those guys from Garland are just violent savages. We can't understand them using our senses."

In war, there are times where number is more important than quality.
But, that has its limits too.

If you can secure infinite food and water, medicine and a hygienic toilet, then an army of 2 million will be able to exhibit unrivalled strength.

But in reality such a thing is impossible, maintaining the 800 000 the Federation gathered here plus each of the flanking parties of 100 000... totalling 1 million, requires the mobilization of a large number of carriages and laborers to prepare a mountain of stockpiled supplies.

"Even more so when they're the invading army and the attacking side, there's no way

they can stockpile their supplies.”

“Normally it would be standard practice to divide an army numbering in the tens of thousands into several field armies.”

Galchenko’s men also have enough talent to lead their own armies.

That’s why they did not excessively fear an army who would throw away supplies like it was nothing.

“It may be somewhat troubling though if they spread out and advance from the west to the east of the western plains.”

It’s because the Imperial army is approaching as a single group that Galchenko concentrated his army in one place.

If the advancing army scatters, there will be more of them running around and the possibility that some of them might seep through the cracks is annoying.

“However, regardless of the numbers, it may be just the pressure that’s overwhelming us, and in that case, we just have to work together with those around us while falling back gradually. The plains are also spread out behind us, it’s not like we’re blocked by a wall.”

If order is maintained while retreating, the one who would exhaust themselves first is without a doubt the Empire’s side.

The issue with numbers, the issue with supplies, each of those are in the Federation’s favor.

“We also have a sea route for transportation after all.”

“Umu, I may be an amateur at naval warfare but the Empire’s fleet only consists of large boats and their tactics are practically like a pirate’s.”

Because the Empire also conducted surprise attacks during the war with them last time, it might be temporarily disadvantageous for the Federation on land.

To turn that around, a victory in naval warfare is needed, but unlike the land battles where you could manage to win just by gathering numbers, in a battle of fleets, the skill of the crewmembers and the well thought out tactics are the most important.

Although, only having size just makes the ships nothing more than a target.

The Empire's ships sunk to the sea floor while still packed with the soldiers and supplies and then the Empire was defeated even on land shortly after.

"Because of that, those guys in the navy have been getting a big head in recent years. This time, let's rout them on land."

"I agree, unlike last time, we're prepared..."

Galchenko turns around and one of his subordinates speaks out after saluting neatly.

"Stationary large cannons totalling 80, field cannons totalling 500 per corps, both have been installed completely without complication."

"Fumu... good."

Up until now, cannons could only, outside of certain circumstances, be used in siege battles but they are now being lined up for a large scale field battle.

Galchenko is the first to advocate and realize the range and destructive power of the cannons is sufficient for use on the field.

Which is why most of the cannons the Federation held in possession have been gathered here.

"I really wanted to gather double the amount though. But the navy ended up taking some of them."

"It can't be helped. Most of those in White City are stubbornly sticking to using cannons either in sieges or in naval warfare."

Galchenko snorts.

"Seriously, they're even more stubborn than me at 50 plus years old... their heads could actually be used as the shells for our cannons."

Laughter leaks out from all of those in the headquarters.

The enemy has great numbers, yet not a single one of them were feeling pessimistic. The army of the Federation, matchless in the entire continent, has a total strength of 1 million and is being led by the great veteran general. Why would they have any reason to feel anxious or scared?

Eventually, the distance between the two armies closed and the soldiers began to hurry back and forth even more within their respective camps.

The march of the Imperial army also got visibly slower.

With each side busy changing of formations, it was only a matter of time before the armies transitioned into attack.

Galchenko draws the sword at his hip and declares casually.

“Gentlemen, it’s time for war. Let’s kick the heads of these savage Empire wolves and set fire to their tails.”

“““Oooh!”“““

The Imperial army makes a move.

The soldiers in the vertical formation split off and arrange themselves in a single file horizontal line.

You couldn’t call those movements beautiful even if it was just flattery, as the army becomes like a clump of people and advances while everybody squirms restlessly.

Nevertheless, the spread out horizontal line consisted of roughly 200 000 men and their footsteps made the earth where the archers could not shoot at from long range rumble.

The mysterious thing was that there were no archers nor cavalry in sight.

All the soldiers were wrapped in a grey armor and they were moving forward as if they were being chased by something.

The Federation army quickly responds by forming a horizontal line of their own.

Unlike the opposite side, the Federation army was orderly without a single arrow out of place even upon close inspection, and one would be able to judge the army’s superior skill and command in an instant.

“Hmmm...”

Yet Galchenko seemed troubled.

“Your Excellency, that is... they’re also...”

“So these savage people are surprisingly like regular people too?”

Behind the Imperial army's horizontal formation, cannons which appear to be suitable for field battles, can be seen being pulled on wagons.

However, Galchenko's staff officers do not lose confidence.

"No need to worry. The Empire's technology is inferior to ours, so the range and accuracy of our cannons should be superior. Let's crush them with our cannons before we get into range of the enemy."

"From what I can see, they only have roughly 100 of them, while we also have large stationary cannons on our side. If it becomes a shoot-out, the winner will be determined immediately."

As if scared of those words, the Empire's cannons stopped moving. Those around Galchenko couldn't hold back their laughter.

"Hahaha, it's just like with their navy. They copied the structure but the interior is nonexistent. At that range, they'll only shoot their own allies."

"It looks like their cannons are for saluting and celebratory purposes."

The atmosphere in the headquarters relaxes at the sight of such shabby tactics. Galchenko himself also nods in agreement, saying how there was no way they would lose to people as foolish as this.

However that atmosphere did not last for very long.

Right when the cannoneers of the Federation were about to make preparations, the Imperial army let out a collective battle cry.

"The enemy... they're charging! They're doing an all-out charge! The entire line is coming at us!!"

"Ridiculous! They're sending their infantry forward all of a sudden!?"

There was no formation to be found anywhere as the enemy soldiers scatter and rush forward while shouting.

The 200 000 weren't advancing in an orderly fashion but rather in a frenzied state.

"Are they some savage tribe!? Eeei, don't let them rattle you, we have no intentions of following their pace! Shoot them as soon as they enter your range! Archers and cannoneers, get your preparations in order!"

The Federation soldiers were slightly in shock but quickly regained their composure. And then the cannoneers held their flame-lit sticks to their respective barrels.

“...Fire!”

There was a tremendous echo of booming sounds. It was loud enough to drown out the shouts and sounds of footsteps and even induce screams from the Federation side.

A few moments later, it all changed into agonizing dying cries. The rain of iron balls mercilessly crush the Imperial soldiers into clumps of meat.

The ones who were hit directly were blown to pieces, while the ones who were showered with the shrapnel and debris were torn to shreds. A few hundred people died without even knowing they died, and several times more people died after suffering extreme pain. It was literally like hell on earth.

“How terrifying... who would have thought a single volley from all the cannons would deal this much damage...”

“What’s regrettable is that we couldn’t show this to those blockheads in White City, or they might have cracked.”

There was a stillness after the cannons fired as this scene of destruction was being processed, which could break the morale of more soldiers than the number of casualties.

The war cries from the Imperial army were silenced and the soldiers started to turn back one after the other.

What they found was the group of Imperial army cannons which stopped before the frontlines.

““““U... uooooooooh—!!”“““

“Impossible! Are they barbarians... no, have they gone insane!?”

The Imperial army resumed their charge. They advanced forward, trampling over the remains of their allies.

“The interval between shots for the cannoneers is long, archers should fire away ceaselessly. Spearmen, stay in defensive formation!”

In the blink of an eye, the sky was filled with arrows.

The cannons which were already prepared were also shot and a similar hellish scene was born.

The archers of the Imperial archers who could return fire didn't have cavalry to quickly close the distance and so they were defeated one-sidedly.

The battlefield was turned into a scene from hell with only the corpses of the Imperial soldiers lining the ground, but still their legs don't let up.

They continue shouting and charging earnestly, trying their hardest to close the distance.

“...Your Excellency, the enemy appears to be concentrating its forces on the 10 000 men of our third corps in front.”

“Doing something so abnormal... it makes them just like a beast, no!?”

The Federation is 800 000 strong, but they won't do something as foolish as lining all their units in a line.

Only two corps consisting of 200 000 are deployed in the front and it looks like the enemy is focusing its attacks to one side.

It seems a bit premature from the Empire's viewpoint of this standoff to break formation in order to be rescued.

In the past, the Empire never fought in a way which respected their soldiers' lives, rather they would often bulldoze their way by taking full advantage of numerical superiority.

Despite that, they still wouldn't fight in such an outrageous way though.

“In any case, it doesn't change what we have to do. We will use our cannons and arrows to confound them. Right now, they're just excited by the moment. Once they suffer a few casualties, they should return to their senses... when that happens, the number of fleeing soldiers should increase.”

Galchenko speaks powerfully as if trying to persuade himself.

At the same time, the clank from the clashing of metal echoed out.

Both armies finally collided with each other.

In the beginning of the fierce fighting, the strange pressure coming from the middle pushed into the left and right wings of the Federation.

“The enemy is just trying to push through. Pull back while fending them off!”

Even so, the on-site commanders of the Federation don’t panic.

The Federation army maintains their order while counterattacking the Imperial soldiers who swing their weapons around madly.

“Third company retreat! Bowgun squad, shoot through the gaps! Second archer unit, use high-angle fire to disrupt the enemy rearguard.”

“Second company, stand your ground and don’t let the formation crumble!”

The Imperial soldiers push forward like a flood while the Federation army obstructs the path like a giant boulder.

After retreating to a certain extent, the momentum let up and eventually they stopped moving.

“Move forward! They don’t have shields or armor!”

Compared to the beautiful yet functional armor of the Federation, the Imperial army soldiers mainly wore shabby chainmail and some among those even wore dirty leather armor.

The Imperial soldiers wielded a wide range of weapons from swords to maces, but most of them didn’t have shields.

“Treat this like driving barbarians away! Thrust!”

The spearmen were able to realign themselves despite the confusion and then push the tips of their weapons outward altogether.

“Waah!” “Gyaah!”

The sharp spearheads hit in places besides the face and the gaps in their armor, but the crude armor could not completely block the attack and Imperial soldiers start falling over one after the other.

The frightened enemy soldiers pull back after seeing the forest of spears jut out in front of them, only to get picked off mercilessly by bowgun bolts.

“Close the distance! Unless you make it a close-combat fight, your swords won’t reach them!”

Obedying the commanding shouts of the Imperial commanders, the soldiers reduce the gap between them and the Federation army, but defenses have already been erected. Before the Imperial soldiers could reach their desired destination, bowguns and spears take them out, and furthermore, a completely armed heavy infantry walled off their paths.

“Damnit! Take this, bastard!”

“First Corps Heavy Infantry, advance! Push back the enemy.”

The attacks of the Imperial troops could not get past the armor or the hardened defenses of the Federation’s heavy infantry.

On the other hand, the Federation ignores the shabby equipment of the Imperial soldiers and successively defeat soldier after soldier using spears, swords and bowguns.

Nearly ten Imperial soldiers were defeated for every Federation soldier defeated. The flow of battle has completely changed from what it started off as and now the Federation is fighting with an advantage in all fronts.

“Stay calm! The enemy is just shouting for show. There’s no need to fear!”

““Ooooooh–!!”“

This time, battle cries were raised from the Federation side and the soldiers on the right wing start mounting a furious counterattack.

Now that the initial impact from the Empire side is gone, the Federation comes out on top in terms of skill level and equipment quality.

Even the Empire’s numerical advantage was wasted when many soldiers were kept idle after their battle ranks become clumped into a ball, making the actual number of soldiers fighting the same amount as the Federation.

The left wing of the Empire could not hold the Federation off any longer and began to

be pushed back, eventually returning even further behind the point where the two sides initially collided.

Both the central part and right wing were shaken and retreated while keeping pace with the left.

“Hmph, war is not something you can win if you act rashly. Cavalry squad, detour around them. Archers, don’t let the enemy rearguard rest and continue shooting.”

Galchenko was watching the state of battle and sensed the destruction of this enemy to be quite soon.

Once the legs of a charging wild boar are stopped, there is no way it could win against a lion.

The detouring cavalry eventually made their way around to threaten the enemy flank and with that, the Empire army’s fate was sealed.

“The enemy’s left wing has collapsed!!”

A lookout from the top of a watchtower screamed.

The right wing, or the Empire’s left wing, was the side which pushed the most, so it was expected that the Empire would collapse there and the soldiers would start fleeing.

In this situation, tearing off one wing meant the collapse of the entire division.

A portion of the frontline troops have already transitioned into chasing after the stragglers.

“Pursue them! We should at least ensure the destruction of their vanguard!”

A Federation soldier makes a deep slash in the back of an escaping Imperial soldier.

“Kyaaaaaah!!”

“What the-!?”

The soldier froze instinctively after hearing the high-pitched squeal.

When the Imperial soldier fell to the ground with a hand against their bloodied back, a darkish skin and black hair was revealed underneath their loosened helmet.

“A woman, huh... gugh!”

A sword was thrust into the side of the standing soldier, and he joined the fallen woman on the ground, collapsing motionlessly beside her.

“There are still guys holding their ground! Run them down!”

The left wing of the Empire completely collapsed and were gradually scattering in different directions.

And then, a thunderous sound erupted.

It was the unmistakable sound of cannon fire.

“Impossible! Who’s the idiot who fired a cannon during this melee!!”

One of the staff officers yell loudly.

It was no longer a situation suitable for cannons now that both ally and enemy are engaged in close-combat fighting.

The lookout makes a report to deny their first assumption.

“It’s the enemy... the enemy cannoneers... the enemy cannoneers on the left wing...?”

“Huh? An accidental misfiring!?”

“Considering this enemy, that’s possible...?”

However, the lookout replies differently.

“That’s not it! The Imperial army is... shooting at their allies... at their fleeing allies!”

“No way... shooting... their allies...?”

Galchenko and his staff officers were rendered speechless.

They could not follow the logic behind intentionally firing at friendlies.

“The enemy, the left wing... the fleeing has stopped. They’re heading towards us once again.”

Galchenko shakes his head as if he couldn’t believe what was happening.

It wasn’t a look of confusion which appeared on his face, but rather a look of anger, coming from the pride he has as a veteran soldier who protected his country for many

years.

Allies were allies even if they were just privates. He understood there were times where tactics required the use of sacrificial pawns and he also understood there were times where soldiers fought knowing they would be annihilated.

But he never once intentionally shot at his own allies.

For a soldier, that is an absolute taboo.

“So this is why their cannons didn’t come out in the beginning... so they were aiming at their own allies from the start!?”

The right wing of the Federation army thought it had won already but had to take the full force of the revived momentum from the crazed charge and started retreating again.

“Movement spotted in the enemy headquarters! A new squadron is deploying... their equipment and formation are different!”

Galchenko hops on his horse and shouts.

“That squad just now was a sacrificial pawn! The enemy’s main army is coming, don’t lose to these fiendish tactics, you hear!! Show them the pride of the Federation!”

His cry extended to all the soldiers and cleared them of any confusion and bewilderment.

The reserve squadron of the main army of the Federation was deployed in preparation for the new enemy.

The battle is about to reach its climax.

Garland Imperial Army, Headquarters

“The 200 000 slave soldiers are slowly being pushing back.”

Zaphnes watches the complexion of the man kneeling in front of him and laughs after hearing the report.

“So it seems. I didn’t think the military slaves would be able to defeat them anyways.”

Seeing a slight feeling of relief wash over his subordinate's face, he gave out a grand order which matched his large body.

"Have the slave soldiers continue attacking! Make them fight until the last man falls over!"

Military slaves is the name of the soldiers who were drafted from Empire's subjects. However, they weren't just the Empire's subjects, since those who remain under the control of the Empire are considered subjects and will be treated as human as long as they listen obediently.

The drafted soldiers would make up an army under the Empire's subject army and accept being used by the national army, but they also get the chance to earn rewards or promotions depending on their achievements in battle.

The military slaves are the ones who resisted against the Empire until the very end, the fate of those who wielded power and were crushed.

They would make up an army without any specific formation or composition, relying only on numbers to fight the enemy.

Naturally, it would result in tremendous casualties, but that didn't matter at all.

They weren't considered soldiers. Rather, they existed as sacrificial pawns to be thrown at the enemy.

Of course, they aren't allowed to just fight, a squad of barrier troops dispatched from the country or made up of the Empire's subjects would stand in the rear, keeping a watchful eye and attacking if any slaves who disobeyed orders or tried to escape.

"You slaves. Think of this as an opportunity for you lowlifes and your families to become human!"

The slaves were treated harshly and forced to live a hard life by the ruling class during wartimes and peaceful times.

The heavy taxes and poor land conditions could not compare to the Empire's subjects and the high-handed treatment by the guards and feudal lords were also tolerated.

The only way to free oneself from that position was to become a military slave, fight, and survive.

The slave soldiers were treated as sacrificial pawns but after fighting and surviving two battles, the person in question and their family will be treated as regular subjects of the Empire.

However, if they ran away or revolted, their entire family would be massacred or sold as slaves where even greater misfortunes await them.

The roars of the cannons resound and the slave soldiers who were fleeing once again rushed towards the Federation's battle lines.

Zaphnes looked down from the tall watchtower and nodded, seemingly satisfied with what he saw.

"Umu, those Federation guys are preoccupied with the slave soldiers."

"Chief Commander, but the overall battle has pretty much been decided. They won't hold out for longer than half an hour."

"I know that. How are the squads sent to the sea and mountains doing?"

"It looks like the Federation also dispatched squads. They're each engaging the enemy and the victor has not been determined yet."

Zaphnes grins slightly and exhales.

"I'm sure it won't be simple to defeat them. The Federation is tough when they're on the defensive, so it looks like our only option is to breakthrough the middle."

"Then-..."

"Yeah, wait until the slave soldiers are on the verge of being wiped out, then deploy the second to sixth army corps. Order Steshina's seventh army corps to assist and attack as the opportunity arises... the Federation's cannons are more powerful than ours, bring the battle to a close-combat fight immediately."

With just that one command, Zaphnes was able to make close to 1 million soldiers squirm around and change formation.

These soldiers are wearing impressive armor and polished weapons and shields... their equipments are completely different to those of the military slaves, in other words this is the true Imperial army.

"Adjutant... it's about time. The expansion of the subjects is a fixed match with a predetermined outcome... it's time to fight for real now."

Everything was meant for this very moment, from the humiliating retreat earlier to this army's continued reinforcement on the Emperor's orders. Their once inferior skill is higher and their equipment are in order. Ruling over some small countries was just some extra entertainment, everything was aimed at shooting down the Olga Federation.

"Yes, when we win this battle and then mount an attack on White City, the name of Your Excellency the great Zaphnes will be carved into history."

"When that happens, I'll speak of the excellent adjutant in my autobiography."

Zaphnes laughs, then glares at the enemy camp.

The battle has spread from end to end across the horizon.

Being the Supreme Commander, this is the most he can do in terms of leading, all that's left is to rely on the various generals to complete their duties.

"Fufufu, with that said though, it's not like the outcome of battle has any significance... right, Sekrit?"

Zaphnes mumbles the name of his comrade while looking to the west where the sea is.

Federation Army

A large part of the 200 000 military slaves were taken out so the rest completely collapsed, unable to function as a proper unit. Right when the Federation soldiers were about to raise shouts of joy, the sight of five army corps, roughly one million in number, entered all of their eyes.

Even so, the soldiers did not show their agitation of having to enter another battle after just winning one, only focusing on rearranging their battle ranks.

"Their lines are immaculate. They are in lockstep as well. These guys are completely different from the ones we just fought!"

"So these are the rumored slave soldiers... don't think these next opponents are together with the others, they're tough!"

The large cannons slowly change their angle of fire.

“So they’re putting cavalry against us, they must want to rush in before we can get off a decent shot.”

“We showed them our cannons earlier after all.”

Galchenko sighs, realizing the first group sent to fight them was just to test the waters. But the cannons have not lost their value yet.

The cannoneers were given the order to fire freely, so the large cannons blew smoke and fire every time the command was given, sending the heavy iron balls at the enemy. The archers also followed suit and rained their arrows at the enemy.

After several dozen shots made mincemeat of human and horse, the Imperial army’s formation opened up.

The cavalry instantly disperse in a wide area to minimize the damage done by the cannons.

“...So we can’t expect them to be foolhardy. They came up with a solid plan.”

With the enemy spread out so much, the cannons won’t be as effective.

In fact, with cavalry as vanguards, they will probably make contact with the ally vanguards before two or three shots can be fired.

“But... we already knew this would happen.”

Galchenko, his adjutant, and the staff officers in the headquarters all grinned.

The point where all their eyes met were at the fiercely firing stationary cannons and the yet-to-fire 500 field cannons, despite the target being in range, glaring at the enemy.

“The enemy is approaching!”

“Fufufu, the generals are quite aware as well. As expected of the Federation’s commanders.”

Garland’s cavalry increases their speed further.

The deployed cavalry shouldn’t be able to breakthrough the Federation’s defensive formation.

But if they get close and the battle turns into a melee, the cannons won't be able to get a clear shot.

That's when the infantry will push forward and use numbers to overwhelm.

"Chargeeee—!!"

Eventually, Garland's cavalry draw their swords, making the final charge while shouting.

"Fire!!"

At the last possible moment, the Federation's field cannons fired at extremely close range.

It was practically right when the tip of the enemy's noses were touching, a distance where you would think a cannon is almost useless.

But what occurred was a windstorm of death. The Imperial cavalry exploded, spraying blood and guts of both horse and rider everywhere before falling to the ground.

What came out of the field cannons was not an iron ball.

Packed inside the barrel of the cannon were countless small iron bead-like objects, which became scattershot projectiles.

It might not be the most powerful and its range is quite short, but there is no escape when it is shot at you.

It doesn't matter whether it's a giant iron orb that destroys the person's upper body or small iron pellets that split open the person's head, the result is the same.

"W-what was that!? What happened just now!?"

"A cannon!? No cannonballs shot out though!"

"Whatever it was, just focus on reforming the line, then charge at them again..."

Neither Galchenko nor his generals were senile enough to allow the confused Imperial troops to do that.

"Crush them!!" "Now's the perfect chance!"

The Federation's cavalry jump through the gaps in the battle ranks and counterattack the Imperial cavalry who were stopped in mid-attack.

Things became chaotic and the Federation cavalry broke past the Imperial cavalry to rush towards the Imperial infantry approaching from the rear as well.

“Why are the enemy cavalry coming to attack us!?”

“What happened to the vanguard!? Where are our cavalry!?”

“With all that dust, I can’t see in front...”

Because the Imperial cavalry were rushing forward so ferociously, a cloud of dust was kicked up behind them, meaning the infantry advancing behind them don’t have a clear view of what’s in front of them.

It was then that the white armor of the Federation’s cavalry burst into view, accompanied by the sounding of trumpets.

“Anti-cavalry formation! Hurry it up!”

“W-we won’t make it in time... uwah-!!”

The soldiers fall into a state of panic as they rush in looking to attack only to take the full force of the enemy’s counterattack without being able to respond accordingly.

The spears and bowguns from atop the horses take out the flustered Imperial soldiers one after the other.

This battle became just like the battle with the slave soldiers, a one-sided affair.

“We’ve dug into the enemy camp. We should continue and-...”

“No! Change course and repeat the charge after pulling back!”

However, the furious efforts by the cavalry does not decide the battle.

The Empire committed just five army corps in this attack, each with several hundred thousand men.

Because of the Empire’s deep pockets though, their army isn’t so soft that losing ten thousand cavalry here and there would immediately determine the outcome of the battle.

The portion of Federation cavalry which forcefully cut into the Empire’s camp was quickly surrounded and wiped out.

“We’re lacking the clinching factor... the Imperial cavalry in the rear should be recovering from all the confusion soon as well. We should probably withdraw before we get pincered.”

The commander of the cavalry makes a swift decision and each of the other commanders halts the charge.

At that moment, shouting could be heard from the rear

“What is that?”

“Enemy cavalry... annihilated! They’re allies! The entire allied army corps is approaching!”

After the eyes of the cavalry commander goes wide, he smiles fearlessly.

“The fight has just begun... His Excellency Galchenko is a brave individual and will probably put energy into winning the battle. When he does, it’ll be a different story.”

The cavalry squad stops retreating and makes a move towards the enemy’s flank instead.

Everyone in the Federation army from the commanders to the privates could feel it through their skin – this is the decisive moment.

“Your Excellency Galchenko! It’s do-or-die now!”

“I know... I won’t say too much. Relay a message to the generals, tell them to do an all-out attack.”

Things are going better than expected, from demolishing the enemy charge with cannons to the strategy of breaking through their cavalry, not just due to the enemy cavalry’s defeat, but also because of the surprise attack which disrupted the enemy rearguard as well.

It’s only been half a day since the battle started but there is no better situation or timing than this for an all-out attack.

No matter how densely packed a large army consisting of close to one million troops may be, it still takes considerable time to coordinate movement and communicate with each other.

That is where the difference in the degree of skill will show the clearest.

Both an all-out attack and the defense to deal with that all-out attack requires the movement of many parts within the entire army.

“The Imperial soldiers seem to be better trained than before... but the quality of our soldiers still seem higher.”

“Of course. We are the strongest in the continent after all.”

After completing their preparations, the entire Federation army advances in their respective corps, approaching the one million troops of the Empire who were shaken up by the cavalry.

The battles happening at the same time in the vast area is extremely fierce, but the Federation eventually pushes up the battlefield slowly.

The Empire still has nearly a million soldiers in reserve, but throwing them in the fray as a practical joke would have no meaning if they're just going to end up confused.

If several million soldiers were to be used, complicated orders would not work, rather it would be best to let the smaller unit commanders use their discretion, however the Federation remains in the lead when it comes to the quality of commanders.

The battle went through the day and night and continued for several days, where the Federation was able to advance the fight in their favor from the effects of their all-out attack for the first two days.

None of the Imperial armies completely collapsed, but they were forced to stay on the defensive despite being the invading side and were slowly getting pushed back.

The state of battle changed on the morning of the third day, when the most elite forces of the Empire's national army, the first army corps, entered the frontlines.

The 200 000 troops of the first army corps were able to compete with the Federation in terms of equipment and skill, properly supporting the battle ranks.

With the fight brought to a standstill, the Empire was able to calm down and regroup.

When that happened, the difference in troop strength became evident.

The battle went from being in a stalemate to the Empire having the advantage, and the Federation became the side who had to retreat.

On the fourth day, the Federation acknowledged their disadvantage and fought with the intention to retreat.

However, they did not just run in panic.

The Empire's greatest weapon was their enormous pool of troops, but their weakness was also in their massive army, as the problem of resupplying their forces became quite clear.

Thus, the Federation army decided to fight and pull back while waiting for the Empire to exhaust themselves.

As the Federation moved backwards, they only had to retrieve the remaining supplies at each base they passed, leaving nothing for the Imperial army.

In the past, the Western Plains was the stage for many battles and so there were no large cities or grain-producing regions nearby at all, meaning not too many supplies could be procured.

The Federation never lost their composure while fighting, inching backwards slowly like a turtle for three days.

It was the morning of the seventh day when a fatal report came in.

“Then, let’s begin the war council.”

“Umu... everyone, you have done well.”

Galchenko looks around to the generals he gathered and nods.

“The number of arrows coming from the enemy have decreased. If we continue at this rate, the enemy will exhaust itself in probably two or three more days. We just need to endure for a little longer.”

“Yessir! However Your Excellency, the enemy was more powerful than we thought.”

Galchenko nods reluctantly.

“Yes. Especially the enemy’s army in red...”

“According to reports from our spies, that is apparently the enemy’s most elite group, the first division army corps.”

One of the corps commanders mutters in an annoyed tone.

“80% of the casualties suffered by army was because of them. I thought we did plenty to stop their charge too...”

“You said it, it surely was outside our expectations for them to have hundreds of magic users on their side. However, if we don’t think about them being magicians or whatever, it isn’t any different from them having a cannon or two. They won’t catch us

off-guard again.”

Galchenko looks at everybody and then raises his voice.

“We have fought hard because of unexpected events, but the path to victory is laid out before us. What awaits us is only a battle of attrition, counterattack when the enemy shows any sign of fatigue! This slow retreat is nothing. If this lasts a month, we will still be in the north of the Western Plains. We just have to fight them slowly.”

The generals also agreed and even felt relaxed enough to smile a little.

“But if we don’t hurry, won’t the navy cross before we do? If the navy bombards the enemy capital and makes them surrender, it will make us look like complete buffoons.”

“That’s exactly right. I do hope that the Great Emperor of Garland is a brave man.”

Everyone’s small grin turned into genuine smiles.

And then, a soldier comes running to them while shouting.

One of the generals yelled at him for doing something so sudden.

“You bastard! Only generals and above can enter this place...”

“Urgent message! From Dolpies!”

The messenger disregards the remark directed at him and continues on, since he has a duty to report directly to the Supreme Commander regardless of time and place when the message is urgent.

“Dolpies...?” “Aah, it’s the city designated as the home port for the marine fleet... what about it?”

The messenger took two deep breaths to calm himself down before speaking out again.

“The report from Dolpies Marine Fleet Headquarters is as follows! Five days ago, the fleet suffered serious losses from the fight with the Garland fleet and retreated to the harbor in the north. The control of the open seas of the Western Plains has fallen into enemy hands. The supply route via the sea has been completely stopped and the

enemy fleet is unloading troops to the north of the Western Plains! It's possible for the western theater to be surrounded! Please retreat at once, I repeat!"

Nobody in the headquarters right now could say anything.

The generals who were about to sit on their chairs remain frozen in an unsteady half-risen position as well.

"The navy... was defeated... how did they lose... how badly did they lose!?"

Galchenko grabs the soldier.

"I-I don't know anything besides what I've been told to report!"

Galchenko loosens his grip and lets the man go.

Of course, there's no way the messenger is knowledgeable about anything else.

"Y-Your Excellency..."

"Wait for further news. With something like this, it should be suspected as a conspiracy as long as there is just one message."

But the generals' faces become pale, and even Galchenko had the same complexion despite being the person who just finished speaking.

They all knew very well that their communication network was not that shoddy.

As long as the messenger was real, then the report would also be real.

This is something that would affect the entire battle and quite possibly the entire nation.

The capable and decisive Galchenko did not know what action to take.

"For now... just for now. Have the soldiers prepare to move out. Don't forget the other detachments, and then dispatch scouts to the northern coast, as many as you can."

"As you wish, Your Excellency. Then I will immediately prepare for evacuation!"

No one pointed out the error of mistaking 'move out' for 'retreat'.

There wasn't any point in differentiating between the two.

The follow-up news which arrived later that night announced even more disappointing truths.

“20 battleships and 200 large class combat ships!? They lost that much at one time? What on earth happened!?”

The messenger shakes his head to indicate he doesn't know.

“They said the marine fleet will temporarily evacuate to the north and reinforce their battle strength...”

“Reinforce!? Rebuild, right!? Losing that many ships means the marine fleet has been virtually wiped out...! The seas belong to the enemy now!”

Galchenko immediately summons his staff officers.

It's in the middle of the night, but no idiot would sleep at a time like this.

“Gentlemen, I'm sorry to say that it has become impossible to continue the fight on the Western Plains.”

As long as the seas are controlled by the enemy, the Empire won't be the only ones who will find it hard to resupply tomorrow, the entire western theater will be in trouble.

Not only that, the Empire is able to send their troops freely from the back.

“We will retreat... and then meet the enemy in the Federation.”

All the staff officers are holding their heads in anguish.

Retreating means they will be letting foreign enemies invade the land of their long inviolable and sacred Olga Federation.

To a soldier, there is no greater disgrace or humiliation than that.

“Gentlemen, I understand your feelings. Even I... feel like flipping this desk and setting this tent on fire. But this is something we have to do. The other one million Federation troops of the western theater is still in the middle of training and organizing themselves, and if we get annihilated here... that would seal the fate of our motherland.”

Galchenko pulls a dagger from his hip and stabs it into the desk forcefully.

“Notify all the armies! Wake all the soldiers up, we will now be withdrawing to the

north! Once the enemy finds out about this, they will put all their efforts in chasing us. We will pack the hard-to-move cannons with gunpowder and destroy them, and load as much baggage on the wagons and cavalry!”

Torches are lit here and there, illuminating the once pitch-black campgrounds and the soldiers quickly begin preparing to evacuate under the warm glow.

“Commander, sir! What exactly-... are we going to run away with the enemy right in front of us?”

“I don’t get it either! This is an order from the Supreme Commander, there is no talking back!”

“B-but... if we retreat any further, our nation-...”

“I told you to shut up!!”

The Galchenko-led army of the western theater was led to the north. The Empire pursued ferociously as if waiting for this moment, and although the skilled commanders of the Federation fought like their lives depended on it, they suffered a significant amount of casualties, just barely avoiding complete annihilation.

In the series of battles, the Federation lost about 300 000 while the Empire lost about 500 000.

Most of the Empire’s casualties were the slave soldiers who were thrown away as sacrificial pawns, but even if they were excluded, it could be said that the Federation has fought well.

Still, it was the Federation’s defeat.

The battlefield will now shift to the territory within the Olga Federation...

-Aegir POV-

Rafen

“Hurray for the feudal lord-sama’s marriage!”

“Hurray for the fourth, fifth, and sixth wife.”

“Hurray for big dicks!”

“Uuu, I don’t how to feel being called the sixth.”

“Ahaha... I know what you mean.”

“I’m happy. We’re finally together. If Miti hadn’t brought it up, I don’t know what would have happened.”

I have Miti and Maria in each of my arms and Catherine clinging to my chest as I stand in the central plaza of the city.

Catherine is the former daughter of a rebel noble so it isn’t good for her to show her face now that that noble is dead.

That’s why I had her hide within my cloak so her face won’t be seen.

All the residents have gathered here for my marriage... actually, they’re not.

Today is the final day of the harvest festival, so the people would come and crowd around the plaza even if I didn’t do anything.

Alcohol is also involved so the citizens are making my marriage into a big deal and celebrating it.

“Since it was rather sudden, this will just be the announcement. I’ll have the rings crafted later... and let’s have a simple ceremony as well.”

The three of them tell me it isn’t particularly necessary, but I’m sure they actually really want it.

I can at least provide them with rings and exchange vows at a temple.

“Congratulations on your marriage~!”

“You have six wives now so it’s about time you control your urges... kyaa!”

Celestina and Monica, who are still staying with us, also congratulate me.

Oops, not good, my hand just automatically reached into Monica’s panties.

“Geez, going around your new wives’ backs and grabbing another woman’s ass...”

“He’s so lewd that it actually makes me smile instead.”

Miti and Maria grin as they restrain my arms.

It looks like they’re a little angry.

“My bad, my bad, in that case why don’t I give you two plenty of loving today, enough

that you won't mind something like that."

The girls blush.

Catherine is the only one panting so she must be thinking of something different.

"Alright then, I'll be making love to my women now. All of you, enjoy the final day of the harvest festival."

The people cheer and shout for joy.

"Amazing, three people at once."

"Stupid, the feudal lord-sama is a great man who embraces twenty women at one time."

"But the feudal lord-sama is incredible, right? Are those delicate girls going to be alright?"

"They've been with him all this time, no? They've probably been stretched out already, and their asses too probably."

"I want the feudal lord-sama to fuck me until I break too. I'm sure it feels awesome."

"I don't think that's something you want to say in front of me as your lover."

I walk along with the girls around my arms while they say whatever they like about me.

Fufufu, I was surprised about the Federation's defeat from the report this morning, but it won't have any influence on me gobbling up some tasty women.

I'll be making some serious love to my ladies for the entire day.

My dick is getting quite hard just from thinking about greeting my new wives.

Miti and Maria will probably faint a couple times.

Catherine might be able to keep up, but my sexual appetite has increased lately so I might get to see her begging me in tears.

I wonder if I should line the three of them up in a row.

Or maybe I should stack them on top of each other?

No, embracing one while the other two lick my balls and ass sounds good too.

"Fuhahahahaha! My dick got hard from just a dream!"

"Hooh, what kind of dream was it?"

"It was of course about women! Making love to your beloved women in whatever way you please... that's the dream of any man!"

"You like girls that much?"

"It goes without saying. Slamming your dick into a girl and then pouring your seed inside, that's why men were born."

"If you do that, they'll get pregnant."

"If they get pregnant, I'll shelter them and love them. It isn't a problem at all."

"That includes the children of nobles... and even the female students from the Royal Institution?"

"Of course. It's hard to abandon the ripe instructors though. Both young and mature ladies are wonderful women."

After saying all that, I realize I wasn't talking with a voice inside my head.

Well, I wonder who this familiar voice belongs to.

"Thanks for enlightening me with your noble philosophy, I have many things I want to say to you too."

It's Erich, who I thought was in the capital.

I rub my eyes and look again, but Erich is still there.

"Here."

Miti wipes my face with a handkerchief.

I look once more and it's still Erich.

A vein is bulging on his head.

"Oh my, why have you come to my domain again?"

"You don't know?"

I have no clue.

"It's about the Royal Institution."

“You want me to teach again? But there are people in my territory who need me...”

Erich's remains expressionless as he squeezes out a loud voice.

“You idiot! I'm never making you an instructor again! I have something to talk to you about, so guide me to your mansion!”

It looks like he's angry.

I wonder why, I did many things so I don't know.

“I was thinking of making these three women my wives by having sex with them today though...”

I thought I heard something snap in Erich's head.

“You fucking sex maniac! You've already impregnated ten or twenty students and that's still not enough for you!? Just shut up and guide me!”

His tone reverted back to what it was in our mercenary days... no, it's even worse.

This might be the first time he abused me like this.

So he's mad about what happened in the Royal Institution, it looks like I'm still okay with the other stuff.

Before I realized, Catherine already ran away.

Erich should not recognize her face anyways though.

I guess I have to postpone my baby-making when I get back home.

I'll earnestly apologize to them and get home by tonight.

Making love under the moonlight doesn't sound too bad either.

-Third Person POV-

Side Story: Rose Garden

“Haa...”

The Former Queen Consort of Treia, Marceline and her three daughters live in a corner

of the mansion and don't venture outside very often.

Their definition of outside is the rose garden created for them directly beside the mansion, but it's not like they're under house arrest or anything.

In fact, the man who saved their lives have frequently invited them to eat with him or tour the city with him.

Marceline rejected many of those offers.

She didn't particularly dislike him, rather it might seem cruel to treat a man who she and her daughters owe their lives to like this.

The problem was the swirling hostile intent from everybody else.

Plenty of former Treian citizens make up the population of Rafen.

To go even further back, they're former citizens of Arkland before Treia occupied the land and made the people runaway from the severe rule.

Because of that course of events, many of them lost their families, friends and loved ones.

Their anger and resentment gets directed to the former Queen Consort Marceline and her three daughters.

If the master of the mansion did not go around controlling the undisguised hostility that leaks out from the servants, the four of them may have been crushed by it by now. Not to mention they don't know what kind of insults or abuse may come flying at them if they walk around the city.

Spending most of their lives under the shelter of the royal palace, Marceline didn't think that she or her daughters could endure all of that.

With that said, it wasn't unfortunate that they were brought to Rafen.

If the feudal lord did not take them under his custody, she and her daughters would be executed together with her husband.

He openly declared of his desire to make them his own women and used that as the reason for sheltering all four people.

The inevitable exchange of words was mostly with the master of the mansion.

The man made an effort to talk with Marceline and the others about various things.

Because she didn't have others who she could talk to as carefreely as him, Marceline gradually became more dependent on the only man she could talk to.

"Just like he said when he took us in, his only objective is to obtain my daughters'

bodies... or maybe not.”

If that was the case, he would have violated them on the first day.
Resisting would not be forgiven after all.

“I know he loves women though...”

It goes without saying that the man is a matchless womanizer.
She herself has witnessed countless occasions where he made love to his lovers and servants in a hidden area or an empty room, and he’s sheltering dozens of women to begin with.

“None of them seem to dislike him.”

The maid he pinned down in the storehouse, the town girl he violated while standing, the prostitutes he likely called to an empty room who moaned as he satisfied his urges – all of them happily rocked their hips.
She never saw him use his authority so he could rape them.

“He even wants me when I’m turning 46 this year, what is he thinking?”

The man makes frequent invitations until you become his.
He’ll kiss you for sure and grab your breasts or butt if you leave him an opening.
His soft petting touches get stronger and stronger until he finally dives into your underwear and fingers you.

“But if you say no... well, just making a displeased face would get him to stop immediately.”

He would cease his advances and smile while apologizing, saying how he did it only because you were attractive.
Marceline is just about 46, and despite being at the age where she forgot about things like lust, she’s still a woman and being desired is not a bad feeling at all.
Lately, it’s taking longer and longer for her to tell him to stop.

The clincher was the fuss which happened yesterday.

“Getting a 44 year old woman pregnant... Lord Hardlett is 23, so that woman is old enough to be his mother. He really went after a woman over 40 and injected his seed

inside her..."

She slowly moved her hand to where her own womb was.

"44 and 46... surely a 23 year old man would not see that as a huge difference. My womanliness hasn't left me yet, plus I'm confident I look young for my age. Entertaining a young man is noth-... ha! What am I saying!?"

Marceline shakes her head furiously.

Her heart was definitely wavering though.

Even her daughters, aside from the second daughter Bridget, are warming up to him. The third daughter Felicie especially is seeing him as her sweetheart.

"If... and only if, I didn't resist as some sort of bad joke, what would happen then..."

Marceline's body trembles at the thought.

In her delusions, that man's burly muscular body would make her own body into a total mess.

The former Queen Consort stares into empty space with a slovenly expression on her face.

"Mother? What are doing?"

"B-Bridget!? N-no, this is nothing! I just zoned out a little bit!"

"Is that so? Well, I'm going to complain to the chef that the vegetables for today's meal didn't suit my tastes."

The second daughter Bridget continues to conduct herself in the same way she did when she was still a princess.

In reality, she's desperately trying to put up a tough exterior after the hostile gazes from the servants made her knees feel weak.

"Mom will go!"

"Eh? But mother, you don't have to..."

"It's fine, Bridget just sit here. It's nice out today, so maybe you could bask in the sun or something."

“Haa...”

Marceline runs off, recollects herself by exhaling, then returns to her own room. She excitedly takes off her usual underwear and puts on a more revealing pair.

“T-that person just announced his marriage today, what am I doing!?”

Marceline shakes her head again.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 162,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Family: Nonna (the beautiful Nonna), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Miti (concubine), Maria (concubine), Catherine (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magical girl)

Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital), Melissa (lover, leaving for the capital), Alma (leaving for the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (jealous adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (impotent), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby

Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)

Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)

Claire & Laurie (compiling a plan), Schwartz (lewd horse), Lilian (actress)

Mother – Marceline (charmed); Daughters – Stephanie (friendly), Bridget (tsun), Felicie (charmed) (taken into custody)

Army: 5300 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 900, Archers: 900, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 10 000 gold

Sexual Partners: 209, children who have been born: 46

Chapter 204.5

National Strength Comparison: Federation & Empire

Olga Federation

Population: 20 million

Ruler: Jutland II

Capital City: Jutlandgrad: Population 600,000 – 800,000 (2nd class citizens details unknown)

System: Feudal

Military Strength: Current – 800,000 / Max Mobilization – 2.7 million (0.3 million already lost)

Area of Dominion: All Areas North of the Great Mountain Range

With a 500-year history, this continent is the oldest and largest nation.

Since the north and central regions will get intensely cold in the winter season, the citizens of the main cities, including those of the capital, will congregate in the southwest region.

A strong and conservative class system is maintained and a stable society is formed.

They dived straight into preparing for war and gathered soldiers from all over the land, especially ordering all the armies in the western area to mobilize.

Garland Empire

Population: 40 million

Ruler: Garland The Great

Capital City: Garland: Population 1 million

System: Absolute Monarchy

Military Strength: Current – 2.6 million / Max Mobilization – 3.2 million (0.3 million already lost, not including slave soldiers)

Area of Dominion: All Areas South of the Great Mountain Range

The Empire is a rising nation which has been swallowing up the countries to the south one after the other in recent years to expand their territory.

Although the nobility system remains, the authority of the emperor is so strong it is

virtually a dictatorship.

Since it is warm throughout the land, there is an abundance of people and farmable land.

General mobilization is occurring throughout the land and conscription is forced, securing an army of military slaves from the subjects regardless of gender.

All national power is being invested into the war, with a particular emphasis on strengthening the navy.

Chapter 205

Harvested Women

-Aegir POV-

"Are you listening? As nobles of Goldonia, we fight as the Kingdom's sword during wartimes, and in that regard, you are impeccable. It can be said you are the strongest sword... however, the nation will not always be involved in wars. After the capturing of those from Magrado, there will probably be continued peace for a while, and during that time we should aim to be model citizens for the people of the Kingdom..."

"Haa... sure..."

Erich and I are chatting in the reception room, or rather, he's one-sidedly lecturing me while I give half-hearted responses.

"Hey, you're the one who got all those female students pregnant." "I'm sorry, I will take responsibility."

I wanted the conversation to end in such a fashion, but Erich continues to drag on lengthily after yelling at me.

Alcohol was provided in hopes that he would feel a little better and his anger would be quelled, but it might have made him work harder instead.

He's unnecessarily babbling on and on.

"You had your fun gobbling up teen girls, so why do I have to clean up for you?"

Now, he's just complaining.

"Regarding the second daughter of Count Baeumler..."

When I tilt my head in confusion, Erich becomes even more upset.

"Miss Heike... the tall blonde girl."

“Aah, that girl. I was curious whether she had thin pubic hair or not...”

“As if I would know something like that! The Baron’s household has been involved with the capital’s security for many generations. That Kenneth is trying to win him over but because of his military relationship, I was able to keep him on my side. He was saying how the Baron’s daughter was pregnant with an illegitimate child and it was going to become a scandal...”

“She was cute a girl. She was serious and had talent.”

Additionally, Heike was a girl filled with curiosity.

She was saying that her family was prestigious and her parents were strict, so I was going to pull out at the very last moment at first, however my dick caught her interest and she wrapped her legs around me and screamed at me to cum inside.

After she said that much, I couldn’t refuse her offer as a man.

Not to mention, her legs didn’t relax even after I ejaculated so I ended up filling her stomach to the brim.

It isn’t strange for her to get pregnant considering the amount I came inside, plus her healthy body and young age.

“...next time you come to the capital, I will have to arrange a meeting for you to introduce yourself to the parents of the other girls.”

I will do as much I can to take care of the pregnant girls, but I have no interest in meeting their parents.

If I say that, he might continue talking though, so I’ll keep it to myself.

It’s probably a good idea to change the topic now.

“However, it looks like you’ve been quite busy lately. I hear you haven’t been able to return to your territory either.”

“...it may be peaceful now, but the army reinforcement is still ongoing. I have a mountain of work to do, plus that Kenneth is interfering as well. On top of that, some horny guy is sowing his seed everywhere and I have to clean up after him.”

Well, I’m quite sorry about that.

I heard from the casual chats with Rebecca that Erich and Kenneth are still fighting to maintain their influence over their half of the capital.

Opposing Erich's faction centered around the new nobles in the military is Kenneth's faction centered around the traditional nobles in the bureaucratic system.

Both sides supervise their respective political groups and nobles are straining daily to decide which side to join based on personal benefit.

"I'll say it because I'm talking to you, but Kenneth has been getting the better of me recently. Not too long ago, he was also able to win over one of the nobles who originated from the Wings of Dawn. He told me he would rather be the captain of the royal guard than a military commander."

"Oh my..."

He would command more personnel and have a greater selection of equipment as an army commander, but it was a different issue when it came to income.

If he became a captain of the royal guard, he would receive a nice salary, plus get more opportunities to connect with other nobles.

"As long as the northern part of the plains are controlled, there won't be any fights for a while. With the absence of war, the strength of the army will slowly decline... no, I guess this is an excuse. I said that to Kenneth because I'm not proficient at bargaining after all. We're still in a tight struggle."

Erich gulps down the rest of the alcohol in his glass.

He drank it like he did during his mercenary days rather than he would at the seat of some high society setting.

"I'm sure he's probably interfering with you too, no?"

"Yeah, there are various things. He sent Nonna... my wife some expensive perfume as well."

He also said something about sending a golden shield to me to celebrate my birthday. But unfortunately, I don't remember what day I was born, let alone a couple years back.

Besides, that golden shield would probably fit well with the golden armor sleeping deep in my storehouse, which is why I decisively refused.

Erich chuckles.

“Looks like you had the last word. I don’t think I need to worry about him winning you over.”

Erich seems to be in a better mood, stands up with the alcohol in one hand and looks around the room.

“You heard about what happened with the Federation, right?”

“Yeah, the Empire invaded and the war was started.”

I was just about to mention how they lost in the western plains, but stopped myself. It would expose how fast our information network is so Leopolt told me not to say anything.

If I had another drink, I might have spilled the beans, that was close.

“Yes. It’s happening on the other side of the continent... it’s a war between superpowers and not something we can interfere with, so it really doesn’t directly relate to us.”

I heard both sides have millions of troops.

Goldonia can squeeze 50 or 60 thousand troops as reinforcements, but even that won’t be of any use.

“However, if there is a huge conflagration, the heat would spread to distant places too, the conflict in the capital would also experience some change.”

According to the red-faced Erich’s story, Kenneth and him mainly prioritized competing for those in the capital or those who have territory or demesne nearby. It did not mean there were only high ranking nobles in the capital.

Grand nobles reigned solemnly in the remote regions as great feudal lords, but they focus more on their own domains or the nearby regions rather than the power struggle in the capital, making it quite hard to win them over to any faction. Furthermore, the court nobles are just idiots with standing and have a strong tendency to make fools of themselves.

On the other hand, although the number of people they rule over and their personal armies are large, they do not hold much influence in the capital.

In the first place, the grand nobles only show up in the capital once every new year to do their greetings, so it was impossible for them to start up a faction.

Until now, the nobles in the capital do not have an overly close relationship with the feudal lords of the region, but the war happening on the other side of the continent is gradually changing all of that.

“The trade goods from the Federation have visibly decreased. It feels like everything in the vicinity have stagnated... plus I also hear the harvest in our nation is not good. If there is a shortage of supplies, then those who have stocks are powerful.”

“So that’s why you’re trying to add the local feudal lords to your own camp?”

“That’s right. Since the salaries of nobles are basically already decided, they will experience a decrease in funds if the price of goods rises. If trade is not doing well, then the business tax in the capital will also decrease... and it’ll be tough for the nobles in the capital. If the local feudal lords can be moved to spare some of their supplies, I’m sure many people will fall at their feet.”

“Money makes the world go around.”

“That’s how nobles are. Even in banquets and balls, you would not be able to make friends or have romantic relationships without involving money.”

What a nasty world.

The relationship between a man and a woman should really only involve connecting a rod and a hole.

“Then wouldn’t that give you the advantage?”

Erich himself doesn’t look at it too much, but he has a considerably large territory. On the contrary, Kenneth is entirely a court noble and shouldn’t possess any land.

“You’re right, trying to somehow recover, I tried calling out to the large and small feudal lords to the southeastern part of the neighborhood.”

Being invited by Erich, a Marquess and one of the nation’s authorities, the feudal lords should have jumped at the opportunity and accepted.

Those who possess territory close to him especially shouldn’t show any signs of

hostility.

“I wanted to at least try and win over the entire southeastern region... but the response was not favorable.”

“Well that’s... surprising.”

Erich narrows his eyes and glances at me.

“At first, I thought Kenneth beat me to the punch and already talked to all of them, but that wasn’t the case. The feudal lords seemed to be buying time. It was as if they were waiting for something.”

“Haa...”

I’ll feel troubled if you say that while staring at me.

Erich sighs when he sees the strange look on my face.

“They’re waiting for you, Lord Hardlett, and how you’re going to act.”

“Why me?”

“Put yourself in their position and think, you are the greatest feudal lord in the area and haven’t clearly indicated your intentions yet. Consider if someone went ahead and joined my faction and then you decide to join Kenneth’s faction right after. Everyone around you would follow suit, isolating that one person and surrounding him with enemies... it seriously isn’t a comical development at all.”

“Aah, I guess that sort of thing could happen.”

That reminds me of the time when I attended a ball, the other nobles were bringing up Kenneth’s and Erich’s names quite frequently.

I do remember everyone being quite troubled when I was telling them stories about fighting together with Erich while drinking the wine Kenneth brought.

“To be honest, the feudal lords don’t have much interest in the conflict between Kenneth and I. It is simply a matter of territory and their own standing. The southeastern feudal lords will surge like an avalanche to the side you choose.”

I don't really care, so go ahead and choose whichever side you want.

"Everyone probably realizes you are closer to me than to Kenneth. But unless they are certain of which household you are going to decide on, they won't make a move... by the way, I'm sure you know who has to go around to the parents of the girls you impregnated and explain what happened."

"Ahahahahaha."

"Laughing doesn't help things!... normally, those who get pregnant during the academic term and withdraw from school will not be able to hold a position in the public office, but they can't do anything about being impregnated by a sex beast. Those who have a recommendation letter from you have been allowed to return to school. You know very well what this means, right!?"

It looks like I owe Erich.

After he said what he wanted to, Erich's expression relaxes and he looks out the window at the city of Rafen.

"I thought you had a more remote territory than I did... yet this is quite the development."

He points at the still-in-construction aqueduct and asks what that is.

That extends under the city walls and stretches near the mansion.

It still requires some more detailed construction but it's nearly complete.

"That thing draws water from the nearby lake."

"Draws water? You don't draw from wells or rivers, but use that thing made of stone...?"

Erich looks on with curiosity, and it's the perfect timing to be interested in Rafen.

"Call Adolph here."

He would know which places can be shown and which places can't.

I'll let him be the guide.

While I will enjoy my three new wives.

“I’ll provide you with a guide, so please feel free to look around the city until dinner.”

Erich, who also possesses territory of his own, seems to want to inspect the developed Rafen.

I’ll let Adolph handle the rest...

There was a modest knock before the door opens and a maid apologetically enters the room.

I thought I told them not to enter this room unless it was an emergency though.

“Master, Kurun-san in the annex is-...”

“Is she going into labor? Is she waiting for me?”

She’s the former maid that I laid my hands on and got pregnant.

I promised to name her child.

Because this is her first child, I should probably at least hold her hand.

“Well, if you will excuse me. Adolph will guide Lord Radhald around the city.”

With that said, I leave the room.

“...he lays his hands indiscriminately on servants too?”

“It is at least consensual...”

I hear Adolph and Erich sigh.

What’s wrong with what I did, if the girl wants me to embrace them and bear my child, what’s wrong with that?

Incidentally, Kurun felt relieved after I held her hand and it didn’t take more than ten minutes for her to safely give birth.

After attending Kurun’s birth, I invite the newlywed Maria, Miti and Catherine to my bedroom.

This is all for nurturing the love between the three concubines of course.

Fortunately, Maria and Miri are already close while Catherine and Maria frequently spend intimate time together with Melissa.

The three of them shouldn't have any qualms if I embrace all of them at once.

"You were spending time with another woman during her childbirth until now... and now you'll be getting us pregnant next."

"Yeah, by the way... would you like it if I held each of you separately?"

The girls look at each other.

"Well last night I was embraced so passionately..."

"I also always do it with Melissa so I actually can't calm down when I'm alone."

"...if it will feel good, then I'm fine with anything."

It looks like each of them like something different.

"Ah, I made this."

Maria places a basket by the bedside.

Taking a look inside, I find it packed with sandwiches.

"After we do it lots, you'll get hungry, right? So eat that... and then show us more love."

Maria's cooking is certainly not the most extravagant, but it really suits my tastes.

"You sure? If I don't get hungry, then we won't stop having sex. You girls... probably won't be able to stand."

The three wives jump into my chest and bury their faces without saying anything. Alright, prepare yourselves.

"Then let's get started right away."

I quickly take off all my clothes and reveal my naked body, prompting the girls to let out a small scream.

"Hey now, it's something you're all familiar with, no?"

How many times have I showed my body to these three already, Maria and Catherine have already given birth to my children too.

“That’s true, I just can’t help but think how big it really is when I see it again.”

“We didn’t do anything yet and there’s juices dripping from it already. So you want us that much?”

“Haa... haa... cock... smells... so manly...”

Miti puts her hand softly on her face while Maria blushes.

Catherine... well, she her lewd talent has completely bloomed after being fucked by me continuously.

“We can save the rough stuff for later. First, I’ll make love to each of you individually.”

I look around at all three of them, then take Maria’s hand and drag her to the bed.

I urge her to open up her body and she obediently spreads her legs apart, though her hands remain unmoved from her breasts.

“Hey now, don’t hid the important parts. I’ll be licking and sucking those places lots after all.”

I move in between her legs, grab her hands and then slowly raise them above her head. Maria groans slightly and reluctantly allows her hands to be moved.

“...it’s not like I have much to hide anyways.”

She timidly pouts.

It’s true Maria’s bosom might not be large enough to be called breasts.

I would probably mistake her front for her back if it was somewhat dark.

“Don’t worry about it, your boobs may be small, but you make up for it with your nipples.”

“Pffh!”

Catherine bursts out in laughter and Maria cowers even further.

“That doesn’t make me happier at all! Aegir-san, how insensitive!”

While her hands powerlessly pound my head, I move in and give her large nipples a kiss.

I stuck them tenderly like a baby, then use my tongue to draw circles around them.

“Aau... Haahn...”

The hands hitting my hand grow weak and eventually clutch my head.
The nipple contained by my mouth is steadily getting harder and bigger.

Maria has small breasts but her large nipples are quite sensitive.
In the past, there was one time where I was sucking on them continuously in my sleep after we had sex, and she ended up squirting.

“Aau... feels so good, do it a little harder...”

“Like... this!?”

After seeing her close her eyes and hearing the soft nasal moan, I lightly put my teeth to her erect nipple.
All of a sudden, she shrieks and her body tenses up.

“Auuaa! Aaah-!!”

That was violent enough that it wouldn't be strange if she complained, but it doesn't look like she could afford to do so.
I already held back when I bit her, yet she's still grasping the bedsheets and screaming non-stop.

“You came from your nipple again? Alright... then this one too.”

I put the other nipple in my mouth and gently put my teeth against it.
Her legs kick around in the air and she moans even more.

“Haau... s-so horrible of you... I told you not to bite too.”

I can't just stop because you told me, since this makes you cum.

“Well, I'm putting it in now.”

I grab Maria's legs and mount her.
I don't need to caress her precious hole since she should already be overflowing based

on all that screaming earlier.

“Maria, you’re my wife now!”

After declaring in a loud voice, I penetrate her deeply.

“Aegir-san! You are my husband!!”

Sure enough, her nether regions were slathered with her love juices.

Maria’s arms and legs wrapped around me as soon as I plunged into her.

“I’m going to swing my hips, Maria. I won’t stop until you lose consciousness.”

“Right! Make me cum countless times, and let me make Aegir-san cum too. And then give me as much seed as you want!”

It’s hard to move if we’re clinging so tightly to each other, but I gyrate my hips to stir up her insides and she lets out sweet, erotic moans.

Those sexy moans make my dick harder and harder.

The movement of our hips get more intense as well.

“Maria! Even though you’ve already give birth, your hole still feels so tight! It feels so good!!”

“Aegir-san is just too big! It’s pressing against my stomach! I can practically feel it coming out of my mouth!!”

Our sex has already reached the climax and it’s about time I implant my seed in her.

“I’m cumming... get pregnant with another child!”

“I’m getting creampie! I’m getting impregnated by my beloved!”

With both arms and legs tangled around my body, I lift her hips up and slam my dick against her from above.

The bed creaks unnaturally and even Miti looks worried whether it would break or not.

After repeating my movements several more times, I feel a pleasure rise from the base of my cock to the tip.

I ram my hips against Maria for one final thrust before holding my position.

“Maria, I love you.”

“I love you too. I will stay with you for the rest of my life.”

We whisper words of love to each other, then exchange a kiss before my seed rushes into Maria’s womb.

“That was wonderful, Maria.”

I kiss the neck and back of the girl who’s laying happily on the bed.
It’s still too early for pillow talk though.

“Come here, Catherine.”

“Yes, please treat me lovingly.”

Catherine first crawls to me as I’m laying face-up and swallows my cock deep into her throat.

At the same time, she slips a finger into her own pussy and stirs it up noisily.

Normally, the obedient and dignified beauty would get aroused by sucking on me while masturbating.

Everytime she does this, it gives her the premonition of sex and apparently her sensitivity to pleasure will increase.

“But it looks like you got a little frightened from Erich, huh.”

Catherine is not in a position where she can boldly show her face.
She instinctively hid herself.

“Puha! Yes... I did hide, but that person doesn’t recognize me, right?”

That reminds me.

Erich should know Catherine’s name, but not her face.

“Would he actually suspect a woman I bring along with me?”

“Not possible.”

“You have too many.”

“That makes you suspicious in the city though.”

That aside, I proceed with making love to Catherine.

“Is it alright if I get on top? I want your seed after making you feel good.”

Fumu, if that’s what she wants then she’s welcome to do whatever she wants.

“Here... I think, a little bit more... aaaaaaaaah!!!”

Catherine gets on top of me in a half-bent posture and then aligns her hole with my cock before dropping her hips.

Catherine seems smaller than Maria, but because of her experience or the rougher sex she has, her vagina stretches more.

Even so, it seems she’s still struggling with the cowgirl position.

“Aauuu... ooooooh...”

My cock bulges and pulses as it fills her womb, though that doesn’t stop the woman from swallowing me in.

With the momentum from her weight, I’m deeply inserted into her depths.

“I-it’s in...”

“Thanks, you did well. I’ll do the thrusting so you can just lie down.”

Catherine topples forward and then my hands stretch out to hug her while thrusting. However, she refuses and starts moving her own hips up and down like she’s literally riding me.

“Hiigggh! Aaaah–! S-so thick and long!”

Catherine screams as she shakes her hips, moving forward and backward while her up and down movements get more intense. I can feel my dick hit the deepest parts of her body as she moves.

Her screams make it sound like she’s getting raped, but she doesn’t stop moving.

When I clasp her hands with my own to at least provide support to her body, she smiles happily.

“How is it!? Does it feel good!?”

The newlywed wife desperately puts words together as she bounces up and down, though she isn't simply moving her hips, she's also clenching down on my tip whenever she pulls out to stimulate me further.

I'm just laying here, enjoying her jiggling breasts while savoring the pleasure she's giving me.

“This is great, but don't push yourself too much.”

“I'm fine. My body is quite durable.”

I know that.

Catherine's body is by no means agile or strong.

However for some reason, she's extremely sturdy when it comes to sex. There were many times when Irijina, Carla and the others would already be lying unconscious on the bed but she would continue lusting after me by herself.

“You know, I might actually have been born for the sake of swallowing men...”

“Don't say something so scary. You're a little lewd, but you're my cute wife.”

Catherine's hips have already spread apart vulgarly as she maintains the pumping of her hips.

I pull her hand towards me, making her off-balance and causing her to fall down, all so I could kiss her.

“My cute Catherine, I will not let you go, no matter if you're lewd or whatever.”

“I'm an indecent woman and will probably hunger crazily for men if you leave me alone. So please love me a lot.”

Catherine raises her body up again and resumes the rocking her hips.

I was about to grab her hands again, but this time she puts her hands against my chest.

“I'm already... near my limit. I'll let you give me the final thrust.”

I immediately thrust into her fiercely, bumping against her hips hard enough to make

the entire bedroom echo with naughty flesh-slapping sounds.
The lewd wife moans and eventually reaches her limit.

“Haau! G-give it to me!!”

I give Catherine one more thrust before fixing my hips, where I can feel the entirety of her vagina convulsing.

I could leave her like this and she'll finish climaxing in a few seconds, but it's a man's job to guide her to even greater heights.

“Aah, like... this! Hmph!”

I grab Catherine's waist and push my hips up.

Of course, her hole has already swallowed as much as it could of my length and I shouldn't push any further.

Although, there is a place inside a woman where babies are made, a place located further than the very end of her hole.

I can feel my dick get sucked in deeper as if signaling my total conquest of this woman. As the tip of my cock digs into the woman's womb, I feel a tremendous pressure around my shaft from the spasming of her hole.

“Ah... aagh... nnnnooooooooooh!!”

“Kyaa!”

“C-Catherine-san!?”

Accompanied by a beast-like scream, Catherine arrives at her most pleasurable orgasm yet.

Her back bends backwards, almost making it seem like her spine broke, and her nipples are comically erect.

And lastly, the incredible jet of liquid, which even squirts all the way to my face, doesn't stop.

After providing her with a pleasure which sent her reason flying, my body also reached its limit and my cock suddenly starts spraying its seed.

“My womb... my womb is... aagghh...”

The tip which entered her baby room has lodged itself in there and won't come out.

My semen pours in endlessly, inflating Catherine's stomach.

"My wife, my Catherine, get pregnant! Give birth to another child of mine!"

I inject another helping of sperm into her while yelling.

After finally completing its role, my dick softens and satisfyingly slips out from the woman's subjugated body.

Even after that intense mating session, the lewd Catherine has not lost her consciousness.

In fact, she's pointing her ass at me, awaiting the next round.

"Hahaha, Miti is next. I'll embrace you afterwards, Catherine."

"B-but it's already gotten limp..."

I take the hand of the worried Miti and guide it towards my dick, getting her to stroke it lightly two or three times.

In an instant, my cock pulses and engorges itself with blood, returning to its earlier size and rigidity.

"I can't leave a woman without satisfying her now, can I? Miti... I'll be making love to you."

"Ahhn! Ah... aaaaaaaaah-!! Ahiiiiiih-!!"

This is just the first night with my three newlywed wives.

I have to give them enough affection until they faint.

And so our passionate time together continues.

"Maria's sandwiches are really tasty. It reminds me of old times."

I sit on the bed and stuff my mouth with one of the sandwiches.

I felt really famished from all that exercise and it tasted better than usual.

"That... really pleases me."

A feeble voice arises from Maria who lay behind me while Miti whimpers beside her, both of them feeling so exhausted that neither of them were able to move a finger.

“Nbunbunbh, nnggh, nngguh!”

And the one who is in between my legs and bobbing her head up and down on my cock is Catherine.

She still seems willing to continue but her body has already reached its limit.

Her hole is swollen from being used too much and it might break if it's used any more, which is why she's only using her mouth right now.

“Everyone, come.”

I hold Catherine and roll her onto the bed, then bring Maria and Miti close too.

“All of you are my wives, let's kiss.”

I tangle my tongue with each of them one by one in a rich, passionate kiss. At first it was just a kiss that would seal our vows and went hand in hand with our whispers of love, but it was mainly Catherine who made the kisses more obscene and lewd, which heightened the sexual desire of the other girls and inevitably, it led to all of us participating in a ridiculous kiss where all four of us were twirling our tongues together.

“Hey you... were you doing it all this time?”

I answer Erich's disgusted voice with a bitter smile.

“Normally, I should have introduced my three new wives at the place we have our evening meal... but they couldn't really remain standing and they're still kind of unconscious.”

“Whatever... I don't have anything else to say.”

Alright, now I don't have to introduce Catherine.

Although Erich is a trustworthy man, I can't let him in on this secret.

Erich mingles with Nonna and talks to her about various things.

Things like being envious about my territory's bountiful harvest, the repeated firing of his corrupt governors but being unable to find a replacement, and how the domestic affairs bureaucrats are planning to increase tax on the local feudal lords.

And then Erich started writing something on a piece of paper.

"What is this?"

"The medal of honor for suppressing the Orthodox Magrado will be given out soon. However, he is being treated as a rebel as I'm sure you are aware."

"Oh yeah, the Commissioner of domestic affairs will be officially sending it to me soon or something?"

"Where did you hear that from...?"

Crap, this was something Rebecca told me.

I'm sure it'll be troublesome if the fact Rebecca secretly visited me in my territory was exposed.

"I won't investigate that right now. But you're right, normally this is that Kenneth's responsibility. Originally, a proxy will come in the name of the King to present you the reward, but it's been delayed for quite a bit."

"Perhaps it's because the National Treasury is not doing well?"

Erich chuckles.

"Goldonia has not fallen that far yet. It's not that, since it is unnatural for Kenneth, who would normally try to win you over by excessively awarding you with medals of honor, to delay things like this. In other words, it may be possible he himself has adjusted the schedule."

"He's probably like me and too busy right now" – Erich later mumbles unhappily.

"Does that mean there is a possibility for the Commissioner himself to show up?"

"Enough about Kenneth, enough! I told you how important it was to win over the local

feudal lords, right? He should not have realized yet that bringing you down would drag the entire southeastern side to his faction. He must be trying to use the opportunity from presenting the medals of honor to disrupt the balance or something.”

“Haa...”

“And that’s why I have this!”

Erich thrusts something that looks like an improvised thank you letter in front of me. Written on it is are words of praise, commending me for subjugating the rebels in place of the Royal army.

“I’m not able to get the King to reward you or send you a thank you letter, but this is a letter from me as someone who has been entrusted with the military. Place it somewhere that Kenneth can see when he comes for a visit.”

I guess he wants to tell Kenneth that he was here first.

It’s almost as if he was a naughty brat who wants to claim stake on his territory by leaving an acorn behind.

“I know this is ridiculous too. But the conflict in the capital is this kind of fight.”

“Seems like trouble.”

Despite being capable with interacting in all these political environments, Erich’s roots still lie in the military.

He must be mentally tired after doing this every day.

“Ahh... I actually feel calm in some ways with you here.”

Erich will be staying here just for tonight and will return immediately the following day.

After all, it takes a carriage three days to travel one way from the capital to Rafen. Erich doesn’t have the luxury of leaving the capital for too long.

I cause a lot of hassle for Erich on a daily basis.

So why not let him have some fun while he’s here.

“So, would you like to flirt with some neighborhood girls tonight?”

“Ahem.”

Nonna abruptly turns her head the other way and pretends she didn't hear anything. Erich gives a rather vague answer to throw up a smokescreen, but later whispers to me secretly after dinner.

“You never know where people may be watching you in the capital so I couldn't fool around... that's why, please arrange for four or five girls, I don't mind if they're prostitutes.”

“Leave it to me.”

Erich gives off an upright and clean-handed impression.

If people found out he likes having orgies with multiple women at night, there would be a slew of different problems popping up left and right. Regardless, as expected of a Marquess to ask for five.

I guess I'll be relying on my high-class prostitute acquaintances.

That reminds me, there are some newcomer actresses trained by Lilian who want to go to the capital.

They'd do anything to rise up in the world, even sleeping their way up, so I'll at least ask them if they're interested.

The face of Madam Gonzales from the Chrysanthemum-opening Garden briefly appears in my mind, but I shake my head to clear the thought.

If I send that guy to Erich's bedroom, I'm sure I'll be treated as some rebel and subdued.

I'll try to keep him from losing his mind.

The next day, the girls who went to Erich's room came and gave me a report with me even asking them.

“He has the skill, though it's the slight rough manner he does it in that I can't get enough of~ I'll give him maybe 70 points.”

“He has some pretty good hip movements. I'm satisfied with how good it felt... but his size was just average. I would have gone crazy if he was just a little bit bigger~ 80 points.”

“You're kidding me, right!? He made me cum like four times! 100 points.”

Should I be classifying this as important information?

Lately, I've been feeling someone's gaze on me.

"What's the matter?"

"Hm... it's nothing."

After a long stretch, I gently stroke Mel's head as she leans against my shoulder. She closes her eyes to indicate how comfortable she feels. And then, I felt someone watching me again.

"Ha-hau."

I quickly turn around and see Marceline peeking from the gap in the door.

"What is it, do you have something you need me for?"

"N-no... it's nothing."

She leaves in a hurry.

I wonder what's going on with her.

Now that I think about it, I can feel the gazes more when I'm talking with Mel or any of the older maids.

"...maybe a fire has been lit under the lust of the mature lady?"

Mel comments uninterestedly.

Fumu, it might be about time for harvesting.

I pay a visit to the corner of the mansion where Marceline and her daughters live, under the pretense that I recently obtained some delicious wine.

"It tastes pretty good, doesn't it?"

“Yes... it’s a flavor I’ve never tasted before.”

Marceline’s face becomes faintly tinted with red.

We’re sitting together on the sofa, but there is one person’s worth of empty space between us.

“By the way, Marceline...”

I close the gap and get close enough to where she can feel my breath.

At first, she would shrink away from me and my advances would stop there, but right now she isn’t moving.

“What is it?”

“It’s something I’ve been bringing up before too, but would you like to venture outside with your daughters once in a while? You probably feel a little cramped from staying in the mansion all this time. It isn’t healthy for you to go outside only to tend to the rose garden.”

The sphere of activity of the girls are limited to inside the mansion and the rose garden out in the courtyard.

I know people may hold plenty of grudges against them, but it should be fine if I accompany them. If possible, I want them to go on a long trip every now and then.

“I’m ashamed to say that we won’t be able to bear those hateful gazes. Therefore... um...”

Marceline cuts her words short and looks at me.

Umu, it looks like she realized I was rubbing her thigh.

“I’ll have another serving then.”

The woman doesn’t pull her body back in a panic or place her hand over mine to reject me like she first did.

It seems she’s in a rather good mood today.

“If you’d like, we can stay overnight. If we head out to the side of the lake, you’ll definitely brighten up.”

My hand gradually inches further up her leg and makes its way into her skirt. This is as far as I could go up until now, since normally she would reject most of my advances with her feeble voice or a troubled look.

“This wine is quite delicious. It has such a mellow fragrance.”

“It certainly has a rich smell.”

I feel a pulse in my pants. Even when my hand enters her skirt and my finger traces over her underwear, she doesn't refuse me with her words or her eyes. I might be able to go all the way this time.

“Marceline...”

My finger moves further, wiggling its way under her panties. The hole which my finger finds is hot and getting wetter. She looks away when I touch her vaginal lips, probably feeling embarrassed rather than not liking it.

“I want to... taste the luxurious wine you have too.”

My index finger finally penetrates the gates of her vagina. Meanwhile, my other hand circles around her neck to tilt her chin, letting me steal her lips for a kiss.

“Nnn...”

Marceline closes her eyes in acceptance, even opening her mouth quietly when I prod her lips with my tongue.

I wrap my tongue around the frightened tongue hidden within the depths of her mouth and instantly taste the rich, concentrated flavor of a woman.

Without a doubt, she has accepted me at last. Her vagina is burning up and I can feel a sticky liquid begin to overflow as well.

“Hau... aauuu! Nnmu!”

I finger her pussy beside her on the sofa while exchanging a passionate kiss.

I separate from her lips for a bit and a seductive moan escapes the lips of the ripened woman in front of me.

“Nnnn!”

The hand on her chin drops to her breasts, grabbing them tightly from above her clothes.

Marceline reacts fearfully for a second, though she later relaxes and lets me do what I want.

I don't have any more doubts.

Finally, this former Queen Consort, this beautifully mature lady belongs to me.

“Marceline!! So you've finally given in!?”

I push her down onto the sofa and flip up the hem of her skirt.

She shows the slightest bit of resistance but her panties are completely wet, telling me her body is ready.

“Aah, don't be so rough! It's been a while after all.”

She wants me to be gentle, meaning she's allowing my member to thrust into her. I can't hold it anymore, my erect dick is about to tear my pants.

“Please touch my cock.”

I lower my pants slightly to unleash my manhood and she shrieks her loudest yet.

“W-what is this!? This is your tool? It's so large... it's too incredible...”

Both hands cover her mouth as she stares blankly at my throbbing meat rod. I take her hands and place it on my shaft, moving it up and down slowly.

Her velvety smooth hands stroke my impressive length while my hands fondle her breasts and caress her vagina.

The room is filled with wet sloshing sounds and dry flesh-rubbing sounds and Marceline occasionally mumbling to herself.

“It's still getting bigger... amazing, it's nothing like his at all... Did everyone also have

this large tool inside them?”

Marceline’s face is unconsciously getting closer and closer to my dick.
If I push her head forward, I can probably get her to swallow me.

“Kya, something came out! Did you cum?”

I secretly extend my hand to her head and the woman let out a sudden scream.

“Hm? No, that’s just pre-cum. There’s no way I would only let out this small amount of semen.”

“This liquid is just pre-cum? S-so much of it?... so there’s going to be more semen?”

Marceline gives the juice which splashed on her hand a little lick.
I don’t need to hold back anymore.

“I can’t wait any longer. I want to be connected to you.”

As I move in to remove her clothes, she softly puts her hand against me to stop me.
Coming this far, you’re not going to put it off again, are you?
If you’re going to stop right before penetration, then I might have to get my hands dirty
by raping you.

“This is the living room, where anybody could come at any time. If it’s in my room,
though...”

“Let’s go!!”

I move with haste so I can thrust my dick inside this woman’s moist pussy as fast as
possible.

Picking up Marceline, whose clothes are now a mess, I head to the girls’ room.

“Please wait! My daughters might be in there, so enter discreetly!”

“Don’t worry. I have an idea.”

Fufufu, the mother’s heart has finally melted.
Why not use this opportunity to swallow the entire Treian royal family.

Marceline's Bedroom

"What is going on, mother...?" "This pervert! Get from mother right now!" "Hardlett-sama?"

Right now, I'm in Marceline's room along with her and her three daughters. I just called all of them here without explaining anything so they're confused at the current situation.

"Aah, Hardlett-sama, what are you trying to do by embarrassing me like this?"

I'm on the bed, pressing up against Marceline, who is lying flat on her stomach. She was grumbling about how embarrassing it would be in front of her daughters, so I even covered my back with the futon, but the three girls are still staring at her.

There was some rustling within the futon and her clothes were taken off, then thrown out.

With every article, the daughters let out a scream of embarrassment.

"Don't tell me, you're going to have sex right here!?"

The eldest daughter Stephanie covers her blushing face with a hand. She is genuinely embarrassed about the act that is about to start in front of her eyes. She's already 25 and married, so this should be familiar to her.

"Get away from mother, you pervert! You wanted to violate her from the start after all!!"

As usual, the second daughter Bridget openly expresses her hostility towards me, raising her voice and throwing insults my way.

If Marceline herself didn't stop me, I might have pounced on her. She's the tallest in the family... yet she doesn't have any volume in her breasts for me to enjoy if I were to let her get on top.

"Mother is... going to... have sex with Hardlett-sama?"

The youngest daughter Felicie has a somewhat puzzled expression despite having a

softer attitude towards me.

She looks a little unhappy, although her gaze is directed at Marceline rather than me. Nevertheless, it's incredible how the youngest daughter has the heaviest looking and most voluminous bosom.

It isn't as great as Nonna's, but I can't ignore something like hers.

"Let me say this first. Today, Marceline and I will develop a physical relationship."

When I boldly declare my intentions, Marceline covers her face shyly while her three daughters let out differing voices of exclamation.

"The reason I called all of you here is for everyone to witness our love. And if any of you feel in the mood... I want to deepen the relationship with everyone."

"Haah!? Are you stupid!?"

I ignore Bridget's abuse.

"I promise to love all of you and guarantee you will live a luxurious life. That's why I want you to forget how you lived as one of the Treian royalty and become mine."

"T-that's so sudden." "If it's with Hardlett-sama, then I don't really-..." "Stupid! Idiot! Who are you kidding!?"

The youngest daughter Felicie seems to have consented already, so I'll get her to observe our love first.

"Here I go Marceline, I'll be making love to you in front of your daughters."

"Aah, this is so embarrassing. I'm already 46 and I'm going to be accepting a man in front of my daughters, I'm such an obscene mother."

I'll have to make the sex so amazing it will clear her mind of any embarrassment. I climb on top of the body of the woman that all the daughters have their eyes on and then whisper in the mother's ear.

"I'll be taking this mature body now. The dick which you made hard will be going inside you."

“Something so big will be entering... my... hole... aaah.....”

Marceline pulls the futon in so that her shoulders are covered.

I hold her hips and adjust the position of her body to match my dick with her vaginal entrance.

All the daughters gulp in anticipation, excluding Bridget who is continuing to rain insults on me.

I put my weight onto the flattened Marceline. The only thing that her daughters can see are our faces and Marceline’s shoulder peeking out ever so slightly.

However, they were still able to tell when I entered her.

“Here I go... with this, you’ll be my woman!”

I grab her shoulder and push my hips forward.

My penis invades the hole which has already birthed three children and instantly slides to the very back.

“Aagaaaaaah!!”

“Mother!?” “What did you just do to mother!?” “What a face she’s making...”

I was going to thrust in a little forcefully, but Marceline springs up after letting out a high-pitched scream.

Her eyes are wide apart, her tongue is hanging out from her mouth and she’s grabbing the sheets tightly.

“Are you alright? Does it hurt?”

“Ooooooh... aaoooooh...”

No response.

I don’t see any blood at least, so I’m just going to move.

It isn’t uncommon for a woman to faint from agony after accepting my dick for the first time.

I hold Marceline’s shoulder and rub my hips against hers to enjoy the feeling of her vagina.

I can tell from being so close to her, this isn’t the body of a 40 year old.

She's in her late 30's... no, her body is as fresh and youthful as someone in their mid 30's.

"It feels great, Marceline! You've aged well, you're a wonderful woman!"

I suck on her neck, lower my hands to her body and squeeze her breasts. She appears young but the suppleness of her body is distinct to mature ladies only, giving her the best parts of both worlds.

"Your ass and tits are soft too. What a nice body! Uooooh!!"

With my arousal rising, my movements become more intense. The bed creaks loudly and her limp body begins to rock back and forth. Before I realized, the daughters have gotten extremely close to the bed and seemingly want to petition me for something.

"Hardlett-sama, my mother is going to break... if you could please be a little more gentle."

"You want to fuck my mother to death or something!? If you do that, I'll hold a grudge against you for life!"

"Mother... she's drooling."

It felt so good I got carried away. I wanted to hold back a little and weaken my thrusts but I'm getting this weird feeling. Surprisingly, Marceline is grinding her hips on her own and pushing up against me willingly.

"I'm fine. I was just a little startled..."

"But... that face you were making... is he doing anything horrible to you?"

"That's right! It doesn't seem like the face or voice of someone who's just having sex"

So Bridget has experience too.

"He isn't doing anything strange. He just put his tool in me, that's it."

"But..."

Marceline answers the still-worried Stephanie with an enchanted face.

“You see, Hardlett-sama’s cock is... unbelievably big, and when it rubs against your mother’s ripened flesh pot, my entire body goes numb with pleasure. My hole gets stretched out and I can feel the stimulation directly from my vagina. His cock isn’t just big either, it’s hard and rugged, plus the tip is so wide... a woman won’t be able to bear it when he slides his dick in and out.”

“M-mother?”

Marceline’s soliloquy continues in spite of her daughter being confused.

“Not to mention he’s skilled, probably because he’s been with many women before. With one thrust, he finds my weak point and constantly prods at it!”

How nice, she’s praising me.

I’ll have to pick up the pace then.

“Here I go, I’ll show it to them.”

My arms dive under her armpits and pulls her upper half up.

The futon is flipped up, revealing everything above the waist and exposing the bountiful mounds on her chest to all three daughters.

Her slightly sagging breasts sway back and forth with every thrust I make.

“F-feels so good!! Do it more! It’s been so long! I haven’t been with a man in so long! Thrust into me, thrust until you break meee!!”

“Don’t you worry, I’ll make you cum! Prepare yourself!!”

The woman no longer cares about being in front of her daughters as she cries out magnificently while her breasts and head swing about.

I grab her jiggling breasts from behind and push her onto the bed, slamming my hips against her and pinning her down like I’m raping her.

The daughters don’t say anything further, only watching us make love in amazement.

“Cumming! I’m cumming, cumming, cumminngggg–!! Squeeze my breasts! I don’t care if it hurts!”

“Go on and cum, Marceline! How do you like this!?”

I grasp her breasts tight enough that it would make her squeal out in pain and even pinch her nipples.

However, this woman is already on the verge of climaxing and she can't feel anything but pleasure at this point.

"Hii-... nnnhhiiiiii!!"

Her hole clenches down on me as she lets out a sharp squeal.

The plump nipple in the palm of my hand gradually becomes soft again as her voice dies down.

The fluid dripping from her crotch is probably from her pissing herself or from her squirting.

She's enjoying an intense orgasm right now.

""A, auu... so this is sex between a man and a woman...""

The daughters let out a hoarse voice as Marceline collapses happily on the bed.

But I'm not finished yet, I haven't given her the finishing touch yet.

Her sweaty back sticks to my chest as I whisper in her ear.

"Did it feel good? It's my turn to feel good next. I'll be injecting plenty of seed inside you."

She twitches when she hears the word.

"Seed... which means I'll get pregnant... but..."

"Mother, contraception..."

Stephanie takes out a bottle of medicine from her handbag.

It seems she was prepared for the possibility of being violated when she was summoned by me.

However, that kind of medicine is not needed.

"Medicine isn't necessary. If we love each other and make a child, then let it be."

Stephanie still tries to say something but is stopped by Marceline.

“It’s fine... your mother is already 46 years old, there’s no way I can get pregnant at this age.”

Well I can’t let that comment go.

“Do you really think so? You haven’t stopped being a woman, have you?”

I ask her while lifting her hips, driving my dick on the verge of exploding deep into her folds and fixing it in place, and at the same time rubbing her breasts.

“It’s true I’m still getting my periods... but even so, it’s been 16 years since I last gave birth.”

Having positioned itself deep inside Marceline, my dick begins to twitch, causing Marceline’s body to stiffen up.

“My seed is pretty thick though... you know about the girls in the annex, right?”

Her tone gradually gets rougher.

“T-that’s...”

I haven’t been making love to the girls in the annex as frequently as I do with the women in the mansion, yet there are already several women who have large bellies. Among those women, I’ve had sex with most of them only once and they still got pregnant.

“Even so, they’re young women aren’t they?”

“Dorothea.”

“Hi-h-...”

Marceline should also know that I impregnated the 44 year old Dorothea.

I can feel her trying to pull her body forward a little at a time.

The real possibility of getting pregnant must have dawned on her and she’s trying to run away now.

Of course I’m holding her waist, so she’s pulling me forward instead and not able to escape from me at all.

“You finally allowed me into your body. I’m quite aroused today, feel it.”

I take Marceline’s hand and reach below where my dick is connected with her, to touch my balls which are beginning to twitch.

“...These are your balls? They’re this impressive!?”

“That’s right, everything in them will be poured into you. The juice is incredibly thick and there’s going to be lots of it.”

Marceline’s body trembles.

I don’t know if she’s terrified or excited about getting pregnant.

“Your ovaries can’t escape. Here it comes.”

I move slow but make large motions, pressing my entire body into her and pushing her into the bed.

“No... you can’t, I’ll get pregnant. Mom is going to get pregnant!”

“Mother...” “T-take it out! Your children are no good!” “Getting pregnant... how nice.”

The movement of my hips is by no means intense to Marceline, who is already climbing towards another climax, we’re going to be working our way up slowly and keeping our reason.

Eventually, my dick twitches and my balls tighten.

Because we’re glued together, that also gets transmitted to her.

“Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie...”

Marceline extends her hands to grab her daughters’ hands.

And then at that moment, I feel the electric pleasure of an orgasm running down to my crotch.

“Uoooh!”

I’m aroused more than usual and I can feel a heavy, almost solid, mass of semen rising

from my balls.

The white goop pushes out my urethra and I feel a dull pain, eliciting a soft groan from me.

“I-it moved! His seed... his seed is flowing inside!”

“Mother!” “No, don’t give her any seed!” “So I might be getting a little sister.”

At the same time my semen gushes out, I pull my dick back until the tip gets stuck at the entrance.

Marceline doesn’t seem to have any intent for me to pull all the way out though.

She is just grasping her daughters’ hands, closing her eyes and preparing for the inevitable impact.

“Hmm!”

Right before ejaculating. I slam my hips in deep enough for my tip to dig into her inner walls.

Her womb, which hasn’t opened its doors in so long, finally awakens.

That impact even brings me to stop moving.

“Aaaah—!!”

“Oooooooh—!!”

I suck on her neck, grab both her breasts and thrust my hips forward as far as they could go.

My entire body was focused on feeling the body of this mature lady while spitting out the thick, white baby juice.

I’m sure it wasn’t just me and her who heard the streams of liquid being shot into her belly.

“Ahhhhhhh—Aaaaah!!”

“Uooooooooh!! Oooooooooh!!”

There were no more words exchanged, only our moaning and groaning could be heard. At this point, my semen almost seems like a thick paste and the sensation of it gushing out from my dick is being transmitted to me and her.

“Is he cumming? He came inside mother?”

“What the heck is with that sound... that byuuu sound... how gross.”

“Mother... did he make a baby?”

“It’s not over yet, I’m still cumming! Uooo...”

“The clump of seed... it’s accumulating in my stomach... I’m pregnant, getting filled with such thick seed was bad. A 46 year old mature lady got pregnant from a man half her age... my stomach is expanding.”

My ejaculation continued for a while, practically lasting ten minutes.

It’s been a while since I’ve had such an intense orgasm.

With just one round, my dick has already gone soft.

I wonder how much I actually shot out.

“Fuu, that was great. From today onward, you are my woman.”

I kiss and embrace the blankly staring Marceline.

The semen overflows back out of her genitals, though weakly.

Because it was so thick, all of it got stuck inside her womb and not much ended up leaking out.

If she’s still able to give birth, then she definitely got pregnant from that.

The exhausted Marceline lays on the edge of the bed while I beckon the other girls to come.

“Who’s next? I’ll make you feel good.”

“Hiiieh!” “You still want to have sex after releasing all that!?” “...”

I was planning on spending time with everybody.

My semen will be a little thinner, but they’ll have to be settle with that.

The eldest daughter pulls back while the second daughter acts menacingly like a cat. That prompted the youngest daughter to step forward.

“I-I want Hardlett-sama... no, stepfather to embrace me.”

“Stepfather?”

“Well, mother is going to become stepfather’s woman and bear his child, right? That’s why he’s going to be our stepfather.”

Hmm, the mood in the air has become strange.

It feels immoral to be called a father while I embrace them, though that might be a little exciting.

Celia might be a little angry if she finds out about this though.

“Wait a minute! He’s got this monstrous thing which made mother cry out like some animal, you know!? If you take in something like that, you’ll break for sure! In the first place, Felicie is still a virgin!”

Bridget shouts frantically.

Running through the virginity of a girl who calls me her father... I can feel my dick getting hard again.

“I’ll accept him. I’m sure it’ll get soft again after releasing more seed.”

Stephanie was once scared, but now she stands in front of me seemingly determined. She must be acting strong to put her younger sister at ease, since I can tell she’s scared by how much her legs are trembling.

“You don’t have to worry. I don’t enjoy making women suffer, so I’ll be treating all of you tenderly. I’ll make sure you feel good.”

Smiling, I invite Stephanie to the bed and into the futon.

She must also be embarrassed to let her younger sisters see the place where she’ll be connecting with me so she squirms around inside the futon and puts her removed clothes outside the bed.

“Do you want it in the same way your mom got it? Or maybe you want me to love you from the front?”

“Do it... from behind, please.”

I acknowledge her request and press up against Stephanie from behind, rubbing my dick between her buttocks.

She’s 25 if I remember correctly, and she’s married although she doesn’t have a child,

meaning she should be used to sex.

However her body seems to be shaking uncontrollably... so you're a scaredy cat, don't worry I'll be gentle.

"Stephanie? Don't be so nervous, I won't screw you so quickly. Let's talk for a little bit first."

I hug her from behind while continuing to rub my dick against her ass.

She seems to be afraid of how big I am, but I'm not even half erect yet.

She has a similarly soft body like her mother and her large breasts and ass feel quite nice.

A pleasant smell wafts into my nose from her slightly red-tinged blonde hair.

To make her feel somewhat more secure, I first talk about some unimportant topics while stroking her hair and sucking her shoulder, helping her relax.

Somehow the conversation ends up being about what happened after Treia fell into ruin.

"My husband was a prominent noble in Treia. He did many things for me, but it was actually all to please the royal family... he never once opened his heart to me."

"I see... there's nothing I can do about it now, but I'll listen to you. Tell me as much as you want."

While remaining glued together, I rock her body like a cradle and urge her to continue.

"After the destruction of Treia, my father took me and ran to Magrado. But... even my husband¹ believed he could no longer win against Goldonia. He left a letter of divorce with me and became a vassal of Goldonia."

If the ruler of Treia changes from the royal family to Goldonia, then she would be treated like an obstacle.

"What a ridiculous man. How could he abandon such a nice woman just to protect himself?"

I hug the teary-eyed Stephanie and steal her lips.

There was absolutely no resistance from her.

“He was just a good-for-nothing man, I’m sure his dick was a small pecker, just like the size of his capacity.”

Stephanie bursts out in laughter.

“Actually, it still had the foreskin covering the tip. And he was finished too quickly.”

“He’s got a tiny phimosis dick, plus a premature ejaculator!? He has a small vessel and an inferior package, but what about his head and body?”

“Both were mediocre, not to mention he was balding too. He embraced me for three years, but he couldn’t get me pregnant.”

She must have been keeping many things bottled up and now Stephanie is happily joking about her former husband.

The subject was depressing, but her heart has visibly started to melt.

Up until this moment, her body would stiffen everytime my dick rubbed against her ass. Now, it only makes her breathing get slightly rougher.

“Hey Stephanie, forget about that man and become my woman. I’ll protect you and won’t abandon you either. Besides, I can allow you to have a great time at night.”

I pull Stephanie’s hand toward my cock and have her fingers wrap around the shaft. It’s still only 70% erect, yet it’s thicker than her wrist and should be way bigger than the tiny pecker that man has.

“Ah... it’s big... how lovely...”

I can already tell what her response would be at this point, but I want to hear it from the girl’s mouth.

“So, can you give me your answer? Will you wipe the slate clean of your former husband and become my woman?”

The woman in my arms smiles and turns to face me while I’m on top of her.

“Yes, I will become your woman, stepfather.”

Hey now, Stephanie is older than me.
Ah, why is my dick swelling up so much?

There's no reason to hold back now.
I adjust the position of my body, going from rubbing my dick against her ass to pushing my dick against her entrance.

"I'm putting it in, Stephanie."

I hug the back of the woman who silently smiles at me, then thrust my hips forward.

"Aau!"

"Nn, this is-..."

When my hips push forward, I feel a strong resistance and then hear the tearing sound I usually hear when I tear through someone's virginity.

But she should not be a virgin.

Thinking she should be fine, I push forward with more strength, which makes Stephanie scream.

"Kyaa! It hurts!!"

"Are you alright!? Why is it so tight?"

Stephanie's breathing is feeble from trying to endure the pain and she answers me while forcing herself to smile.

"That man was just too small... it never stretched me this much so I didn't even feel the pain from losing my virginity at the time..."

I see, her husband's dicklet couldn't push apart her walls whereas my dick stretched her just about as much as possible.

However, this just makes her a virgin without a hymen, I'll have to be even more gentle.

"No, just continue moving like this. Change my body... change my hole for your exclusive use, stepfather."

"You sure?"

“Yes, Stephanie is stepfather’s woman from this day forward, so I want you to treat my body as such.”

If she’s going to say this much, then I don’t need to ask any further.
I’ll make the body of this older stepdaughter mine and mine alone.

First I bring her head close so I can tangle my tongue with hers in a passionate kiss, engorging my dick with blood so that it’s fully erect.

The futon is just annoying at this point, so I fling it up and away. I hold Stephanie, who is on her knees, by the ass and plunge straight into her depths.

“Ow! It hurts! My flesh is parting! My hole is stretching and my body is changing!”

I pull Stephanie’s ass back and give the screaming girl another merciless thrust. There must be cold sweat mixed with all the usual sweat on her back.
I’ll use this one session to make her entire body belong to me.

“How do you like my dick!? This thing will be going inside you all the time from now on!”

“Yes! I will only swallow stepfather’s dick! It hurts... but it’s fun when I think about how my vagina is being molded into stepfather’s shape! Aaaah! Amazing!”

Our mating was even more audacious and intense than the time I had with Marceline, leaving the other two sisters speechless.

“Stepfather! Oh, stepfatherrrrr! No moree!”

Stephanie collapses on her hands and knees with her ass still sticking up.
I take this chance to mount her and thrust even more.

“Hm... this is-”

I realize something is out of place.
Her hole doesn’t feel deep, it actually felt deeper when I was thrusting earlier.
Then I smile as it dawns on me.

“Stephanie, your womb has come down. Do you want to get pregnant that badly?”

“Eh!? H-how would I know!?”

For the first time in her life, her body has experienced real sex and it's getting ready to be impregnated on pure instinct.

I was considering letting her use contraceptive if she wanted to, but now I changed my mind. Her body wants to get pregnant, so it's definitely a man's duty to provide the seed.

“Here I go, Stephanie. Accept your father's seed and get pregnant!”

She starts refusing me and struggles to get her body away.

But when she saw Marceline... who is lying happily with a bellyful of my seed, she becomes docile.

“If that is what stepfather wants, then please make sure I'm happy after I get pregnant too, 'kay?”

“That goes without... saying!!”

I make one final thrust before ejaculating, releasing a thinner fluid because of all that semen I let out earlier.

My ejaculation only lasted for 30 seconds but she'll get pregnant if she's lucky.

“Hiiiiiiih-!!”

Stephanie screams as she climaxes, getting off on the sensation of my seed plastering her womb, then collapses limply.

I spread apart her legs to see her red, swollen vaginal lips.

It doesn't look like it'll go back to the cute little hole it once was, meaning she has become a woman who is only able to accept my cock now.

“Good night, Stephanie. I'll give you more loving from now on too.”

I give her a soft kiss and she responds with half-opened eyes.

“Stepfather... I love you.”

After saying those words, she completely loses consciousness.

“Alright, next is-...”

“Me, me, meee!”

Felicie raises both hands and bounces up and down.
It looks like she’s become rather attached to me.
Apparently, she’s a virgin... I’ll just take it gently.

Her preferred position is missionary, and we also cover ourselves with the futon so only our chests could be seen.

“They’re big, just like I thought. You’re only 16 and you already have these incredible boobs.”

Depending on her future growth, she has a chance of rivalling Nonna.
She has about two sizes to go.

“Stepfather’s penis even reaches to Felicie’s chest... amazing.”

When I the small girl’s legs and get in between them, my length reaches her breasts.
She has large breasts even though her body is rather small. If I’m not careful, I’ll probably injure her vagina.

First I get her vagina wet with my tongue.
Not only that, I wet the insides of her hole with my saliva.

“Nyahaha! That tickles!”

This girl becomes extremely timid and frightened when the servants look at her with hostility, but now she’s laughing like she’s having fun.
That’s right, I wanted to see this face.
It’s much better when girls are laughing, crying is only for when they climax from my dick penetrating them.

“Father... he never paid any attention to Felicie at all.”

I guess it would be hard for a King to pay much attention to the youngest daughter.
I have to be careful myself, since I’m just not good with taking care of and playing with young kids and have been leaving the women to do it for me.

If they get to be at least ten years old, I can play with them in many different ways.

“I don’t know how to give you attention as your stepfather, but I know how to entertain you as a man.”

With Felicie now lying on her back, I push my dick inside her.

“O-oww! That really hurts!”

I use the saliva to slowly sink deeper, stopping my hips before I reach the mark of her virginity.

As expected of a genuine virgin. Stephanie was tight, but Felicie is even tighter. I’ll leave her half-dead if I put it in now though.

“Felicie, you have to be loud.”

“Loud?”

“Yeah, it doesn’t matter what you scream, but it will help to ease the pain a little. In the meantime, I’ll be taking your virginity.”

Felicie doesn’t hesitate to take in a deep breath.

She’ll be overheard by those around us, but it doesn’t matter because everyone here will become mine.

“Stepfather, I love you! Please stay with me forever from now on! Papa, papaaa!!”

What she shouted was beyond what I expected.

I inserted my dick inside while matching the timing of her words, although this entire situation reminds me a lot of the time I made love to Celia.

“It hurrtrtttssss!!”

There was a ripping sound as the membrane tears.

My dick just bulges and gets even louder from her rather cute screams.

As my dick continues to increase in size within Felicie, she starts crying.

“N-not good. Say something to make it go limp!”

“It hurts, but I’ll bear with it! Felicie wants to belong to stepfather~! Love me more!”

“Don’t be saying something so admirable! Oooh... it’s getting even bigger!”

My cock seems to bulge endlessly and Felicie’s last string seems to snap, knocking her unconscious.

I was able to somehow pull out from her vagina and retrieve my dick covered with the blood of her virginity, but I can’t see any signs of her pretty virgin hole after I stretched it so much.

It doesn’t look like I split her apart or gave her a wound, though an average-sized dick will probably not fit snugly in her loose hole now.

“Only I’ll be sleeping with her from now on, so I guess that’s fine.”

When I give Felicie a kiss and whisper words of love in her ear, she replies softly in her sleep, saying “please protect me... stepfather.”

There’s no need to worry, I’ll continue sheltering you. I’ll also have you give birth to many children.

“And last is...”

“Absolutely not! I’d rather bite my tongue and die instead of being embraced by you!”

With a ‘hmp’, Bridget glares menacingly at me like a cat.

I extend my hand, offering just to chat with her, but she brushes me away.

She’s unapproachable and unfortunately I can’t get violent.

I guess I’ll wait for another opportunity.

“No, please embrace her today!”

“Kyaa!”

Marceline has gotten up and pushed Bridget onto the bed.

“What are you doing, mother!?”

“I should be asking you! Hardlett-sama was the one who saved our lives and brought us here, and yet you use such harsh words to speak to him! Your mother won’t tolerate that.”

With that said, Marceline grabs and holds Bridget's left leg.

"That's right!"

Stephanie wakes up next.

"He's been taking care of this and that for us and you're here talking like that!?"

"Hey big sister, but he's-..."

"Our stepfather! And I won't forgive you for speaking ill of mother's and your sister's precious gentleman!"

Stephanie grabs a hold of Bridget's right leg.

"That's right, stepfather has given us many things."

Ooh, Felicie revived too.

"He did that because he was aiming for our bodies! To prove that fact, he's already eaten the three of you, hasn't he!?"

"And what's wrong with that? Felicie and the rest of us were happy to have stepfather embrace us, you know? I don't care about big sister Bridget's selfishness anymore."

Felicie climbs onto the bed and pins down both of Bridget's arms.

"Wait a second! Everyone, what are you doing..."

As Bridget struggles to get free, the three holding her down wink at me.
So that's what they're doing, however I'll be doing it by force.

"It's fine. When Hardlett-sama puts his thing inside her, I'm sure this girl will understand too."

"Fueh!? Mother!?"

"Yeah, please make big sister feel good too."

“Felicie, don’t say anything unnecessary!”

“You don’t have to hold back. This girl might not have the largest pair of breasts, but she has a nice body. Besides, she’s ate her fair share of male servants when she was in the palace, so her body should be quite familiar with men.”

“Big sis Stephanie!? Why do you know-!?”

“You thought I didn’t know about you calling and getting on top of Linever, the person in charge of chores, every night?”

Well what do you know. I thought she was absolutely unaffected because of all her yelling, but she surprisingly has someone she likes.

In that case, I don’t have to hold back.

With nothing to hide, I stand up.

Three of them let out erotic sighs while one of them screams.

“It truly is big...” “Something like that went inside Felicie.” “Now, go on, use that giant spear of yours and slam it inside.”

“Noooo—! Something that big won’t fit inside! I’ll break, it’s going to tear me, I’m going to dieeee—!!”

Don’t worry, your body is quite sturdy.

I’ll thoroughly pleasure you.

I grab her legs and put my dick against her.

It isn’t really wet, but Marceline and Stephanie use their saliva to lubricate me without delay.

“Alright, are you ready?”

“Of course notttttt—!!”

“I don’t mind. Mother will allow it!”

“Fuun!”

I thrust my dick inside Bridget, who is continuing to shout noisily.

“Fuunggyaaaa!!”

Her screams are amazing, but her insides are also amazing.

When I entered her vagina, she starts squeezing down on me tightly and her walls are rubbing against my shaft quite nicely.

This is an exquisite pussy, making my hips move like they have a will of their own.

I hold both her wrists and everytime I give her a big thrust, Bridget’s body shakes and she lets out a scream.

Come on, this makes it look like I’m raping you.

Wanting to make her feel good, I reach for her boobs, though not much is there for me to fondle.

“Fumu, it’s non-existent.”

“Shut up, leave me alone!”

It is often the case that those with small breasts have sensitive nipples.

I don’t stop moving my hips and start sucking on her nipples. When I do so, I can feel her getting wet and making the entry and re-entry of my dick smoother.

“You really are experienced. On top of that, you’re a pretty big pervert.”

“Fuggyaaa-!”

She bit my shoulder... but that also acts as nice stimulation.

I continue rocking my hips and sucking her nipples, shrugging aside her resistance and whisper lovingly in her ear.

At first, Bridget was rampaging as if it was not enough already but she’s gradually becoming more meek.

She moans in agony when I suck her breasts, she gets more turned on when I rub her ass, she squeals when I pinch her clitoris, and she unconsciously wraps her arms around my back when I bite her shoulder playfully.

“You actually love getting fucked, don’t you.”

“Seems so... she gets aroused no matter what is done to her.” “She wasn’t wet in the beginning... but now, it’s a big sopping mess.”

“There’s no way that’s true!”

If you’re still going to say that, then I’ll have to make you fall completely so you can’t resist even if you wanted to.

I raise both of her arms above her head and press my entire body against hers.

“How about... this!?”

“Hyaaun!”

I grind my body, rubbing her nipples with my chest and her clitoris with my pubic hair while stimulating her insides with my constant deep thrusts.

I don’t forget to kiss her and whisper into her ear.

It didn’t take more than five minutes for Bridget to stop the abusive language.

“Fufufu, it’s good, isn’t it?”

“What are you talking!? All you’re doing is rape...”

I lick her ear and neck.

In addition, I make tiny thrusts against her G-spot.

“And is this still rape?”

Bridget’s face turns red and after quieting down for a while, her shoulders slump over.

“Uuuuu, so good! I’ve never had anything like this... this is consensual!”

The desperate-sounding girl felt it adorably.

“Don’t speak in that rough way from now on, you hear.”

Not that I mind, but it’ll make the others around her, like the servants and other girls, treat her coldy.

“...I understand... um... stepfather.”

“No, you don’t need to call me stepfather.”

Bridget suddenly turns red and starts rampaging again, but I use intense thrusts to calm her down.

I'm almost at my limit.

And I'm pretty sure she is close too.

"It's coming soon. We'll both climax together, and I'll cum inside."

"Eh... inside?"

A look of terror from getting pregnant appeared briefly on her face. She doesn't seem prepared to have children yet.

"I'm cumming."

"Aau! Noooo!!"

I make her orgasm with one final thrust, then I pull my dick out quickly.

"Aauuuuuuu—! Cummingggg—!!"

I point my dick at her face while she's orgasming and my body bends back.

"You are also... my woman!"

A sticky sound resounds throughout the room as Bridget's shapely face is painted white with my seed.

With every pulse of my dick, my manly juices intermittently sprays out and dirties her face with the sloppy white mess, making it hard to determine the original color of her strawberry-blonde hair, until finally dying down.

"Fuui."

"....."

After feeling satisfied from emptying my load, I drop my ass onto the bed and stretch my body.

Bridget, after getting blasted in the face with a bucket load of semen glares at me.

“You didn’t want it inside, right?”

“But you didn’t have to shoot it on my face! My entire upper half is covered in it now.”

“That’s just proof you became mine. You can go take a bath later.”

“You... I’ll bite you!”

The enraged Bridget dives into my crotch.

The other three scream, assuming she would bite my dick, however I don’t feel any pain. Rather I feel a soft and warm sensation wrapping my length.

“Just for today, nnbh, I can forgive, nnbhoh, this much, but if you do anything strange again, nnmnh, I’ll really, nnhnnhnnh, bite this thing off, got it!?”

Contrary to what she said she would do, she carefully cleans my dick of all the juices. I was worried for a bit, but Bridget also successfully became mine.

From that day onward, I had the four former Treian royalty eat with the other family members in the same place and I also took them outside with me whenever we were together.

There are still a few servants who look at them with harsh stares, but they can evade them by hiding behind me.

I can’t leave things as they are.

I have to get rid of the hostility from the remaining portion of servants.

Oh right, I promised to make them maids in the past. Let’s use that.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 162,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Family: Nonna (the beautiful Nonna), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Miti (concubine), Maria (concubine), Catherine (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Casie (ghost), Rita (head maid)

Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magical girl)

Marceline (lover), Daughters – Stephanie (lover), Bridget (lover), Felicie (lover)

Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital), Melissa (lover, leaving for the capital), Alma (leaving for the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata, Anastasia (daughters); Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner, Bartolome (sons); Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby

Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (learning domestic affairs)

Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (strategist?)

Claire & Laurie (compiling a plan), Schwartz (lewd horse), Lilian (actress)

Army: 5500 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 1000, Archers: 1000, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 9100 gold (Family Only Marriage Celebration -70) (Erich expense -30) (Military Expansion of 200 people -800)

Sexual Partners: 213, children who have been born: 47

Chapter 206

Dwarven Cannon

-Aegir POV-

The entire scenery which can be seen through the window of the carriage is a reddish brown color, contrasting with the clear blue sky to make it seem even more depressing.

The rattling sound of the rolling wagon wheels can be heard as we travel along the path.

“This place is as dry as usual.”

“There’s no water nearby so none of the land here can be cultivated into farmland.”

Celia, who is sitting beside me, comments sincerely almost like she was talking to herself.

I rub her head thinking she’s cute, though it messes up her hair, causing her to fix it in a hurry.

Recently, I’ve been messing up her hair so that I can touch her ass and breasts while she’s busy tidying up her hair.

“Pipi likes it here. This is what I saw all the time when I was small.”

Pipi points out the window on the opposite side of the carriage and tells me about the black beast she saw.

Unfortunately, my eyesight isn’t good enough to see the shadow or shape of the monster.

The eyes of the mountain nation are sharp like hawks.

“Here you go, Master~”

I take a sip of the fruit juice which Leah hands me.

It has a fairly sour taste but it’s still refreshing in this dry environment.

I finish drinking everything in the cup, though it seems I still have more waiting for me.

Leah's cheeks are puffed out and when I kiss her, sweet fruit juice flows from her mouth to mine.

Sitting in the center of the carriage, she was continually stroking my crotch and chest with her hands.

It seems she feels the utmost joy whenever she manages to sexually arouse me.

"Are we there yet, Leopolt?"

"We are scheduled to arrive on time. Lintbloom should come into view within a few hours."

He responds with his usual affectionless voice, then closes his eyes again as if his duty was over.

He acts like some big shot and cleverly escaped giving a well-thought out answer, but I'm sure it's because he's thinking of something naughty.

For example...

Nina, who is sitting beside Leopolt, bows slightly to me.

This girl is admirable for being the attendant of this unsociable guy all this time.

She has quite the pretty face and her body has become more curvy compared to the first time I met her.

"He definitely tangles with her every night and enjoys himself."

"Auu!"

Oops, I said that out loud.

Leopolt says something to Nina as she covers her blushing face

"Lord Hardlett often says things out loud without thinking. You don't have to respond to every comment."

"R-right."

Wait a second, you were making fun of me just now, weren't you.

How dare you, as revenge I'll fart in this sealed space.

It's a really stinky one, let's see how you like that.

Leopolt just ignores it, while Celia and the other girls look at me coldly.

“I don’t know whether it’s a good thing or just annoying that the dwarves don’t speak to anybody except me.”

The reason we’re heading to Lintbloom is to check on the cannon which we entrusted them to make.

Apparently their efforts bore fruit, which is why they called me to come in person. They don’t seem to trust many humans aside from me.

“The improvements to the cannon will largely affect our military strength in future wars. After all, we don’t have many options to choose from if Lord Hardlett leaves us for several days.”

That’s fine and dandy, but why have you come along too?

I’m worried about the overly enthusiastic Myla, who was to be entrusted with the military affairs in Rafen.

Is it because this is as important as he says it is?

Incidentally, with Pipi also heading back to her village, Leah has been left in charge of taking care of my lower half.

Furthermore, there is another large carriage following us.

That carriage belongs to Celestina, who couldn’t bear to be apart from me for even one day, accompanying me for a tour of the place I’m headed to.

I actually didn’t want too many people... especially those of another nation, to see this place but since the only ones coming along were Celestina and Monica, it should be fine.

The rest of the Malt envoy is doing something with Adolph in Rafen.

They must be excitedly fussing about all the imported goods.

Celia speaks timidly while resting her head against my chest.

“Maria-san and company as well as the women from Treia weren’t there to see us leave.”

That's because I fucked them a lot before leaving and all of them couldn't stand up yet. I think only Catherine was able to see us off with the help of a walking stick.

We chatted about some unimportant topics to kill time and before I knew it, black smoke can be seen in the direction we are headed.

The mining city of Lintbloom is an industrial city built around an iron mine and the steel mill, and is also the prominent point of provision for Goldonia's iron supply.

With the everlasting flames of the steel mill and the continuous smoke emitting from this wasteland regardless of the time of day, it really makes me imagine those creatures of legends – the dragons.

“Welcome back, feudal lord-sama! Your Majesty, Celestina!”

When the carriages reach their destination, a middle-aged man jumps out to greet us. He is the head of the city of Lintbloom... whose name I can't remember.

Celestina greets him with a casual good morning, only to be reminded by Monica to be talk in a more dignified manner.

It's the usual spectacle.

“As I communicated, I will be in your care. Where are the dwarves?”

According to reports, several of them have temporarily come here.

“This way. I will also prepare your escort! In regards to dinner preparations...”

“I will provide my own escorts. As for dinner, you can make the choice.”

The head of the city as well as the other men around him jump in surprise from my slightly harsh tone.

I'm not actually mad though... are they really that scared of me?

I don't think anything good will come out of wandering the town while Leopolt is with me.

I should finish my business here first.

“The dwarves are here in this factory dedicated for military purposes.”

The place I was guided to was a prominent workshop even within Lintbloom, where all sorts of equipment meant for my personal army, like saddles and weapons, are created.

Because I can supply my own iron and steel equipment, I can steadily strengthen my army.

The dwarves were not waiting inside the workshop though, instead they were at the shooting range, which was for testing the cannons they created.

The glum look on their rugged faces turned into huge smiles when they saw me. Spreading both arms wide and running towards me first is Balbano, who might cause an earthquake in doing so.

“’s been a while, pal! Would’ve been nice if you showed up more often.”

“And as usual, you’re looking rather chunky.”

Balbano is similar in height with the other dwarves but he has a muscular frame and a sturdier looking body.

His short and thick legs thumping their way to me as he walks is an amusing sight, although he’s an opponent even I had trouble overcoming if you simply consider his strength.

“Let’s celebrate our reunion first. Drink.”

The stein handed to me is filled with their specialty, an extremely potent alcohol. Leah steps back after taking a small whiff of the aroma, whereas Celia steps forward. Even though she can’t handle alcohol, she likes drinking it.

“Don’t do it, Celia. If you drink this, you might start dancing naked in front of some random men.”

“Uu... I-I’ll drink at night with Aegir-sama!”

I laugh and accept the offered stein, instantly downing all of the liquid.

Nothing will go well if I refuse alcohol from the dwarves.

That and I actually kind of like the taste of this alcohol which seems to burn your throat.

“Ooh, you’re different like I thought. It’s regrettable a man like you is human.”

Balbano’s dark face relaxes as he comments happily.

I decline his suggestion of drinking another glass.

If I drink anymore than this, I won't be able to do my work.
I'll probably grab a passing prostitute and talk to you while she sucks me off.

"Let's talk about the cannons before getting drunk. We can drink till we drop tonight.
I can prepare as many high quality alcohols as you want."

The other dwarves smile at my words.
They really love their alcohol.

"'Cannon' is that thin metal tube the man from the plains were talking about, right?"

Balbano gives the cannon I prepared an uninterested glance just for reference and declares.

"This is no good."

"Tell me what's wrong with it."

You can call it defective, but we will make no progress if you stop there.

"The idea of lighting a fire at the base of this tube and using the force of the explosion to propel a metal ball is interesting, but the weak tubes you have will break and warp in no time."

"Yeah, that's why I thought you guys could do something to improve them."

Balbano shakes his head.

"We can make something better than you. However, the material is too brittle in the first place. It doesn't matter who builds something with this crude metal, most of it will turn out the same and it won't last long."

"Hmmm..."

Leopolt and I, plus Celia, all have troubled expressions as we tilt our heads in thought. Steel is not strong enough... if that's the case, we can't do anything about it.
Now that I think about it, the dwarves have been going on all this time, saying how steel and iron is a weak metal.

“Nothing decent can be made from iron. But I can’t just refuse a request from a friend. You introduced a thick and sturdy woman to me too. I liked how she was hairy too.”

Balbano goes into a corner of the workshop and pulls out some objects he prepared. As expected, it doesn’t matter what race you’re from, men love women... their preferences differ greatly though.

“This is... a cannon? It’s huge... almost like Aegir-sama’s thing.”

Leopolt and Celia stare curiously... at the ten cannons lined up in front of them. The cannons made by the dwarves are similar in shape to the ones we have but are double in size and has a more intricate design. Most of all, the color of the cannons are darker than steel, obviously meaning they used a different material to make them.

“This is... something you guys made?”

“It’s a primitive design but I didn’t think there was any point in changing the entire thing when creating it ourselves. We used our own materials.”

I give them a light tap and they all seem thick and solid and won’t break after a few uses.

When I talk to them about it, they said that they have already been fired ten times and there was absolutely no flaws and no bending of the barrel.

“With these cannons, you can probably use several times more gunpowder! Not to mention they’re huge!”

Balbano sticks out his chest with pride but Leopolt has a sour look on his face. I don’t say anything, guessing what he was thinking about.

“We won’t be able to use these in a field battle. They’re also going to slow down the pace of our march.”

Balbano glares at Leopolt who deliberately voiced his opinion. It’s nice that they’re big and durable, but these cannons are too heavy. As they are now... we can’t load them onto the wagons, and we’ll move really slowly even if we use six horses to pull them along.

“Still, they have a certain size to them if we fix them in place. Any subpar castle walls will be blown apart in an instant. They’re excellent cannons.”

Balbano once again sticks his chest out with pride and agrees with me.

Leopolt doesn’t say anything further.

So he willingly played devil’s advocate... he’s not that admirable of a person.

It’s definitely because he can’t understand how people feel.

However, I still have concerns.

“Can you prepare these cannons with that material easily?”

“We didn’t use as much as we did for your spear, but we used what we saved up to make the cannons. I don’t think we can make more for a while.”

“Hmm...”

That doesn’t really solve the problem then.

It doesn’t matter if it’s a cannon or whatever, it’s still just a single weapon.

I’d rather have a bunch of weapons of usable quality than one masterpiece of supreme quality.

“Can you somehow make something good out of the iron?”

“I don’t understand why you’re so fixated on something like iron. What’s so good about a metal that rusts so easily?”

Balbano sits uninterestedly on his metal chair.

His butt is big enough to stick out from the side of his chair and he’s short enough that his feet don’t reach the ground.

It’s funny to see his legs kicking around in the air like a child.

“Well... it’s because, excluding any special metals, steel is the hardest.”

Mithril and the metal used by the dwarves is overwhelmingly strong, but we can’t obtain a large quantity of that stuff.

It’s more common and practical to use steel.

However, steel seems to be inadequate as the material for the cannon’s barrel.

The engineers in the workshop behind me also nod.
They look familiar... from the fire nation, if I recall correctly...
Hm, I forgot.

“That is indeed true when it comes to hardness. But if we’re focusing on having enough strength to withstand explosions, then bronze is better.”

“Bronze?”

I do remember my sword and spear being made of bronze at one point or another.
Things like that are treated like antiques nowadays though.

“It’s heavy enough to take a hit and its elasticity...”

Balbano starts talking boastfully about something, but it doesn’t make any sense to me at all.

“Hyauum!”

I rub Celia’s lower half while pretending to respond like I understand.
I’ll have fun with Leah’s ass too.

Umu, both of their thighs are plump, just the way I like them.
I’ll put my face between them tonight.
Getting sandwiched by their thighs while Pipi licks my cock... that sounds wonderful.

“I-I see...” “Bronze wasn’t even considered.” “We’ll have to check whether there are any places within the tunnel that contain copper or tin!”

The engineers become lively over something.
Leopolt seems to be thinking earnestly about something.
I’m just happy that the problem was solved.
I’ll leave the rest to Leopolt.

“That aside, I have something I want you to see. You’ll be amazed.”

Apparently, the ten cannons prepared by Balbano weren’t anything too fancy.
In his perspective, he sees them as imitations of our primitive designs.
It can’t be helped, I should be grateful that he at least made them without getting

angry.

After a while of walking together with the elated Balbano, we arrive in front of a certain building.

“Is it inside here?”

He’s smiling so confidently, so I’m certain something interesting will come out.

“Now lay your eyes on this, this is our greatest work!”

“I’m looking forward to-... what’s wrong? Don’t just put on airs, hurry and bring it out.”

Balbano’s arms are spread and he isn’t moving.

What’s going on here, you’re telling me to look at the building but nothing’s coming out.

“A-Aegir-sama... it’s this!!”

Celia shouts in amazement.

Looking at where she’s pointing, I only see a building... no, this is-

I thought for sure this was just a building, but the structure seems strange after a closer look.

There is no entrance or exit and there is a ladder on the side, which leads up to somewhere.

I can also see some gears and springs here and there

And finally, there is a long tube that extends out from the building, resembling the barrel of a cannon.

“This... entire thing is a cannon?”

“That’s right! It’s stately presence and sturdiness makes it a true dwarven masterpiece!”

It’s height is easily as tall as a two-story building.

The part which resembles a pedestal isn’t just a simple piece of metal either, all kinds of springs and gears arranged in a complex manner and attached to it.

It looks very complicated and I have no idea how to use it.

What draws my attention the most however, is the giant barrel.

Its length makes the cannons we saw earlier look like toys... it easily surpasses ten meters.

It's a majestic and detailed piece of work constructed by the dwarves.

Balbano smiles, feeling satisfied after seeing us in shock.

"It only took us one or two days to make those cannons you saw earlier. We poured all our efforts into making this bad boy! Its name is Urgan, a nice, powerful name, don't you think?"

"Yeah... it's incredible. How long has it been since I've been this surprised?"

It isn't flattery.

This gigantic mechanical cannon, worlds apart from being just a simple building, has a strong enough impression to overwhelm all those who see it.

When this towering monstrosity of a cannon is fired, it could probably destroy the greatest castle walls in the Federation's White City too.

Celia and I are dumbfounded while Leah and Pipi, who don't really understand what a cannon is, disregard the weapon and start jostling with each other.

It goes without saying that the only one person who is keeping his cool is Leopolt.

"So... how do we use this?"

"How, you say, of course you just pack it with gunpowder and a bullet, and then shoot it."

What's this guy saying?

"Where do you aim it?"

"Aim at the enemy. It's not like we're going to shoot our allies."

Is this guy not well? Maybe he needs some time off.

"And where is the enemy?"

“.....”

At this point, I realized.

Lintbloom is in a remote location of a remote region, a place where an enemy raid is highly unlikely, When an enemy does come here, not just Rafen, but the entire land would be captured.

Thinking about it just for the sake of answering the question, the only possible sources of attack are from a herd of black beasts or a few brigands here and there.

If we let this thing loose on a worthless enemy, they'll be the ones who will make a huge fuss.

“Can we transport this to Rafen somehow?”

I was thinking the same thing, Celia.

But this thing is practically as big as a building so it's impossible.

Even if several hundred people were to pull it, it would not budge at all.

“...Shall we use it as a signal cannon to tell the time?”

“That would be a waste of gunpowder. Besides, it would make the craftsmen in the city flip.”

This thing looks like it'll need an entire barrel of gunpowder for one shot...

“This thing... was also made using the same material as those new cannons, right?”

“Right! It used 50 times more than those worthless cannons... or was it 100 times.”

I would have liked 100 cannons made from that material instead.

That would mean I no longer had to worry about a lack of cannons.

However, it's not like I can complain to the dwarves who gladly helped out with my request.

“And also, you guys were using the burnt remains of wood to make your steel... but that's a waste. There's something even more worthless than wood if you want to make steel.”

The dwarves lived in caves their whole lives so they don't have many opportunities to obtain wood.

It's also because trees can't survive in the heat and humidity of the caves.

"It's because we have plenty of trees on the plains. Besides, there isn't anything we can use as a substitute for fuel, is there?"

Balbano and the other dwarves don't really leave their caves often. If they don't use trees, what do they use as fuel?

"We use this."

Balbano takes out a black rock from his pocket.

"Is that coal? We certainly can't get that easily here."

Before I knew it, the engineers behind me have gathered around.

"For us, it's better to use kindling or charcoal²."

Coal isn't particularly rare.

It appears in many mineral deposits and is often excavated along with the other ores. If you throw it in fire, it can be used as fuel, but it's quicker and more economical to use firewood rather than making the effort to transport coal from the mines, which is why we don't use it much outside the vicinity of the place it's produced.

Not many trees are located near Lintbloom so coal is what they should normally be using as fuel.

"If you're going to burn it, wouldn't this be better? It takes more effort and time to chop down and carry the trees."

The dwarves try telling the engineers, but they have a strained smile on their faces.

"No... if we use coal in the production of iron, an undesirable element will enter the steel and it won't be usable."

"Oh, so it doesn't work?"

Balbano turns around, seemingly believing different.

"Fool, that's obvious if you just burn it as it is. You need to burn coal while covering it,

then drain the toxic liquid..."

Ah, I'm out of my depth with this jargon, speak to the engineers and craftsmen.
I rub Celia's ass.

Balbano raises his voice with pride while sticking out his chest while the engineers listen with wide eyes.

Their lively conversation makes the enormous Urgan seem lonely.

After that, Balbano leads the other dwarves to drink a few glasses of alcohol with me before I take a look around the city feeling slightly intoxicated.

There is not much meaning for me to stay behind for all the engineer-related talk, besides the engineers seem to want to put into practice as soon as possible the many things they learned from the dwarves.

The dwarves have not really opened up to many humans aside from me, but I'm sure their attitudes will soften up after a couple drinks and they will happily answer any question you ask as long as you don't do anything to make them mad.

"Fumu... it's been a while since I've had a nice long look. It's incomparable to what it was before."

"It's an incredible city... it's completely unlike Biado."

Celia, Leah and Celestina, as well as Monia and Pipi are here.

I walk around the city accompanied by the aforementioned five girls.

Gido and Christoph are also with us as guards but I'm only concerned about the ladies.

Lintbloom's population is 4000, making it a mid-sized city, but all the blacksmiths and blast furnaces lining the streets make it seem like a larger city than the population suggests.

On the other hand, there are no shops which sell luxury or high-class goods and the few stores which sell the necessities of life are grouped into one area of the town.

"Lintboom buys everything from miscellaneous goods, food supplies and even water from Claire-san after all."

The land around the city is all wasteland, so no fields can be made. Only poisonous water can be pulled from the wells, so there is no other method to obtain drinking water.

Claire's wagon carries the water of life, meaning it's safe to say she holds the city's fate in her hands.

She is the one who employs and pays the miners and inhabitants of the city, but the food, drinks and everything they use in their daily lives are bought from her as well. Not to mention, the prices cannot be considered cheap compared to other cities.

Furthermore, everything from the rent of houses people live in to the clothes that prostitutes wear is controlled by Claire.

This city is an important base of mine and at the same time Claire's castle, which she has built up and bet her own fate on with all that money being exchanged here.

"Aegir-sama... look over there."

I reach my hands out to lower Celia's short pants.

"Not there! Why are you doing that in a place like this!!? I meant over there!"

Oh, I misunderstood, I thought Celia was acting bold for once and got excited.

She was pointing to the luggage unloading zone, where an incredible number of wagons have gathered and many barrels of water are being unloaded, then being replaced by a large chunk of metal.

"I did a rough count and there are at least 50 of them, and there are probably no fewer than 100 wagons which enter and leave the city every day."

There may be more wagons that go in and out this city than Rafen.

Food, water and the charcoal which is used as fuel for iron production is needed in large amounts everyday.

If they can manage using coal instead, that would help with their fuel problem.

"With that many caravans passing through on this road... wouldn't there be savage tribes or monsters that come out to attack?"

Monica is pragmatic unlike Celestina and Leah, who seem to be detached from the real

world.

“We are actually fine on that front.”

The reason is because the path to Lintbloom is extremely harsh.

If you travel beyond the impressively well-maintained road, there is not a single human settlement in the complete wastelands, and naturally no water anywhere, meaning goblins or smaller insignificant monsters cannot dwell nearby.

Supposing a group of brigands were to wait for passing prey, there is no place for them to make a base anyways.

Even if they find a decent spot to hide, their surroundings are home to the still numerous – despite being less in number from being hunted – ferocious black beasts. Those monsters will be licking their lips behind the brigands who are chuckling to themselves after finding a caravan.

It’s an absurd thought for there to be safe location besides the place you set up camp at night.

Guards are naturally assigned to protect the caravans, but when they know they’re about to reach their destination at night, they desperately rush the wagons to the garrisons set up at every turn which simultaneously acts as a fortress and shelter.

“But it’s lonely if there are no fields³... I really like seeing the farmers hard at work.”

Celestina comes from Malt, which is a farming nation, so it might seem a little empty to her.

This city has a mountain of gold buried underground, but there is no doubt a strange feeling about it.

I know it won’t be a substitute for an abundant harvest, but you can at least touch my dick.

Celestina innocently reaches towards my crotch, though she gets stopped by Monica, who then glares at me.

At that moment, a fully loaded barrel of water passes by us.

The merchant lines the barrel up and calls out to customers with a loud voice.

“Fresh water which arrived just now! Two copper coins for a full jug of water!”

““So expensive!””

Celia and Monica unconsciously let their voices out.

It may be a large jug, but people probably drink two to three jugs everyday in this dry city.

Those working in especially hot environments like blacksmiths may drink even more than that.

I should probably talk to Claire about this...

“Nobody has that kind of money.” “The usual is fine, old man.”

“Tch, poor ass people, then you can get two glasses of some old, smelly water for one copper coin. Drink as much as you want.”

I see, there is cheaper water too.

In that case, their work efficiency won't decrease because of thirst.

However, they would end up wanting to drink the clean, tasty water as soon as they can afford to.

It must be this kind of thinking which Claire came up with that helped her rise to the top.

“She really thought things out well. That person will definitely go to hell.”

Celia is in a bad mood now because of this cunning method.

Maybe I'll play around with this greedy female merchant and have my dick accidentally slip into her asshole.

“That's just how merchants are though. I can't talk bad about her since I'm also getting profits from her.”

I also partook in her own body as well as Laurie's tiny body, so I can't complain.

In fact, this city was essentially built up by Claire.

“That reminds me, Claire should know that I came here... yet she didn't show up.”

There isn't a particular reason for her to come, but she's recently been trying to persuade me on the matter with the wheat, so I just thought she would come anyways.

“About the issue with the wheat. It seems Claire-san and Adolph were negotiating about the portion we imported from Malt for the whole day yesterday.”

Adolph is negotiating trade with the delegation from Malt while working with Claire about handling the imported goods.

On top of that, he's also thinking about the aqueduct, which has entered the final stages of construction.

What a busy guy, it's fine if he works at a slower pace.

In any case, Celia knows about everything.

I kiss her cheek as we're walking.

"D-doing that in a place like this... it's embarrassing."

She dismisses me happily.

I'll do even more... your neck... your chest... your nape.

"P-people can see! Everyone can seeee!!"

"How nice... Celia-chan. Master~, can I kiss master too?"

"I want to kiss⁴ too!"

"Eei, stop this! Are you trying to have an orgy in the middle of the city!?"

We look around the city, buy some rather cheap black beast meat and drink rather expensive freshwater.

When we finish our small tour, a loud ringing from a bell echoes throughout the city. It's about evening time... so maybe the bell is to signal the time the sun sets?

The bell stops ringing and then a crowd of men... miners, to be exact, rub their eyes, cursing as they wake up and emerging from houses all over the place.

I see, that bell was one to indicate a shift change.

Lintbloom is first and foremost an iron mine city, though the iron on the surface is of bad quality and has weathered away.

That's why tunnels have been dug deep into the mountains in search for higher quality ores.

There is no sense of time after going inside the tunnels, so the miners are split into two groups and alternate between daytime and nighttime shifts when working in the mountains.

As soon as the miners of the nighttime shift head to the mine, the miners from the daytime shift all return to town.

Aiming for that moment are the street vendors and prostitutes.

There is no better time to earn money than when the burly miners return from work, hungry for food and women.

“W-wow, amazing...”

“Your Majesty, you must not look!”

Celestina’s eyes widen as the prostitutes look to excite the carnal desires of the miners with their outrageous actions.

It really is amazing, some expose their asses and breasts and when the miners make any kind of eye contact, they spread open their pussy lips.

Myla is keeping a watchful eye in Rafen, so any prostitutes with such an appearance would get captured immediately.

“The number of people here have gone up quickly. It will be a big deal if something were to happen so Celestina should go back to the inn.”

The miners are not people who are considerate or polite to say the least.

It would be bad if something happened to the cute Celestina or Leah.

“T-then me too...”

I kiss Celia as well and then urge everyone to go together to the inn.

“Uuu-... I want to be by your side though...”

“I’ll be back after I finish a little business.”

As Celia was reluctantly about to head back with everyone, a drunk miner calls out to her.

“Hyuuu! Hey miss, looking damn fine! How much for one round? I’m pretty rich today...”

“Shut up!”

Celia’s fierce kick slams straight into the man’s crotch, causing the miner to fall to the

ground silently.

The difference in the way she treats men aside from me is like night and day, that part of her really tickles my feeling of superiority.

I leave the confused escorts and head to my destination on my own.

There is a strange heat and a dense population in the corner of Lintbloom where the bars and prostitutes' houses are closely packed.

People would bump shoulders with each other and curse while passing by.

Umu, this is a pretty good situation.

I stroke the asses of the scantily-clad prostitutes in this crowd of people.

This is a pleasant but the one thing that is sure to show up in this situation is...

"Fuck!! Where did my money go!!? Someone pickpocketed me!!"

A miner with a muscular build shouts in the middle of the path...

He grabs the people around him with a husky voice but if he only realized now, then the pickpocket is probably already long gone.

"Damn it, damn it!! I had three silver in there today!"

He literally stamps his feet in frustration, inducing those around him to snicker.

"Heh, it's because such an idiot was walking around with all that money."

"What did you say, bastard!?"

The man gets triggered instantly and punches the face of the man who jeered at him.

With his visible muscle mass, that one hit knocked out his opponent.

There was a soft scream from someone in the surroundings but a brawl between miners shouldn't be something that unusual.

It didn't turn into a bigger deal.

"Take that, dumbass! No way I'll lose to a bitch like you..."

The man already lost his cool from getting his wallet swiped, and he just curses out the fallen man.

Taking another look, the man is even taller than me, and his bulging muscles cover his whole body.

He looks like a person who doesn't have class or smarts, but I don't hate these passionate types.

A clear smile emerges on my face when I think about such things.

"Hey you, you just smiled, didn't you!!"

He directs his bellow at me.

The prostitutes and street vendors keep their distance to prevent themselves from getting involved.

"Oh? You're talking to me?"

"Of course it's you, you have a problem with me, buddy!?"

Well, those living outside of Rafen aren't too familiar with my face after all.

If they recognized me, I might not get to see someone's blood rise to their head like this.

"I don't have anything against you. I just thought it was funny."

"You little-!!"

I avoid the fist thrown at me, hook my foot around his leg and trip him.

He looks strong, though there is no reason to fight. Only an amateur would do something like that.

"Pfft""So uncool.""He got tripped nicely.""He's just how he looks, a stupid musclehead."

The hooting from the onlookers further lights a fire under the miner.

Aah, now that it's gotten to this point, there's no choice but to fight

"I-I'll kill you!"

"Don't say something so violent. Here, I'll let you hit me."

I tap my stomach as if telling him to hit me here.

There's no reason for me to have a death battle with him, I'll just play around.

The man grins and pulls back his arm.

“You better not regret it!!”

His movements are rather slow, if I wanted to, I can probably dodge him at least ten times.

But I deliberately let him punch me in the stomach.

“Ooh.”

“Wha-! You didn’t fall over!?”

As expected of a miner whose proud of his brute strength, his fist packs quite a punch. Although that’s not enough to defeat me.

“Next is my turn.”

I pull my arm back as well.

The miner was briefly taken aback, though he understood my intentions quickly and throws his shirt off, slapping his own stomach the same way I did earlier.

“You got guts! Go ahead and punch me. Your fist won’t do anything...”

My punch lands on his stomach with a thud.

His abs are pretty large, but my fist sinks deep into his body.

“Guhh! Gaah! Oogghhh...”

It seems the man is struggling to breathe as he is bent over while holding his stomach, though he barely avoids dropping his knee to the ground.

Incredible, he can still stand?

“Next... is my... turn... uggh...”

“Are you alright? We can stop here, you know?”

This was just a little distraction, I want him to work happily and pay taxes tomorrow too.

However the man doesn’t seem like he’ll give up any time soon, plus people are starting to form a circle around us while betting silver and copper coins.

The odds are apparently 1:5 in my favor.

“Orrah!”

“Guh...”

A fist strikes my stomach again.

His legs should be feeling weak by now, but that punch had more force than the first one.

It winded me a little.

“Hehe... b-bring it.”

The man folds his arms and exposes his stomach to me.

I’ll really injure him if I continue to hit him.

I’ll end it with this punch.

I put my hips behind his strike and throw a punch.

“Hnnph!”

The moment my fist collides with his body, the contents of the meal that man just ate explodes out from his mouth like a geyser and he collapses to the ground.

The spectators cheer and bet more money.

I may have overdone it a little.

“Hey, you two.”

“Haanh?” “Mister.”

I call out to two sexy-looking prostitutes and hand them a gold coin from my pocket.

“Uha, a gold coin!? The two of us will gladly spend the whole night with you!”

That’s not what I mean.

“Could you look after this man until morning? If you’re in the mood, suck on his cock too.”

“Eh? What are you-...”

I feel somewhat guilty.

He might not want to work anymore after getting his wallet stolen and getting knocked out.

“Wow, what a generous guy.” “How nice... you look like you pay well. Would you like to buy me?”

“Wait, isn’t that the feudal lord-sama?” “It feels like I saw him before in Rafen...”

Not good, if this becomes a big fuss, Celia will get mad again.
I should get away from this place.

I get away from all the clamor and find a place with few people.
It might be a good idea to get some strong alcohol as souvenirs.

“Shopkeep, one barrel of that...”

When I reached for my wallet to pay, a woman of small build bumps into my chest.

“Ara, sorry about that.”

The woman moves smoothly and walks past me, trying to leave with the stolen wallet... but I grab her long bundled hair.

“Fugyaaa!”

“Return the wallet. I won’t be able to buy the alcohol if you don’t.”

However, the woman becomes defiant after putting the wallet in her bosom.

“This is mine! Do you have any proof that it belongs to you!?”

If you just obediently admit you stole it, I wouldn’t have to follow you.

“...then how much is in that wallet?”

“Guh... a few silver coins and copper coins probably. I don’t remember all the details.”

“Wrong, there is 50 gold.”

I always have that much in there.

To be more precise, I only have 49 gold after I gave one away a little earlier.

The woman opens the wallet and her eyes widen.

“W-what is this...”

Another wallet drops from the hem of the shaken woman’s clothes.

Not only that, there are two of them... both are roughly made and not something which females usually carry.

It looks like this girl is the serial pickpocket.

“Tch!”

The woman tries to run away with my wallet.

Like I was saying, don’t run.

“Hey, give it up.”

I grab her hand and pull her back, then wrap my arm around her shoulder.

It looked like a bandit was trying to kidnap a woman.

“Stop it! Let me goooo!!”

The woman screams as if she was on fire and people start to gather.

She probably thought I would falter from that... how unfortunate.

“Feudal lord-sama, are you hurt!?”

Don’t scream so much, you’ve made the guards who know my face run over.

“F-feudal lord!?”

“That’s right, now return my wallet.”

I have to meet people after this and I can’t go empty-handed.

I have to buy some souvenirs.

“You’re Patta, the pickpocket! Don’t tell me, did you...”

The guards' expressions changed when they saw the girl.
The guards in charge of the area might get angry if they find out I got pickpocketed.

"Ah,ahaha..."

If I nod my head, she will definitely be thrown into prison for a long time.
Or maybe, the head of the city will treat this as a special case and kill her.
She has a pretty face and a nice ass.
It'll be a shame if she gets killed or wastes away in a prison just for stealing.

"We're just fooling around. You can go now."

"R-right... is it really okay?"

Of course, the fun is about to begin.

After the guards left, I drop Patta in the back alley and grasp her shoulder.

"W-what do you want? I mean, how can I help you..."

"I'll spare you from going to prison this time. However, I can't just acquit you... pull down your panties and flip up your skirt."

Patta hesitates for a moment, then sighs in resignation and lowers her underwear.

"Haa, I guess going one round with you is nothing compared to going to prison... please don't do anything bad."

"Of course not, I'll just stick my cock in normally. You'll let me... cum inside."

"So the feudal lord-sama is quite the pervert. Fine, go ahead."

I put her hands on the wall of the alley, roll up her skirt and grab her hips from behind.
Since she has a small body, her hole is also small, and while I would normally do thorough foreplay before sticking it in, this is also her punishment.

Just a little spit should be fine.

It's nice that I'm doing it from behind, she might get frightened when she sees my bulging dick after all.

“Well, here I go.”

“Okay... you’ll really pardon me after we screw, right?”

“Of course. Soraah!”

I grab her hips tightly and push into her hole.

I feel a tremendous resistance, but I was able to reach the back of her insides with one strong thrust.

I can feel my dick pushing apart the flesh inside her tight canals and the sensation of her vagina spasming from the impact of my penetration...

“Wha-! U-ugyaaaaahhhh—!! What the heck is this-!?”

Oh come on, don’t scream from this.

It’s not like I’m torturing you.

“Kuh, a stake... you pierced me with a stake, didn’t you!? You’re really going to kill me, aren’t you!? You’re going to execute me, aren’t you!?”

“I didn’t stab you with a stake. It’s just my dick.”

The girl turns around in tears, takes a look at the rod half-buried into her hole and screams.

“You’re kidding... it’s huge! That dick is even bigger than a stake!! Not good, my stomach hurts! It’s tearing me apart!”

This is a punishment so it can’t be helped if it hurts.

You’ll be fine, even Pipi can fit me so a woman’s body won’t break from this.

It might be a little soon, but I’m moving right away.

“Aaaah-! I’m dying! This stake of a dick is tearing my holeeee, I’m dyinggg-!!”

“There, there, it’ll get better soon. I’ll fill your stomach and get you to quit⁵ pickpocketing.”

“Aaaah—-!! It’s digging into my womb-!”

I make Patta reform with my dick and semen and meet the person I wanted to meet. That person is... the nostalgic hairy madam, the female dwarf I slept with in the past. She contacted me through Balbano and wanted to see me no matter what, so I felt I needed to despite our somewhat differing preferences.

When I arrive, she is carrying a child, though she smiles gently and quickly jumps into my chest with her hairy body.

Her body hair is even thicker than before.

In addition, her bearded face really makes me doubt if she really is a woman. I needed to check her crotch two to three times to make sure.

She has short limbs and a thick body, and as I feel the bristle of her hair from hugging her, I pour my seed in the second woman of the day.

The Next Day

“Aegir-sama... there are rumors about you.”

“What kind of rumors? Celia, your face is all smooth. You don’t have any beard either.”

“Why would a beard grow on my face!?... rumors about you fucking some woman in the alleys.”

“That was work. As a feudal lord, I protected the peace in Lintbloom and corrected a woman who was going down the wrong path.”

“That woman has been sitting in front of the mansion since the early morning. She was saying things like, “I want him to embrace me one more time.” “I don’t mind being a sex slave.”“

I was giving her punishment and she’s now attracted to me? Human relationships are a mysterious thing.

But now, this woman will stop pickpocketing.

She was a nice fuck, so maybe I’ll go another round before I leave, maybe a little gentler this time.

She wasn't hairy either.

"Lord Hardlett, looks like you don't have time to get aroused."

"...what do you want, Leopolt?"

I didn't say anything, yet he knew what I was thinking.

"News just came from Rafen. Another nation... the Democratic Nation of Libatis has sent a messenger. They want us to head back as soon as we are finished with our business here."

"After the ball, it's been busy over here... oh well, I guess we'll return home."

"I'll make preparations immediately."

Lintbloom is not a place to stay long in the first place.

There's no bath here so it'll be hard for me to embrace someone and get her covered in juice.

Celia and Leah will be going back with me while Pipi will be returning to the mountain nation she hasn't seen in a while.

I'll pass on a reward of loyalty and ask her to send them my regards.

"We'll return as soon as preparations are done..."

My eyes meet with the moist eyes of the Patta, who is sitting by the entrance.

When she finds me, she desperately pleads for me to mate with her again.

She fell this far just from me violating her roughly for one night... how wonderful.

Maybe I'll entertain her until we have to leave.

When I undo the front of pants and beckon her to come, the girl comes running with a huge smile on her face.

Of course, she didn't have a beard either.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 162,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Army: 5500 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 1000, Archers: 1000, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19, Large Cannons: 10, Super Large Cannon: 1 (impossible to move from Lintbloom)

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 9100 gold

Sexual Partners: 214, children who have been born: 48

Chapter 207

Order in the South

-Aegir POV-

“My, my... I sincerely apologize for calling you out when you were about to head out.”

A middle-aged man bows his head deeply in the mansion’s reception room. However, his facial expression does not align with his words and he probably does not feel any sense of guilt at all.

Even I can tell he is simply displaying the courtesy required in a negotiation.

“No, it’s fine, I’ve finished my business after all. I don’t mind at all.”

My errands are done and the dwarves don’t like sticking around for too long. I just regret not being able to go around to Lintbloom’s brothel.

“More importantly, about the foreign affairs of the Democratic Nation of Libatis... er, let’s see, can I ask the reason Foreign Affairs Molester Minister¹ has come to see a local feudal lord like me?”

“Lord Hardlett, it’s Foreign Affairs Vice Minister Juno².”

This man is the Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs for Libatis and the person responsible for all things related to foreign affairs. Apparently, he has a standing close to that of a cabinet minister.

Beside the middle-aged Vice Minister is a young man and a young woman. The young man seems to be a sharp-minded domestic affairs official while the woman has a serious expression on her face and is taking notes of even the most meaningless chatter.

The earnest-looking woman appears to be around 30 years old, is quite the beauty and has fairly large breasts.

Judging by the elasticity of her thighs, her ass should be plump and soft as well. If I grab her hips from behind and thrust into her, the dignified face she has on right

now should quickly warp with pleasure.

“Fufufufufu...”

“Hardlett-sama, please concentrate.”

On the other hand, I have Leopolt and Adolph sitting beside me while Celia is acting as my guard, standing behind me where I can't reach her.

How unfair, it would be nice if these two were plump beauties too... on second thought, nevermind. Thinking of these two like that is gross.

“The reason I paid you a visit today is because I want to negotiate with Goldonia, more specifically, Hardlett-dono.”

“With me, personally?”

The feudal lords in Goldonia are similar to those in other Kingdoms, they are obligated to pay taxes and contribute soldiers during wartimes.

On the other hand, if the corresponding party is not anyone who opposes the Kingdom, you are free to conduct diplomacy for your own territory or sign treaties and pacts.

In that case, he must want to create a trade treaty with me or something.

But then again, he could have talked to Adolph rather than calling out to me specifically, and he didn't need to come in person either.

“It's true I want to talk about trade as well, however, I have a different reason for visiting you today. That reason is also why I couldn't contact you before I came. I didn't want it to be an official meeting, you see.”

For some reason, I get the feeling this is going to be about something troublesome.

“First, let me present the pretense³. Currently, the group of city states is using an open trade route which passes through my nation to Lord Hardlett's territory in a separate agreement.”

He went and said it himself.

“Yes, there is an issue with the domestic tariffs. So I'm thankful for your nation's help.”

Adolph nudges my side, meaning it's probably better if I don't say anything.

"Hahaha, well that is the weakness of a feudal system. We have to pay a tax like that too, so there is no need to thank us... which leads me to why I'm here, I was asked to negotiate an agreement with you which would allow the merchants in our nation to utilize this newly opened trade route and conduct large-scale trade."

Adolph, explain what that means.

"Currently, the caravans are conducting trade using smaller business transactions... now they want to expand their trade opportunities. They are probably looking to use our territory as a foothold and enter into trade with all of Goldonia in the future."

"Do we need to do this?"

"If you're asking if it's necessary or not, it's not... Libatis is fairly rich and has a sophisticated industry. Our territory does not have much production of luxury goods, so perhaps it is a good idea if we have more paths to procure goods?"

The problem is Claire then, since she will probably get angry if we agree to trade here. If I'm not careful, she may not spread her legs for me anymore. Thrusting into Claire while Laurie licks my balls is such a supreme moment after all.

We will need to choose the best option possible right now.

"I leave everything to you, Adolph. Make sure Claire doesn't get mad while ensuring we get benefits too."

"....."

Adolph looks unhappy.

It's a matter I can't resolve on my own, so it can't be helped.
I'll treat you with some wine later.

"Understood. Then I will be negotiating with the domestic affairs official hereafter."

Like he said himself, he's acting under pretense, and maybe we can deal with it later since he's not focusing on it.

“Alright, now let’s address the real issue at hand.”

Juno folds his arms and narrows his eyes.
This might become a tough negotiation.

“It’s about the Malt Kingdom.”

“Malt? What do you want to tell me?”

Juno continues without answering my question.

“My nation was thinking about trading with the Malt Kingdom, however we were unable to get a favorable reply.”

Without delay, Adolph hands me a note in such a way the opposing party could not see.

Written there is a question, asking “Is he not exploring for an alternate solution after not being able to import grain because of the effects of the war between the Federation and the Empire?”

Juno continues.

“Even after all that negotiating and even presenting better conditions, they did not want to agree. They reacted almost like they didn’t have the power to make the decision.”

It’s because they really don’t.

According to the secret pact between Celestina and I, any form of trade and diplomacy is restricted.

“I tried negotiating with the Goldonia Kingdom in regards to this issue, but I didn’t get any response. And now you... you, who invaded into Malt’s capital Biado during an earlier war and put the young King back on the throne.”

Juno’s face is practically accusing me of making Malt into my puppet.
Adolph hands me another note, telling me to try and deceive him somehow.

“Aah, well I did feel sorry for the little Queen and helped her out, but that’s it. We have

a friendly relationship, though nothing special-..."

As I try to talk my way out, something unforeseen happened.

"Monica! Is brother finished talking yet? I want him to eat sweets with me~"

"Your Majesty Celestina, Hardlett-sama is in the middle of an important discussion, please wait a little longer."

A voice which should not be heard can be heard from the corridor.
Having negotiated with Malt, Juno should know Celestina's name.

"....."

Silence enshrouded the entire room.

Adolph looks at me and hands me another note... on it was a drawing with two hands raised and a face which appears to have given up.

As a result of the negotiations which followed, a fixed quantity of grain will now be exported to Libatis when they ask.

Apparently, they're going to purchase it at a high price. Well, this outcome is probably more sensible than rejecting them and creating unnecessary conflict.

"I was prepared to pay a fairly higher price for my nation. Now that I can provide enough food for the people, they will surely feel relieved."

I'm tired now, I want to play with Celestina or have the other girls serve me while I drink alcohol.

"Whew, that's one load off the shoulder."

"Hahaha, then let's have a drink and close things-..."

"I have one more important thing to talk about."

Ah, so annoying.

Can I dress Celia in my clothes and have her sit in for me?

But then I can't embrace her... Kroll can sit in then.

I imagine Kroll sitting in my position with my appearance.
Not good, the size of his dick is too different.
People will find out immediately if they saw it.

“It’s about those adjacent to our nation... the Divine Nation of Altair and the Vandolea People’s Federation.”

“Yes, of course I know and am concerned about them, however I naturally need more specific information.”

Leopolt sends me several glances as I speak.
His shoulder wavered lightly.
This guy, he sighed without making sound.

“Like I explained before, those two are nations to the south of our land. The Vandolea People’s Federation is directly adjoined with our territory while the Divine Nation of Altair is on the border of the nation, connected via the Malt Kingdom. Both of them are fairly large countries.”

Of course I knew that.
I just wanted to confirm.

“So, what about these two nations?”

Both of them are expanding nations and there is a high chance either of them can do something dangerous, however, they currently see each other as the greatest enemy and shouldn’t interfere in Malt or my territory.

I don’t think they are opponents I can handle with my army alone, so if they decide to make a move, I would have to rely on Erich and the Royal Army.

Juno orders the young man to spread open a map on the table.
It is pretty detailed... is it alright for me to see this?
I’m not exactly an ally of the Democratic Nation of Libatis after all.

“As you can see, my nation is adjoined with the Divine Nation of Altair and its growing borders. On the other hand, you are adjoined to the borders of the Vandolea People’s Federation. Furthermore... the Malt Kingdom, which you have taken under your protection, is connected to both of them.”

“Right. They won’t be meddling with me at the moment though.”

Juno makes a troubled face.

“They are certainly fighting with each other now and don’t have the luxury of preparing for anything new... however these two nations are more dangerous than you think.”

When I look over at Leopolt, he makes a face as if telling me to hurry up and ask about it.

This guy only sends me to the front when it’s convenient for him.

“Fumu, we would like to hear more about the nations we’ll be dealing with, plus the day is still long. I would appreciate if you provided us with more information.”

Juno nods slowly and starts talking.

“The ruler of the Divine Nation of Altair was named the reincarnation of the Ancient God Altair by the Pope and demands for the people to unconditionally worship and serve. If anyone expresses their refusal to do so, they will be made to do disgusting jobs.”

Juno seems to stall for time by taking a breath before talking again.

“That country was extremely small at first... no, it was really just a group of cult followers. And then, riding the momentum of wars, they instantly expanded in size.”

When the world goes out of control, unsavory things start rearing their ugly heads...

“There was a historic yet small country in the northern part of what is currently the Polpo Kingdom. That country of about 200 000 people believed in traditional animism and refused to be servants of the God Altair.”

“And they were destroyed?”

“No, it would be normal in such a troubled world if they were just destroyed. Looking at it from a historical point of view, it isn’t anything unusual. However... the abnormality of that country is unprecedented even with the past in mind, they didn’t

only destroy that Kingdom, they massacred all 200 000 people.”

“They massacred... 200 000... citizens, not soldiers?”

Juno nods after Adolph unconsciously speaks out.

That would be dreadful if true, but is that really possible?

People are not stupid, they would have resisted or ran away if they knew they were going to be killed.

I don't believe five or ten thousand soldiers could chase all the fleeing people down.

“That's the scary part. The citizens of Altair are all servants of their God. With just one order, everyone from women and children to elderly people will grab hoes or sickles and head to the battlefield. Their population is roughly 1.4 million, though I've heard they mobilized 500 000 in the past. The insane rule has lasted for a decade, and at this point, the leader isn't the only crazy one.”

“I see, if all the citizens are like that, I can see why no spies were able to infiltrate the nation.”

Leopolt obviously doesn't say anything about the spies he sent into Vandolea People's Federation and the Democratic Nation of Libatis.

But everytime he tried to send spies into the Divine Nation of Altair, communications would quickly be severed with them.

“On the other side, the Vandolea People's Federation is also a twisted country. On the surface, they are similar to our Democratic Nation of Libatis and is a nation of the people which promotes more freedom and equality... or so they say, but they are essentially an autocratic country not dependent on bloodline. The one fortunate thing is that they dislike any authority based on royalty and religion. Because of that, their relationship with Altair is terrible... they just constantly fight and murder one another without any form of rules or order.”

Fumufumu, how educational.

Celia has taken copious amounts of notes too.

Learning doesn't do me much good though, let's just get to the main issue.

“So... what do you want us to do?”

Juno smiles slightly after my direct question.

“I want you to conduct harmonious talks with Vandolea while fortifying the borders between you and them.”

Before I realized, Leopolt was already in front of me.

“And the reason is?”

“If you gradually let Vandolea know you are not a party who will attack them, they will recognize you pose no threat to them. When that happens, they can focus their full strength on fighting their long time rival, Altair.”

I see, however that yields no benefit to us.

“Of course, we will do the same with Altair and keep them in check. With that, you will also feel more secure.”

In other words, we are to display a harmless appearance to the two adjacent dangerous countries while making sure they don't underestimate us either.

When done, they will not attack or defend against us and instead concentrate on the opponent they've been fighting all this time.

Leopolt doesn't say anything.

It doesn't mean he has unconditionally accepted the proposal, it just means he's processing the logic.

“But didn't you stress the insanity of Altair just now? Can you really use normal reasoning against them?”

“I can't make any guarantees. Which is why I will also use a plan I developed as insurance.”

This man has the same kind of smell as Kenneth.

“It's perfect that Her Majesty Celestina from the Malt Kingdom has come too... my nation, the Malt Kingdom, and Hardlett-dono will form a secret agreement... to protect each other.”

“Secret agreement? But-”

Even if we agree to this mutual defence, we can't muster up much forces.
If I'm independent, I only have roughly 10 000 and Malt has even fewer.
Would there be any meaning if Libatis was essentially the only one fighting?

“We will pretend to leak that information to Altair and Vandolea.”

Leopolt nods slowly.

“...If Lord Hardlett approves, then it will look like Goldonia has an agreement with Libatis to the other two countries. And they have no way to confirm it.”

There is no reason to answer if they ask us if it's true and even if we deny it, they might not believe us.

In fact, I signed no agreement so the Kingdom has no reason to get upset at me.

“It is an imaginary piece of information, but it is as good as a sturdy wall until they can clearly deny the claim.”

Standing in their position, it would be a bad idea to make both Libatis and Goldonia into enemies.

Not to mention they are already engaged in a fight, meaning they will be conscious about getting triple-teamed.

Ah, Malt is included too, so it would be four against one.

“Still, wouldn't it be better to take this directly to the Kingdom? There's no reason to talk to me specifically.”

It would be the same thing if he made this agreement with Goldonia.
In that case, there can be an actual agreement for the mutual defence.

Juno just smiles and doesn't answer.

“So... should we accept?”

While Juno and the others are taking a break and drinking tea, I gather Leopolt, Adolph, and Tristan, who woke up in the afternoon, to discuss things. Celia kicks Tristan's ass for oversleeping.

"There is no reason to refuse the matter of trade. Even the amount of grain we are exporting... is within a permissible range, we can't just hog all of it to ourselves like some corrupt merchant. It's better to turn it into money."

Adolph doesn't have any objections for the most part. The problem is military.

"I'm okay with their suggestion. From what I heard just now, it doesn't sound like they're opponents who you can feel at ease with if they're fighting each other."

Tristan, what you said sounds reasonable, but it doesn't excuse the fact that you overslept. Celia, kick him more.

"I agree with the strengthening of borders. Fortunately, we are only slightly touching the territory of the Vandolea People's Federation, so even if they invade from this direction, we can attack their flank from the mountain nation territory. If we use Malt Kingdom as a buffer zone and intercept them, it will minimize the damage to our territory."

I understand the logic, but doing that would make Celestina cry.

"Juno said all that, but sometimes tactics don't work on certain people. Just in case, I'll inform Erich about the unstable conditions of the south. If we were to really prepare for this plan, how would we make it work?"

"A fortress would be nice."

Tristan is unusually proactive, maybe trying to escape from Celia's attacks.

"A fortress?"

"Right, if we station a lot of soldiers at the border, it would leave us lacking in manpower in other places. In particular, it would be nice if we can say to our opponents, 'we have a defence structure in place here!'. The best tool to let them know

on first glance is a fortress.”

“But still-...”

The image of the Majino Fortress still lingers in my mind.

I don’t know exactly how much money and labor was invested into that fortress, but it didn’t make much of a difference.

Sure, the castle walls can protect the city it surrounds, however I’m not convinced that a wall stretching across the land is effective at all.

“Something can be done about that. It’s possible even without spending money.”

“Hohoooh, is it a simple method?”

Seeing me get interested, Celia stops hitting Tristan.

Tristan nods.

“If you’re curious, it will probably take shape in the winter.”

“Alright! Then I’ll leave it to you. I’ll assign you with some guards, so go all the way to the borders of the Vandolea People’s Federation.”

Tristan stiffens up like a rock.

“Don’t hesitate to dispatch a messenger if you need money or workers. Also, it’ll get colder from now on. Bring a thick tent and coat with you.”

Tristan falls to the ground on his knees in disappointment, but he has to go out once in a while and become stronger.

“Well then, we will be excusing ourselves. I hope we can maintain this friendly relationship in the future. It would be nice if Hardlett-dono eventually came to visit our nation too.”

Negotiations continued with Juno in the afternoon as well, but after the important topics have been resolved in the morning, the following talks had a more gentle and relaxing feeling to them like an informal social gathering.

The one and only thing which resulted from our meeting was an agreement for the caravan travelling back and forth from the city states to my territory to be given special treatment, where tax will not be taken from them.

They will be staying for one night and then quickly returning home.
Apparently, they're really busy.

"I think I'll leave a secretary here as a contact and any detailed adjustments so if you can prepare a place for her to stay-..."

"Of course!!"

My voice was louder than expected.
Not good, they'll see my ulterior motive.

As I tilt my head, the female secretary bows her head deeply.

"From now on, I will be your contact with Libatis. Please treat me well, Your Excellency Hardlett."

Libatis does not have a noble system, so they don't address people with 'Lord' or 'Margrave'.

Even so, having this plump 30 year old woman call me Excellency with her head lowered makes my dick hard.

Juno may have realized the faint feelings of love I've developed towards that woman.

"I will be preparing the house you will be staying in. High quality food will be readied as well."

"Eh? T-thank you very much. But you don't really have to do such excessive things-..."

"Oh right. There is a large bath in our mansion. Please feel free to come over and use it."

The secretary smiles despite being slightly baffled and expresses her thanks.

That smile of hers isn't just for appearance's sake.

There's no doubt that being able to use a bath whenever you want as a female is a very attractive offer.

“Fufufu.”

Coming to a man’s house and entering the bath fully naked basically tells me it’s alright to embrace her as well.

I better tell the maids to inform me as soon as she arrives.

My cock is bulging in anticipation.

Side Story: Marceline’s Public Disgrace

“Things can’t go on like this.”

“What do you mean, Hardlett-sama.”

I go into deep thought in front of Rita.

“It’s about Marceline and her daughters. I managed to let them go outside, but I saw something unpleasant.”

When the maids encountered Marceline and her daughters in the corridor, all of them collectively turned their eyes to the wall.

“...it can’t be helped to some degree. The citizens of former Arkland were made to suffer quite a bit after all.”

“That was the fault of the Treian King. Marceline had nothing to do with giving the orders.”

She and her daughters were not involved with politics and they should not have had any say in making the policies for the country.

“But the citizens still consider them as part of the same Royal Family. Aside from those who only experienced tough times, there are some who have lost friends and family and I don’t think they will change their opinion no matter what words you say to them.”

Rita is the head maid and manages the other maids.

She has knowledge of their circumstances which I am not cognizant of.

“There are some who have an unusually deep-seated hatred for them after all.”

Unlike the time with Nonna, the maids probably won't be satisfied with just a spanking.

Besides, Marceline did not make a mistake herself, it would be weird to punish her for nothing.

“Maybe not for punishment, but maybe you can humiliate her in front of the servants?”

So that really is the only option?

“Everyone already knows in the bottom of their hearts that Marceline hasn't done anything wrong. They just can't accept her, that's why I think you should shame her and show everyone that she isn't a royalty of Treia anymore, but Hardlett-sama's woman.”

“Rape, huh?... But she's just recently become attached to me, so I don't really want to do anything too terrible.”

Marceline and her daughters are already my women.

Would they not let me get a little rougher with them?

“No, I don't mind.”

Perhaps she was listening, but Marceline herself opens the door and enters the room.

“Marceline-sama...”

Rita averts her eyes after feeling she spoke ill of her, though Marceline shakes her head to indicate she hasn't done so.

“I do not mind shouldering the blame for the brutality committed by my past husband. However, it's saddening for even my daughters to receive those hateful looks... if violating me thoroughly would clear up a little of that grudge, I will gladly accept my fate.”

“Are you sure? I can also reassign the servants to somewhere else if you want.”

I will ultimately prioritize my women over anyone else.

However, I don't really want to do this because if I do this, it will seem like Marceline was the one who requested it.

"No, please do so as thoroughly as you can! It's just, no matter how you disgrace me... I want it to be done by Hardlett-sama. Any other man is... if possible..."

"Of course. Why would I let another man touch you."

I hug Marceline and give her a hot kiss.

When Rita puffs her cheeks, I also give her a deep kiss.

"Call the servants who might have grievances to that room. Oh right, I'll also ask Yoguri for her opinion. Since she writes scripts, she might have a better method."

Rita and Sebastian nod silently.

Sebastian, you were listening to all of that with a serious face? ... being a butler is pretty tough.

Before long, the servants gather in front of me, as I'm hugging Marceline's shoulder.

"....."

The ones who are here have either suffered hardships themselves or lost loved ones. It goes without saying that all the eyes directed at the woman beside me are filled with hate.

Just in case something happens, I have Gido and Kroll standing by outside the room.

"I know what all of you want to say. But she is not the one who brought all that suffering upon you. Right now, she is nothing more than a single woman."

"...But still, she surely engorged herself with the bread meant for my little sister, who died of starvation."

"Since she's the Queen, she could have said something and stopped all of this from continuing..."

I knew I wouldn't be able to convince them easily.

“But I know you won’t be satisfied with words alone. That’s why... I’m going to violate her right now and show you the moment she becomes my woman.”

“““Huuuh!?”“““

As everyone was dumbfounded from what I said, Marceline lets her dress fall to the floor.

“Geh! What the heck is that!?”“Getting fully naked after taking off one piece of clothing...”“What a pervert, this perverted Queen.”“Such vulgar and droopy tits.”

Her naked body is exposed from under the thin piece of cloth.

“We will become Hardlett-sama’s women from now on. We won’t be royalty any longer so please forgive us...”

“She has a nice body, how detestable.”“Of course, it’s all because she ate our portion of food.”

Despite feeling embarrassed, she doesn’t cover up her exposed genitals or breasts. I allow the servants to voice their complaints only for this incident. If they let out all their grievances, it might make things easier on them in the future after all.

“This body will become mine now. Watch carefully.”

It actually already belongs to me, but the scenario is supposed to have me rape her, make her fall from royalty and turn into my lover. The hated noble woman will be made into an absolute mess in front of the servants by the man and she will finally succumb to the pleasure. That’s the development which Yoguri recommended.

The naked Marceline turns red from the merciless stares of the servants, I can’t let her get embarrassed any more than this. I take off my shirt and fling off my pants. I am already aroused from seeing her bare body so my slightly swelling dick is exposed.

“Hiieh! So thick.”“You’re kidding!”“I-it sprang out.”

Why are they reacting more when I strip?

“I will make you my women with this cock. First, I’ll have you suck on it.”

I sit on the edge of the bed and have Marceline sit at my feet.

“Start licking from the side and do it so everybody here can see it.”

This is something like a play so we have to make sure the audience sees everything. Understanding my intentions, she nods and drags her tongue along the side of my rod, making sure those behind me can see too.

“Uwah, she’s really licking it.”“The Queen is sticking her tongue out and licking a man’s penis... how pathetic.”

“What a nice feeling. Make her do more.”“Feudal lord-sama, hold her head down and stuff it deeper into her mouth.”

I stroke her head as if negating the voices and smile to reassure her.
My dick gradually gets bigger and bigger from the devoted service.

“Hey~ how much bigger is it going to get?”“That’s... going to be impossible, no?”

When the audience starts expressing their unease, I grab Marceline’s hand and arm and stand her up.

I have her put her hands on the wall and turn towards the servants.

“I’m going to make Marceline my woman now. Those who want to watch up close, come over here.”

The servants were initially dumbfounded, but they eventually crowd around.

“Alright, here I go.”

I put my cock up against the entrance of Marceline’s hole.

“Um, what about foreplay...”“With that kind of size, it’s not going to go all at once, right?”

“No need.”

Truthfully, oil was already slathered inside her hole ahead of time.
However, purposely not telling them would induce a bigger reaction from them.

“Hardlett-sama... it won’t fit.”

Marceline is properly keeping up the act too.

“Fufufu, prepare yourself... hmp!!”

I hold onto her hips and thrust forward furiously, instantly causing her to let out a piercing scream.

“Uwaaaahhhiiiiihhhh!!”

In reality, I slipped in easily because her insides were lined with oil and she should be feeling good, though Marceline is screaming like her body is being torn apart.

“It went in all at once...” “That’s going to tear her, isn’t it.” “Not only that, won’t it break her womb too?”

Her womb has already been filled with plenty of my seed, it won’t break.
But in order to make a convincing act, I pump my hips hard.

“How does my dick taste? I’ll move even more, take that, and that.”

“Noooooooo! It’s so thick! I’m dyingggggg—!!!”

Marceline cries out and shouts. Her insides should have expanded to fit my size from the previous time we had sex, plus the slipperiness from the oil should really help her feel more pleasure than pain, so she should really not be dying.

“What do you think? She’s no longer a Queen, but my woman, no?”

I turn Marceline’s face, which is dripping with tears and saliva, towards the servants.

“W-what a face...” “That certainly doesn’t look like the face of a Queen.”

Some of them have already started to accept the fact, although the reaction is still weak.

I'll push them a little more.

"Marceline, do you like the taste of my dick? Is it better than your former husband's, the King of Treia's!?"

I ask her in a loud voice with the intense slapping sounds of my hips hitting hers echoing in the background.

"Aau... aau... that's... I can't say."

She hesitates... or pretends to, and makes everyone watch closely in anticipation.

"Answer me, Marceline."

When I sink especially deeper inside with a single thrust, she declares in a screaming manner.

"Aaauuuu— it's good!! Hardlett-sama's huge cock is better... much better than the shabby rod of the King! I can't take it anymore. I don't care if I'm a Queen or whatever! It doesn't matter as long as I have your cock!!"

The moment she screamed, a large puddle formed on the floor.

It seems her own words made her climax.

Cheers erupt from the servants.

"Did everyone hear that?"

"Incredible, our feudal lord-sama made the Queen fall with his cock." "Yes, this person isn't a Queen anymore, she's just a lewd woman."

Now for the finisher.

I lift Marceline up and spread her legs apart, then bring her close to the servants' eyes.

"Uwah... it's stabbing into her." "The bulge over here, that's from the cock, right? How far did it go in?"

I think it might be an abnormal sight, but because I'm always in orgies, I've gotten used to it.

"Now I'm going to fuck Marceline more intensely and make her yield completely. I'll carry all of your dissatisfaction and anger on my dick and slam it into her. In exchange, could you treat her as one of my women from now on?"

I start rocking my hips after declaring to everyone.

Only the sloshing sound of my meat rod entering and exiting her wet hole can be heard in the room.

Someone say something, I'll look like an idiot at this rate.

"My sister's regret... I will entrust it to master!"

Finally, one of the girls reached her hand out to my shaft and touches it lightly.

Her white hand feels velvety smooth and when I tighten up my abs, my dick bulges even more.

"Auuah!"

That sensation was also transmitted to Marceline and she lets out a voice filled with agony but also pleasure.

"Look! The power of your feelings made his dick swell up!"

"Amazing... then we better inject it with more!"

The servants flock around my meat rod and express their thoughts.

"Everyone's anger, I've certainly accepted it! Here I go!!"

I groan like a beast and shake my hips violently.

Marceline's body bounces up and down and her breasts swing around like they might tear off.

Her stomach bulges out in time with my movements and it's clear, even from the outside, how far my dick has pierced into her belly.

"Do it harder!" "Slam the regret of my husband into her!"

Juices spray out from the area we are connected at and those looking closely get

sprinkled with the fluids, though none of them seem to mind.
All of them are waiting impatiently for the final moment.

Marceline's limit is upon her as well.

She starts convulsing as she works her way towards an intense orgasm while my balls start tightening up and is about to unload the pent up semen in its storage.

The servants whose faces are stuck close to the connected area also realized that.

"Share your power with me... all of you!"

All the servants put their hands on my rod and balls.

"Cum, feudal lord-sama!" "Shoulder our thoughts!" "Cuuuuuuuuuum!!"

"What do you want, Marceline!!"

If she declares here that she has become my lover, then it will be the end of this chapter.

"I- I am... Hardlett-sama's exclusive meat toilet! This old lady will be a toilet you can fuck any time in whatever way you pleaseeee!"

It seems her level of arousal has built up too much.
I can't hold myself back any longer either.

"Uggah!!"

I buck my hips until I release my entire load of semen and the woman's stomach is filled to the brim in a mere ten seconds, some of it even squirts back out of her hole and splashes onto the servants.

"We did it! The feudal lord-sama used all of our strength to turn that Queen into a meat toilet!"

"With this... the fighting is over."

"It's coming, isn't it. A new age."

I collapse to the floor while hugging the unconscious Marceline.

It turned into something strange at the end, but everyone's expressions have become pretty relaxed now.

I think this can be considered a success.

I go into thinking while feeling my dick pulse wildly.

I think it might be better to use contraception this time... if she gets pregnant with all the anger and anxiety poured into her, the child she gives birth to will be miserable. With that said, she might already be pregnant from the last time we had sex though.

““What is this...”“

Kroll and Gido peek into the room, worried after hearing the screaming, while I pull my dick out from Marceline after hearing their shocked voices.

As I look briefly at my surroundings, I hear a wet squelching sound.

“Arabel, what are you doing on your own!?”

“Sorry, the feudal lord-sama was just so amazing, I couldn’t take it anymore...”

“You too!?”

“Uuu, well I just-...”

I have to take responsibility for turning all these women on.

I’ve finished ejaculating, but my still-hard cock is thrust in front of the girls.

“Those who wants it, come. I’ll make love to all of you.”

In the end, I increased the number of my women again.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Ales.

Citizens: 162,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 24,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Tristan (Long-term business trip)

Army: 5500 men

Infantry: 3000, Cavalry: 1000, Archers: 1000, Bow Cavalry: 500

Cannons: 19, Large Cannons: 10, Super Large Cannon: 1 (impossible to move from Lintbloom)

Reserve: 3000

Security Unit: 100

Assets: 11 100 gold (First Sale of Grain to Libatis +4000) (Fortress? Building Expense -2100)

Sexual Partners: 222, children who have been born: 48



PDF by: traitor#ZEN